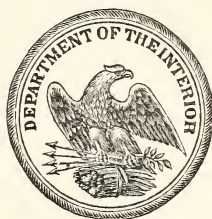


LIBRARY
BUREAU OF EDUCATION



THE



LITERARY READER,

FOR

ACADEMIES AND HIGH SCHOOLS:

CONSISTING OF

SELECTIONS, IN PROSE AND VERSE,

FROM

AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND OTHER FOREIGN LITERATURE,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

INCLUDING

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,

AND

REMARKS ON THE ART OF READING.

BY MISS A. HALL,

AUTHOR OF THE "MANUAL OF MORALS."

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,

NOS. 17 & 19 CORNHILL.

1850.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
ARETHUSA HALL,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

✓ Transferred from the Library,
of Congress under Sec. 59,
Copyright Act of Mch. 4, 1909.

Stereotyped by
HOBART & ROBBINS;
NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,
BOSTON.

DEDICATED

TO

The Young Ladies

OF

BROOKLYN FEMALE ACADEMY,

WITH

MANY PLEASANT ASSOCIATIONS AND AFFECTIONATE HOPES, AND WITH THE
DESIRE THAT THIS VOLUME MAY AID THEM IN SUSTAINING THE
REPUTATION OF GOOD READERS WHICH THEY HAVE
ALREADY ATTAINED, AND ALSO ATTRACT THEM FROM
WHAT IS FRIVOLOUS AND TRANSIENT IN LITERA-
TURE, TO THE MORE SOLID AND ENDURING
PRODUCTIONS OF THE BEST MINDS,

BY THEIR FRIEND,

THE COMPILER.

P R E F A C E .

IN preparing this reading-book, the first aim of the compiler was, to select passages suited to interest the youthful mind, and to furnish scope for effective reading. Care has also been taken that the sentiments expressed should have a practical bearing, and be of a pure and exalted tone. Pieces distinguished for force and beauty of thought have been preferred to those recommended merely by style.

A subordinate, but not less favorite design, is to furnish exercises in reading which may, likewise, serve as a study in literature. The national grouping, the biographical sketches and the chronological order, are intended to favor this object. It is believed that literature, and the history of literature, are more important branches of elementary education, and deserve a more prominent place in our schools, than most of the political histories so much in use, which are chiefly occupied with the intrigues of rulers, with wars, conquests and national convulsions. That which is moral, intellectual and spiritual, would seem to merit greater attention than the movements of brute force, and the struggles for self-aggrandizement.

It is not pretended that historical completeness has been preserved. Some worthy authors have been omitted because they were already familiarly known; and others, for the simple reason, that the limits of the book did not allow space for them.

The compiler has drawn largely upon the older classics, partly because very few of the young people of the day are supposed

to be acquainted with them, and partly from a desire that they should become interested in that description of literature, and that writings celebrated for simplicity, naturalness and pathos, might serve as models for their own compositions.

Extracts are given from about one hundred and fifty authors, their dates ranging mainly within the last four hundred years. The selection from each is necessarily short. But it is thought this circumstance will give additional interest to the work, as a series of reading-lessons, especially as each passage is accompanied with an introduction to the author.

It is hoped that those who use these exercises may receive some just ideas and useful suggestions from a careful perusal of the remarks upon the art of reading. Questions, by the teacher, upon the dates and other facts relating to the authors, might prove a valuable exercise.

The volume contains many pieces suitable for declamation.

For the family, and for the general reader, as well as for the youthful student, it may be found to comprise much that is pleasing and attractive.

A. HALL.

*Brooklyn Female Academy,
August, 1850.*

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	12

I. ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Epitaph of Lady Eudora Vennome,	25
Floating Legends,	25
A Poet's Praise of his Lady,	26
ROBERT FABIAN,	28
The Deposition of King Vortigern,	28
SIR THOMAS MORE,	29
The Utopian Idea of Pleasure,	29
HUGH LATIMER,	31
Hasty Judgment,	31
Cause and Effect,	32
God wills all to live in the Order ordained,	33
GEORGE CAVENDISH,	34
King Henry's Visits to Wolsey's House,	34
THOMAS WILSON,	37
Simplicity of Style recommended,	37
RICHARD EDWARDS,	38
The Falling out of Faithful Friends, the Renewing of Love,	38
Floating Legends,	39
ROGER ASCHAM,	39
The Schoolmaster,	39
SIR WALTER RALEIGH,	40
Letter to his Wife,	41
EDMUND SPENSER,	42
Una and the Red Cross Knight,	43
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,	45
Love Scene, by Night, in a Garden,	46
A Moonlight Night, with Fine Music,	52
Queen Mab,	53
SIR HENRY WOTTON,	55
A Farewell to the Vanities of the World,	55
SIR JOHN DAVIES,	55
The Dancing of the Air,	56
Reasons for the Soul's Immortality,	57
BEN JONSON,	58
Love,	58
Advice to a Reckless Youth,	61
JOSEPH HALL,	61
On a Red-breast coming into his Chamber,	62
On Hearing Music by Night,	62
RICHARD BARNFIELD,	63
Address to the Nightingale,	63
THOMAS HEYWOOD,	64
Shipwreck by Drink,	64
LADY ELIZABETH CAREW,	66
Revenge of Injuries,	66
PHILIP MASSINGER,	67
A Midnight Scene,	67

	PAGE
Compassion for Misfortune,	68
Unequal Love,	70
ROBERT HERRICK,	72
To Primroses filled with Morning Dew,	72
FRANCIS QUARLES,	73
Delight in God only,	73
GEORGE HERBERT,	74
Stanzas,	75
Virtue,	75
IZAACK WALTON,	76
Thankfulness for Worldly Blessings,	76
SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,	78
The Fair and Happy Milk-Maid,	78
JAMES HOWELL,	79
Tales of Travellers,	79
THOMAS DEKKER,	80
Against Fine Clothes,	80
OWEN FELTHAM,	81
Limitation of Human Knowledge,	81
WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH,	82
Against Duelling,	82
WILLIAM HABINGTON,	84
Epistle to a Friend,	84
EDMUND WALLER,	86
To his Sacharissa,	86
Old Age and Death,	87
JOHN MILTON,	88
Sonnet on his own Blindness,	88
Scene from Comus,	89
Address to Mirth,	92
Address to Melancholy,	93
Monody on Edward King,	95
Truth,	97
EARL OF CLARENDON,	98
Escape of Charles II., after the Battle of Worcester,	98
JEREMY TAYLOR,	101
Marriage,	101
Jewish Apologue,	103
Comforting the Afflicted,	104
The Progress of Sin,	105
On Prayer,	105
HENRY VAUGHAN,	106
Early Rising and Prayer,	107
RICHARD BAXTER,	108
His Change in the Estimate of Knowledge,	108
JOHN EVELYN,	109
Fashions in Dress,	109
ROBERT BOYLE,	111
On the Sight of Roses and Tulips growing near each other,	111
JOHN BUNYAN,	112
The Golden City,	112
ISAAC BARROW,	114
Concord and Discord,	115
JOHN TILLOTSON,	116
Advantages of Truth and Sincerity,	116
JOHN LOCKE,	118
Preface to Essay on Human Understanding,	118
Duty of Preserving Health,	119
Opposition to New Doctrines,	119
EDWARD STILLINGFLEET,	119
Immoderate Self-Love,	120
GILBERT BURNET,	121
Character of Charles II.,	121
The Czar Peter in England,	123

	PAGE
WILLIAM PENN,	124
Against the Pride of Noble Birth,	124
THOMAS OTWAY,	126
Scene from Venice Preserved,	126
DANIEL DEFOE,	132
The Troubles of a Young Thief,	132
JONATHAN SWIFT,	135
Satire on Pretended Philosophers and Projectors,	136
Overstrained Politeness,	139
SIR RICHARD STEELE,	141
Story-telling,	141
JOSEPH ADDISON,	143
Cato's Soliloquy,	145
On the Use of the Fan,	145
The Mountain of Miseries,	148
VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE,	152
Absurdity of Useless Learning,	152
THOMAS PARNELL,	154
The Hermit,	154
EDWARD YOUNG,	161
Greatness not conferred by Station,	161
WILLIAM LILLO,	163
Fatal Curiosity,	163
PHILIP DODDRIDGE,	167
Letter to a Female Friend,	168
Letter to Mrs. Doddridge,	169
WILLIAM PITT,	169
On the Employment of Indians in the American War,	170
LAURENCE STERNE,	172
The Starling,	172
A French Peasant's Supper,	174
WILLIAM SHENSTONE,	176
The Schoolmistress,	177
THOMAS GRAY,	180
Elegy written in a Country Church-yard,	181
NATHANIEL COTTON,	185
The Fireside,	185
THOMAS PERCY,	187
The Friar of Orders Gray,	188
EDMUND BURKE,	191
On Conciliation with America,	191
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE,	194
Cumnor Hall,	194
The Mariner's Wife,	198
EDWARD GIBBON,	199
Account of Beginning and Conclusion of his Great Work,	200
Gibbon's First Love,	200
THOMAS MOSS,	201
The Beggar,	202
THOMAS HOLCROFT,	203
Gaffer Gray,	203
SIR WILLIAM JONES,	205
Description of Milton's Residence,	205
LADY ANNE BARNARD,	207
Auld Robin Gray,	207
SAMUEL ROGERS,	208
From the Voyage of Columbus,	209
ROBERT HALL,	211
From the Funeral Sermon of the Princess Charlotte,	211
JOANNA BAILLIE,	213
Address to Miss A. Baillie, on her Birth-day,	213
JOHN FOSTER,	216
On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself,	216
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,	218

	PAGE
Lines composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey,	218
Power of Music,	222
MUNGO PARK,	223
Adventure at the Town of Sego,	223
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,	225
Power of Conscience,	225
Frost at Midnight,	227
CHARLES LAMB,	229
From Letters to Coleridge,	229
THOMAS PRINGLE,	232
Afar in the Desert,	232
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT,	235
The Love of Nature,	235
The Fairies of Caldon-Low,	237
HENRY HART MILMAN,	239
Summons of the Destroying Angel to the City of Babylon,	240
FELICIA HEMANS,	241
From the Siege of Valencia,	241
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL,	247
Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrim,	247
THOMAS HOOD,	251
A Parental Ode to his Son,	251
THOMAS NOON TALFOURD,	252
Extracts from Ion,	253
D. M. MOIR,	255
Casa Wappy,	255
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY,	258
Review of Bunyan,	258
THOMAS CARLYLE,	260
Review of Lockhart's Life of Burns,	260
Description of Mignon,	263
CHARLES DICKENS,	264
Incident on board a Canal-boat,	264
Death of Little Nell,	266
ROBERT NICOLL,	269
Thoughts of Heaven,	269

II. AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,	272
The Way to Wealth,	272
JOEL BARLOW,	274
The Hasty Pudding,	274
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,	278
The Fate of André,	278
WILLIAM WIRT,	280
Who is Blannerhasset?	280
JAMES KIRKE PAULDING,	282
The Quarrel of Squire Bull and his Son,	283
WASHINGTON ALLSTON,	285
Rosalie,	285
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,	286
Dancing,	287
The Sense of Beauty,	288
Books,	289
DANIEL WEBSTER,	289
To the Survivors of the Battle of Bunker Hill,	289
Importance of Preserving the Union,	292
WASHINGTON IRVING,	293
The Fatness of Aldermen,	294
Primitive Habits in New Amsterdam,	295
LEVI FRISBEE,	297
A Castle in the Air,	297
JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER,	299

	PAGE
Faith to the Dying,	299
JOHN PIERPONT,	300
Passing Away,	301
RICHARD H. DANA,	302
The Murder,	303
The Ocean,	305
Intimations of Immortality,	306
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,	307
Escape of the Ariel from the Shoals,	307
CHARLES SPRAGUE,	309
Tribute to the Aborigines of our Country,	309
HANNAH F. GOULD,	311
The Snow-flake,	311
ORVILLE DEWEY,	313
Moral Danger of Business,	313
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,	315
To the Evening Wind,	315
The Death of the Flowers,	316
EDWARD EVERETT,	318
The Death of Copernicus,	319
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE,	320
The Culpit Fay,	321
FRANCIS WAYLAND,	325
Glory,	325
CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK,	326
The Puritan Sabbath in New England,	327
CLEMENT C. MOORE,	329
Christmas Times,	329
LYDIA M. CHILD,	330
The Beloved Tune,	331
RALPH WALDO EMERSON,	334
The Compensations of Calamity,	334
MRS. SEBA SMITH,	335
The Sinless Child,	335
NATHANIEL P. WILLIS,	338
April,	338
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,	340
Paul Flemming Resolves,	340
Proem to the Waif,	342
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,	343
The Dilemma,	343
Departed Days,	345
EDGAR A. POE,	345
The Bells,	345
SYLVESTER JUDD, JR.,	349
Phantasmagorical,	349
Woman's Mission,	352
Resurrection Hymn,	353
J. T. HEADLEY,	354
The Miserere at Rome,	354
E. P. WHIPPLE,	355
The Power of Words,	355

III. EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

MARTIN LUTHER,	358
Letter to his Son John,	358
JOHANN G. E. LESSING,	359
Zeus and the Horse; a Fable,	359
The Spirit of Solomon, do.,	360
The Sheep, do.,	361
JOHANN G. VON HERDER,	361
A Legendary Ballad,	361
GOTTFRIED AUGUST BURGER,	364

	PAGE
Ellenore,	364
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE,	368
The Erl King,	368
The Fisher,	370
Mignon Personating an Angel,	371
LUDWIG THEOBUL ROSEGARTEN,	376
The Amen of the Stones,	376
JOHANN C. F. VON SCHILLER,	377
The Song of the Bell,	377
The Division of the Earth,	380
ELIZABETH C. GOETHE, CAROLINE GUNDERODE, BETTINA BRENTANO,	381
Letter from Gunderode to Bettine,	382
Goethe's Mother to Bettine,	383
Bettine to Goethe's Mother,	384
JOHN DE LA FONTAINE,	386
The Cock and the Fox,	386
MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN,	387
Corinna in England,	387
ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,	389
On Leaving France for the East,	389
The Selling of Milly,	391
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,	393
Don Quixote's Adventure with the Windmills,	393
The Bridal of Andalla, (<i>Author unknown</i>),	394
LA NINA MORENA,	396
The Ear-rings,	396
ALESSANDRO MANZONI,	397
Description of the Plague at Milan,	398
JENS BAGGESEN,	401
Childhood,	401
FREDERIKA BREMER,	402
Reconciliation between Bruno and Ma Chère Mère,	403
DERZHAVIN,	405
Ode to God,	406

INTRODUCTION.

REMARKS UPON THE ART OF READING.

TRULY good readers and speakers — those who seem to have so full an understanding and appreciation of the thoughts and sentiments of their author that they can reproduce them orally, as they arose life-like in his mind, and fell glowing from his pen — are very rarely to be found. And yet, the power of doing this would seem to be an art very easily acquired. All have sufficient capacities of voice for it. The child, in his earliest attempts at uttering ideas, repeating stories which have been told him, or reading those simple ones that he understands, generally gives the right tones and inflections in an impressive manner. But as he becomes older, either from having lessons given him to read which he does not understand, or from gross neglect or incapacity on the part of the teacher, he soon falls into a habit of monotonous, unmeaning utterance, which it is very difficult for him to get rid of in after years. If the teacher never allowed the young scholar to read a sentence without evolving the true shades of meaning, in all their distinguishing niceties, habits of bad reading would never be formed, and it would always be as easy and natural to express the full sense of an author in an effective manner, as to utter intelligibly one's own feelings or wishes, in common conversation. The origin of the evil complained of, thus seems to lie with those who have the instruction of children in their earliest years.

But as it respects those who may use this as a reading-book, it is necessary only to recognize the facts, that bad reading exists, that probably some of them fall into the class of poor readers, and that, however they came by the habit, they must now take the matter, in a great degree, into their own hands, and endeavor to reform.

Good reading is acknowledged to rank among the very first of polite accomplishments. It would, indeed, seem to have the precedence of any other in point of practical utility. Books can always be at hand, even in the humblest circumstances; and, if well chosen, they are vehicles of the highest and noblest thoughts and sentiments that have

ever entered into the mind or heart of man. The very act of uttering these aloud, with the full force of meaning which lies involved in them, is a source of the most refined pleasure. And as for the listener, he may feel himself, with rapt delight, brought into the very presence of those gifted ones of former ages, whose eloquence, poesy, or humor, have travelled down to us, or of those of kindred talent in later times, whose fame, blended with that of the former, is destined to be transmitted to the most remote generations. The power of the reader over the listener, is sufficiently evinced by the crowded audiences which have attended upon Mrs. Kemble's expensive reading entertainments, for the last two years.

The voice is susceptible of great cultivation ; and it is believed that almost every one, however bad his habits, may, with a firm determination, and faithful, persevering efforts, attain the power of reading, in a manner satisfactory to himself and gratifying to others.

It is not intended here to enter into a minute analysis of elocution, but only to give some general directions, which are thought best calculated to remedy existing defects. *Example*, in this, as in other things, is better than precept. The teacher should read well himself, and then the scholar will be likely to do so, from imitation. Specific rules as to the qualities that go to form a good reader have their uses, but, at the same time, their evils. It is found, that those who cultivate elocution as an art, or profession, or those who endeavor to model themselves by strict rules upon the mode of uttering every word and sentence, are apt to become stiff, formal, ineffective readers. The *art* does not attain the *perfection* of art — that of *concealing* itself. It is *seen* to be *all* art ; and the listener is much less affected than by a more *simple* and *natural* manner, though it may be less in accordance with the requirements of art.

The first suggestions that will here be made, in relation to reading well, respect *attitude*. The posture of the reader should be such as to give full expansion to the chest, that the organs of respiration, as well as those of voice, may have easy and perfect play. The erect attitude is, of course, best fitted to this purpose, and *standing* is, in most respects, better than sitting. No public speaker could be very eloquent while sitting. It is more graceful to hold the book in the left hand ; and it should never be so much elevated as to intercept the sound, as it issues from the mouth.

Before attempting to read an exercise aloud, it is necessary that the scholar should *study it well*. It is a great mistake to suppose that a reading-lesson does not require as much previous preparation as any other. The scholar should never attempt to read anything which he

does not first perfectly understand. He should then enter into the *spirit* of the piece, make the sentiments of the writer his own, and thus be prepared to personate the author, or the characters which he represents.

After having done this, his next aim should be, so to utter the language as to transmit, in full force, to the mind of another, what he finds implied upon the silent, written page. These directions require attention both to *grammatical* and *rhetorical* reading; — the former referring merely to correctness in the simple utterance of the words; the latter, to all the attributes of graceful and impressive reading.

I. The requisites of correct or grammatical reading simply will be noticed.

1. The most prominent of these essentials is, that the reader shall make himself *well heard*, and that without a painful effort of attention, on the part of the hearer.

The chief requisite to this is perfect *distinctness of articulation*. It has been justly said, that, “A good articulation is to the ear, what fair hand-writing is to the eye;” and every one knows the difficulty and chagrin attending the attempt to decipher an illegible, half-written scrawl. It is no less tedious and vexatious to try to follow the reading of one whose dull, mumbling, indistinct utterance of words conveys to the ear no certain sound.

Distinctness refers to the perfect formation of every elementary sound which enters into the composition of a word or syllable. Every letter, which is not silent, has a definite, appropriate sound, — differing, indeed, in its state of combination, from its alphabetical name, — and this sound, in every instance, should be made sensible to the ear. The Americans are considered much more deficient, in this respect, than the English, as they generally pass over many letters, giving them either no sound at all, or a very incorrect one. To acquire a habit of distinct articulation, one of the best methods is, to practise upon giving these elementary sounds, one by one, in a full, explosive manner. As in the word *man*, *book*, or any other, the sounds, as they are represented by the letters *m-a-n*, *b-o-o-k*, &c., should be dwelt upon separately, over and over again, until the vocal organs are trained to a full utterance of every individual sound. To do this, the lips, tongue, palate, and other organs of voice, must be brought into *energetic, muscular* action. Pure *indolence* seems often to be the cause of indistinct utterance; and where this fault exists, it is almost unavoidable to conclude that there is no energy inherent in the character.

Another exercise, fitted to promote distinctness, is to practise upon examples in which there is an immediate succession of the same or

similar sounds; as, "The steadfast stranger in the forests strayed;" "That lasts till night;" "That last still night;" and the like. Repeating passages of alliteration, as, "Peter Piper," &c., contributes to the same purpose.

2. A proper degree of *loudness* is another essential to being heard, though not so important as distinctness. These two qualities have often been confounded; yet they are radically different. *Loudness*, or *fulness*, is opposed to *softness*, or *feebleness*; these two are the *forte* and *piano* of voice, which should vary with the sentiment, care being taken that the *softest* notes shall have sufficient force to be heard by the few or many that may be addressed, in the large or small space in which the reader is placed.

Every one knows the difference made in the same musical note, whether it be sounded *forte* or *piano*, with the loud or with the soft pedal. When a scholar is asked to speak *louder*, the meaning is, not to raise the key and take a higher pitch, but to throw aside that faint, dying-away manner, and give more fulness, energy and strength, to the voice. The voice may be greatly strengthened by reading aloud as a stated exercise, and giving as much *quantity*, *impulse*, or *rotundity* of voice as possible, taking care not to raise the key essentially, in efforts to do so. The difference between a proper *fulness* of voice, which enables one to be heard well, and its opposite of feebleness, is as the "cordial grapple" in hand-shaking, compared with the meeting of hands where there is no more expression than between two rolls of soft linen that might chance to come in contact.

3. *Pitch* is a term expressive of the *key* on which one speaks — the *high* or the *low* of the scale of vocal sounds. This is often confounded with loudness. The best rule as to pitch is, to take that of the individual in common conversation, as this gives the speaker most power, and is most agreeable to the hearer. This differs in different persons — the natural pitch of one being a shrill treble, of another a subdued tenor, and of a third a grave bass. Variety, or frequent changes of pitch, are desirable and natural. The ear of the hearer, and the vocal organs of the speaker, tire of the same pitch, whether it be high or low. As the mind gets animated with the subject, it is natural and agreeable that the voice should rise. But the reader should have such perfect self-possession, ease and independence, that when he has finished the passage which called forth more vehemence, he should immediately fall back upon his key-note. Public speakers are very apt to err, in this respect; some speaking continuously at the top of their voices, and others remaining constantly upon a low, uniform level.

Pitch has much less to do with being heard than is usually supposed. A mere whisper, on the lowest key of the voice, if loud and distinct, may fill a large building. As in the opera of "*La Favorita*," when the Reverend Father, followed by a train of monks, exclaims, in surprise, as he enters the apartment where Fernando stands over the dead body of his loved Leonora, "What do I see!" Salvi, in the character of Fernando, *whispers* to the Father, in a low tone, that the attendant monks may not hear, but so *loud* that the sound of "*LEONORA*" reached every ear in the large audience.

4. A due degree of *slowness* is another requisite to being heard well. Many scholars have the habit of reading so *rapidly*, as to prevent their being understood, on account of the mingling of sounds which results from it. But even if they could be heard, this rapid utterance gives no time for the mind to take in the thought, and dwell upon it with pleasure. Deliberate reading gives weight and dignity to what is uttered, and impresses it upon the mind more fully; it also makes the exercise more easy, and capable of being longer sustained. Commas, periods, and all the other marks of punctuation, should be denoted by an adequate suspension of voice.

5. In *pronunciation*, *good usage* must be allowed as authority; and where this differs, one may be permitted to consult his own taste. It seems best, in regard to this, to be governed by *uniform rules* as far as possible; that is, to give to the same letters, or the same combinations, the sounds which they most generally have. There is a nicety in giving the right *accent* to words, which should be carefully attended to. In poetry, this must sometimes yield to measure. In old poetry, the *ed* of the imperfect tense and perfect participle generally requires to be sounded.

II. The suggestions which have already been made, refer chiefly to those particulars necessary to be observed, in order that *simply the words* of the piece may be *heard* and *understood*. But that the thought and sentiment should be conveyed forcibly and impressively to the mind of another, — that the feelings should be moved, that grace and beauty in reading should be attained, — it is necessary that attention be given to Emphasis, Inflections, Tones, Transitions, and all that goes to constitute rhetorical reading.

1. Emphasis has been well called "*the soul of delivery*;" for, without it, reading or speaking is perfectly lifeless. It sometimes falls upon one word alone, and sometimes upon a succession of words; often a whole sentence is emphatic.

To determine where it should be placed, one of the best rules is, to study to apprehend the full force of the sentence, and then pronounce it

as would be natural, in animated conversation, in order to convey the idea in an effective manner. Another means of finding which are the emphatic words, is to ask an obvious question, and the natural manner of giving the answer will elicit the emphasis required. Thus, in the Hymn on the Seasons :

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.

* * * * *

Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent.

* * * * *

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that live."

The question may be asked, *What* are but the varied God? And the answer would be made, *These, these* are but the varied God. So as follows; *What* is full of Thee? The *rolling year* is full of Thee. *When* walks thy beauty forth? In the pleasing *Spring*, thy beauty walks. When comes thy glory, with light and heat? In the *Summer* months. When shines thy beauty *unconfined*? In *Autumn*. In all these cases, not only the emphasis, but the inflections given in the answers, are precisely those which should be introduced in the reading of the sentences.

A succession of particulars generally requires emphasis; as, in the above sentences, *Spring*, *Summer*, and *Autumn*. In cases of opposition, or contrast, the use of emphasis is so obvious that one can scarcely refrain from applying it; as,

"I that denied thee *gold* will give my *heart*."

In the following example, the emphasis falls on a whole clause: "If you seek to make one rich, study not to *increase his stores*, but to *diminish his desires*."

These suggestions on emphasis cannot better be closed than by the concluding remarks of Mr. Lindley Murray, upon the same subject. "In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis," he says, "the great rule to be given is, that the reader study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiments which he is to pronounce. For, to lay the emphasis with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the most decisive trials of a true and

just taste, and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others.

“There is one error against which it is particularly proper to caution the learner; namely, that of multiplying emphatical words too much, and using the emphasis indiscriminately. It is only by a prudent reserve and distinction in the use of them, that we can give them any weight.”

2. The *inflections* of the voice — by which is meant its course, whether upward, downward, or horizontal — have much to do, in giving the correct expression to reading.

What follows, upon this topic, is an abstract of the rules and observations, upon the same subject, given in Porter’s Analysis of Rhetorical Delivery.

The different inflections are the monotone, the rising, the falling, and the circumflex; and they are indicated respectively by the horizontal line, thus —, the acute accent, thus ’, the grave, thus ` , and the acute and grave united, thus ~, placed severally over the words affected by these inflections.

(1.) The *monotone* is a sameness of sound, like that produced by striking successively the same key of a piano-forte. It belongs to grave delivery, especially elevated description, or where emotions of sublimity or reverence are expressed; as, “He rôde upon â chērub, and dīd fly.” “I sâw a grēat whīte thrōne, and hīm that sât on it.”

(2.) In the *rising inflection*, the voice ascends, while pronouncing a word, from a lower to a higher note in the scale of sounds; as always in the direct question, *Will you go to-dây?*

An important rule for the rising inflection is, that it is required by the *pause of suspension*, denoting that the sense is unfinished.

This rule applies, *first*, to sentences beginning with a conditional particle or clause; as, “If some of the branches be broken óff, and thou, being a wild olive-trée, wert grafted in among thém; and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive-trée, boast not against the branches.” *Second*, to the case absolute; as, “His father dyíng, and no heir being left except hímself, he succeeded to the estate.” *Third*, to the infinitive mood and its adjuncts, used as a nominative case; as, “To be pure in héart, to be pious and benévolent, constitutes human happiness.” *Fourth*, when an address is made as a respectful call to attention; as, “Mén, bréthren, and fâthers, — hearken.”

Tender emotion generally inclines the voice to the rising slide. For instance, when an address is made expressive of affection, or delicate respect; as, “Jesus saith unto her, Máry.” In pathetic poetry, as,

“ Thus with the year,
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Dáy, or the sweet approach of *even* or *mórn*,
Or sight of vernal blóom, or summer's *róse*,
Or *flócks*, or *héreds*, or human face *dívine* ;
But clóud instead, and ever-during *dàrk*,
Surround me.”

In grief ; as in Cowper to his mother's picture :

“ My móther ! when I learned that thou wast *déad*,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ? ” &c.

At the last clause but one in a sentence, the rising slide is also used.

(3.) In the *falling inflection*, the slide is from a higher to a lower note ; as in the answer to a question, “ *Nò* ; I shall go to-mòrrow.”

A question which is not answered by *yes* or *no* has the falling inflection ; as, “ Who say the people that I *àm* ? ” “ Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ? ”

The language of *authority*, of *surprise*, and of *distress*, and, in general, bold and strong passion, require the same inflection ; as,

“ *Uzziel* ! half these draw off and coast the *sòuth*,
With strictest watch ; these other wheel the *nòrth*.”

“ Paul said to Elymas, O full of all *sùbtlety*, and all *mìschief* ! Thou child of the *dèvil*, thou enemy of all *righteòusness* ! ” — “ *Angèls*, and ministers of *gràce*, defend us ! ” — “ *Jèsus*, *Màster*, have mercy on us ! ”

Emphatic succession of particulars requires the falling slide, sometimes even in opposition to the rule for the pause of suspension ; thus, “ Though I have the gift of *pròphècy*, and understand all mysteries and all *kñòwledge* ; and though I have all *faìth*, so that I could remove *mòuntains*, and have not charity, I am nothing.”

Generally, when the rising or falling inflections are used, there is only a gentle slide of the voice over two or three notes ; but in cases of emotion, it may pass through five or eight notes, forming the *intensive slide*, as in the question, uttered with surprise, *Are you going to-dày ?*

The *intensive falling slide* is strongly *emphatic*, and gives a forcible, animated expression. In the *emphatic succession* of particulars, it grows more intense as it goes on ; thus, “ I tell you, though *yòu*, though all the *wòrld*, though an angel from *HEÀVEN*, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it.” The rising slide, as it occurs in an *emphatic series* of direct questions, rises higher in each particular, as it proceeds.

If one is puzzled to know whether he has given the rising or falling slide, he may determine it by repeating the word in the form of a question; thus, "Did I say *spring*, or *spring*?"

Emphatic *repetition* requires the falling slide. As, "The Lord called upon him and said, *Abráham, Abràham*."—"And the king said, O my son *Absálon*, my *són*, my son *Àbsalom*!"—"O *Jerúsalem, Jerúsalem*!"

The *final pause* generally has the falling inflection, and the final close of a *piece* should be indicated to the ear by an expressive cadence, implying that no more is to be said. The common faults of cadence are, that the voice is dropped *too uniformly* to the same note; that it is dropped *too much*; too far from the end of the sentence; and that the manner of closing is feeble and indistinct.

But when the intensive falling slide comes near the end of a sentence, it turns the voice upward at the close; as, "If we have no regard to our *òwn* character, we ought to have some regard to the character of *òthers*."

The falling inflection has great power, in producing forcible, effective reading, and should be made use of more frequently than it is by most readers.

(4.) The *circumflex* is composed of the downward and rising inflections—the voice first sliding downward, and then upward, upon the same word, thus giving a significant *twisting* of the sound; as, "They tell *ūs* to be moderate; but *thěy*, *thěy* are to revel in profusion."

This inflection occurs chiefly where the language is either *hypothetical* or *ironical*. The most common use of it is to express, indefinitely or conditionally, some idea that is contrasted with another idea, expressed or understood, to which the falling slide belongs; thus, *Hume said he would go twenty miles to hear Whitefield preach*. The contrast suggested by the circumstance here is, *though he would take no pains to hear a cõmon preacher*. If any one, in reply to a question concerning a sick person, answers, *He is bẽtter*, the circumflex on *better* denotes that *he is still dangerously sick*, though somewhat improved.

3. *Tones* differ both from emphasis and inflections. They constitute that natural language of passion and emotion, which man has in common with lower animals. The soul is revealed by the *tones of the voice*, quite as fully as by the *expression of the eye*.

"And life hath moments when a glance—

A word,—less, less,—the *cadence* of a word,

Lets in our gaze the mind's dim veil beneath,

Thence to bring haply knowledge fraught with death!"

It is by the tones, more than by the language, that we understand what others intend to convey to our minds. "The voice can express all passions. It can prolong itself into the slow note of sorrow, and teach the ear to suffer with the heart; it can sharpen itself into the clear note of joy, and, by a purifying motion, seems to make the spirits of the heart as light as the soul."

And yet, how little use is made of these natural tones, by the common reader, in showing the varying emotions implied in what he is reading,—the hope, fear, love, hate, agitation, surprise,—in short, the life, spirit and beauty, of the whole. On the contrary, the same unmeaning, lifeless tone will prevail through scenes of horror, as through those of delight,—through sudden surprise, as through the most even tenor.

There would seem to be no difficulty in applying the appropriate tones; indeed, the wonder seems to be, how one can help it. If the author's sentiments are entered into, one can hardly fail to give the words in their proper tones. But as to the most of reading, the deficiency in this particular might justify the inquiry, "*Understandest thou what thou readest?*"

This fault, like most others, of poor reading, is traceable to the habits which children are early allowed to form.

The best rule to remedy this defect is, like that for emphasis, to study fully into the spirit of the author's sentiments, and then let the tones be like those of common conversation. Tones which signify a disagreeable passion are fainter than those which indicate agreeable emotions. Sorrow, and its kindred passions, give the voice a slender or tremulous utterance, or entirely suspend it,—the highest passions of this sort being best expressed by silence. Actors are greatly indebted for their skill, in dramatic exhibitions, to rightly exercised tones of voice. And there is great truth in the reply of the player to the dignitary of the church, who asked him, "Why have your fictions so much more power over the minds of people, than the truths which I utter?" "Because," said the player, "*I speak fictions as though they were realities; but you utter realities as if they were fictions.*"

4. The *rhetorical* or *emphatic pause* is made either before or after the utterance of a striking thought, that it may make a deeper impression upon the mind, thus having the same effect as strong emphasis. The voice must often be suspended where there is no grammatical pause; as, in the couplet,

"Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;"

the voice must rest after the words *some* and *those*, though the grammatical construction allows no mark of punctuation between them.

The close of a paragraph, or division of a discourse, should be marked by a longer pause than that generally required by a period.

5. The effect produced by reading depends very much upon the *sudden changes or transitions* of voice. There is a certain *key-note*, and a general *stress* and *rate*, which prevail through the reading of a piece. But as the mind is moved by the sentiments, the voice rises or falls from this key, becomes louder or more feeble, and the pronunciation slower or more rapid. The rule, in regard to these particulars, is, that when the topic is finished which led to a departure from the uniform course, there should be an immediate return to it, in a more familiar tone of voice. These transitions do so much towards constituting *naturalness* in reading, that, in one instance recollected, they were so perfect that it could not be distinguished when the reader introduced a remark of his own; and his lady, after discovering that he had been talking a while when she supposed he was reading, exclaimed, "Do pray give us notice when you are talking yourself, and when you are reading from the book."

The annexed excellent illustration of transitions is from Parker's "Introductory Lessons."

[*Softly and slowly.*] An hour passed on. The Turk awoke. That bright dream was his last. [*More loudly.*] He woke, to hear his sentry's shriek, [*Very loud and rapid,*] "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!" [*Slowly and softly.*] He woke to die, midst flame and smoke, and shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke, and [*Faster and louder,*] death-shots falling thick and fast, as lightnings from a mountain-cloud; [*Still louder,*] and heard, with voice as trumpet loud, Bozzaris cheer his band; [*Very loud, rapidly, and with much animation,*] Strike, till the last armed foe expires! — Strike, for your altars, and your fires! — Strike, for the green graves of your sires! — God, and your native land! [*In a softer and slower manner.*] They fought, like brave men, long and well, — they piled that ground with Moslem slain, — they conquered, — [*Very slowly, and in a mournful manner,*] but Bozzaris fell, bleeding at every vein.

6. Poetry should be read with a full swell of the open vowels, and in a melodious and flowing manner. In general, the same rules apply to the reading of poetry as to that of prose. The end of the line should be made perceptible to the ear by a protraction of the voice on the last word, by a slight suspension after it, or by both united. The natural pause in the middle of the line should be slightly given, when it does not interfere with the sense. Metrical accent usually yields to estab-

lished pronunciation ; but, in some cases, it is best to give both the metrical and the customary accent ; thus, in the lines,

“ Our *súprême* foe in time may much relent —
Encamp their legions, or, with *óbscúre* wing —

the accent is placed on both syllables of the words *supreme* and *obscure*.

In the reading of rhyme, great care is necessary in avoiding everything approaching to mere sing-song.

It is believed that the preceding remarks upon the art of reading, though very much condensed, embrace all the principles necessary to form a good reader ; and it is hoped they will receive particular attention from the scholar, before he enters upon the following reading exercises.

THE LITERARY READER.

I. ENGLISH LITERATURE.

[*Author unknown.*]

EPITAPH OF LADY EUDORA VENNOME,

COPIED FROM HER MONUMENT IN ONE OF THE CHURCH-YARDS OF YORK-
SHIRE.

THIS shelle of stone within yt keepeth
One that dyeth not, but sleepeth,
And in her quiet slumber seemeth
As if of Heaven alone she dreameth.
Her forme, yt was so faire in seeminge,
Her eyne so holy in their beaminge,
A band of angelles thought that she
Was one of their bright companie,
And, on some homeward errand driven,
Hurried her too away to heaven.

[*Author unknown.*]

FLOATING LEGENDS.

BEYONDE the see was a noble ladie, on whose house alle-way
the sone shone on the day, ande on the nighte the moone. Of
this, many men mervaylede. Atte last, the fame of this came
to the Byshope, a worthy man, ande he went for to see here,
hopynge that she was of grete penaunce in clothinge, or in mete,
or in these thinges. Ande when he come, he saw here alle-way
mery ande glade. The Byshope saide, " Dame, what ete ye?"

She answered ande saide, that dyverse metes ande delicate. Then he askede if she usede the hayre. She saide, nay. After this, the Byshope mervaylede that Gode wolde show so grete mervaylle for such a woman. Ande when he had take his leve of the ladie, and was gone on his way, he thought he wolde aske here more of anothere thinge, ande wente againe to here ande saide, "Love ye not mekille Jhesu Criste?" She saide, "Yes, I love him, for he is all my love; for when I think on his sweetnesse, I may not withholde myself, for gladnesse ande myrthe that I ever fele in him."

[*Author unknown.*]

A POET'S PRAISE OF HIS LADY.

GIVE place, you ladies, and be gone;
 Boast not yourselves at all!
 For here at hand approacheth one,
 Whose face will stain you all!

The virtue of her lively looks
 Excels the precious stone;
 I wish to have none other books
 To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
 Smileth a naked boy;
 It would you all in heart suffice
 To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
 Where she her shape did take;
 Or else I doubt if Nature could
 So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
 Unto the phœnix kind,
 Whose like was never seen nor heard,
 That any man can find.

In life, she is Diana chaste,
In troth, Penelope,
In word, and eke in deed, steadfast ; —
What will you more we say ?

Her roseal color comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play ;
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mixed with shamefacedness ;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

Truly, she doth as far exceed
Our women now-a-days,
As doth the gilly-flower a weed,
And more, a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree ?
For all the rest are plain but chaff,
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give : —
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

ROBERT FABIAN. — 1512.

This author was one of the first writers of English prose history. He aimed at no literary excellence, nor any useful arrangement. His sole object was a narration of facts, without discrimination as to their comparative importance. He is very minute; among other things, noticing that a new weather-cock was placed on the top of St. Paul's steeple. He was an alderman, and sheriff of London.

THE DEPOSITION OF KING VORTIGERN.

VORTIGERN had lost much of the affections of his people, by marriage with Queen Rowena. Over that, a heresy, called Arian's heresy, began to spring up in Britain. For the which, two holy bishops, named Germanus and Lupus, came into Britain, to reform the king, and all other that erred from the way of truth.

Of this holy man, Germanus, Vincent Historial saith, that upon an evening when the weather was passing cold, and the snow fell very fast, he axed lodging of the King of Britain, for him and his company, which was denied. Then he, after sitting under a bush in the field, the king's herdman passed by, and seeing this bishop with his company sitting in the weather, desired him to his house, to take there such poor lodgings as he had. Whereof the bishop being glad and fain, went into the house of the said herdman, the which received him with glad cheer; and, for him and his company, willed his wife to kill his only calf, and dress it for his guest's supper; the which was also done. When the holy man had supped, he called to him his hostess, willing and desiring her, that she should diligently gather together all the bones of the dead calf, and them so gathered, to wrap together within the skin of the said calf, and then it lay in the stall before the rack near unto the dam. Which done, according to the commandment of the holy man, shortly after the calf was restored to life, and forthwith ate hay with the dam at the rack. At which marvel, all the house was greatly astonished, and yielded thanking unto Almighty God, and to that holy bishop.

Upon the morrow, this holy bishop took with him the herdman, and went into the presence of the king, and axed of him, in sharp wise, why that over-night he had denied to him lodging. Wherewith the king was so abashed, that he had no power to

give unto the holy man answer. Then St. Germain said to him, "I charge thee, in the name of the Lord God, that thou and thine depart from this palace, and resign it and the rule of thy hand to him that is more worthy of this room than thou art." The which all thing by power Divine was observed and done; and the said herdman, by the holy bishop's authority, was set into the same dignity; of whom afterward descended all the kings of Britain.



SIR THOMAS MORE. 1480—1535.

More, a zealous professor of the Catholic faith, was Lord Chancellor of Henry VIII., and, when this monarch wished to divorce his wife Catharine, he opposed his sovereign, from conscientious scruples, and consequently perished on the scaffold. He wrote partly in Latin and partly in English. In the former, he wrote a curious work, under the title of "Utopia," describing an imaginary pattern country and people. "In his imaginary island, all are contented with the necessities of life; all are employed in useful labor; no man desires in clothing any other quality than durability; and there is no need of working more than six hours a day." Criminals are punished with slavery, the continual sight of their misery being considered more effectual than death to deter others from crime. Instead of any severe punishment, he would so improve the morals and condition of the people as to take away the temptation to crime. In war, the glory of a general is in proportion to the *fewness* of the enemies slain in gaining a victory.

THE UTOPIAN IDEA OF PLEASURE.

AMONG those who pursue sophisticated pleasures, the Utopians reckon those whom I mentioned before, who think themselves really the better for having fine clothes; in which they think they are doubly mistaken, both in the opinion that they have of their clothes, and in the opinion that they have of themselves; for, if you consider the use of clothes, why should a fine thread be thought better than a coarse one? And yet that sort of men, as if they had some real advantages beyond others, and did not owe it wholly to their mistakes, look big, and seem to fancy themselves to be the more valuable on that account, and imagine that a respect is due to them, for the sake of a rich garment, to which they would not have pretended, if they had been

more meanly clothed ; and they resent it as an affront, if that respect is not paid to them. It is also a great folly, to be taken with these outward marks of respect, which signify nothing ; for what true or real pleasure can one find in this, that another man stands bare, or makes legs to him ? Will the bending another man's thighs give you ease ? And will his head's being bare cure the madness of yours ? And yet, it is wonderful to see how this false notion of pleasure bewitches many, who delight themselves with the fancy of their nobility, and are pleased with this conceit, that they are descended from ancestors who have been held for some successions rich, and that they have had great possessions ; for this is all that makes nobility at present ; yet they do not think themselves a whit the less noble, though their immediate parents have left none of this wealth to them, or though they themselves have squandered it all away.

The Utopians have no better opinion of those who are taken with gems and precious stones, and who account it a degree of happiness next to a Divine one, if they can purchase one that is very extraordinary, especially if it be of that sort of stones that is then in greatest request ; for the same sort is not at all times of the same value, with all sorts of people ; nor will men buy it, unless it be dismounted and taken out of the gold. And the jeweller is made to give good security, and required solemnly to swear that the stone is true, that by such an exact caution, a false one may not be bought, instead of a true one ; wherein if you were to exercise it, your eye would find no difference between that which is counterfeit and that which is true, so that they are all one to you, as much as if you were blind.

And can it be thought that they who heap up a useless mass of wealth, not for any use that it is to bring them, but merely to please themselves with the contemplation of it, enjoy any true pleasure in it ? The delight they find is only a false shadow of joy. Those are no better, whose error is somewhat different from the former, and who hide it, out of fear of losing it ; for what other name can fit the hiding it in the earth, or rather the restoring it to it again, it being thus cut off from being useful, either to its owner or to the rest of mankind ? And yet, the owner, having hid it carefully, is glad, because he thinks he is

now sure of it. And in case one should come to steal it, the owner, though he might live perhaps ten years after that, would, all that while after the theft, of which he knew nothing, find no difference between his having it or losing it; for both ways it was equally useless to him.

But, of all pleasures, the Utopians esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind; and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasures of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health.



HUGH LATIMER. —1555.

Latimer distinguished himself as a zealous reformer, and was treated as a heretic by Cardinal Wolsey. He was appointed Bishop by Henry VIII.; but during the latter part of this reign, he suffered imprisonment. He was liberated, and became popular at court, in the time of Edward VI.; but in Mary's reign he suffered at the stake, exclaiming to his fellow-martyr, "Be of good comfort, Doctor Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Though he had an opportunity of escape, he readily obeyed the summons to trial. His sermons are remarkable for familiarity and drollery.

[*Extracts from Sermons.*]

HASTY JUDGMENT.

HERE I have occasion to tell you a story that happened at Cambridge. I went with Master Bilney, or, rather, Saint Bilney, that suffered death for God's word's sake, to visit the prisoners in the tower at Cambridge. Among other prisoners, there was a woman, that was accused that she had killed her child; which act she plainly and steadfastly denied, and could not be brought to confess the act; which denying caused us to search for the mother, and so we did. And at length we found that her husband loved her not, and therefore he sought means to take her out of the way. The matter was thus.

A child of hers had been sick for the space of a year, and so decayed, as it were, in a consumption. At length, it died in

harvest-time; she went to her neighbors, and other friends, to desire their help to prepare the child for burial; but there was nobody at home—every man was in the field. The woman, in a heaviness and trouble of spirit, went, and being herself alone, prepared the child for burial. Her husband coming home, not having great love towards her, accused her of the murder, and so she was taken and brought to Cambridge. But, as far forth as I could learn, through earnest inquisition, I thought, in my conscience, the woman was not guilty, all the circumstances well considered.

Immediately after this, I was called to preach before the king; and his majesty, after the sermon was done, did most familiarly talk with me, in a gallery. Now, when I saw my time, I kneeled down before his majesty, opening the whole matter, and afterwards most humbly desired his majesty to pardon that woman; for I thought, in my conscience, she was not guilty. The king most graciously heard my humble request, insomuch that I had a pardon for her, on my retiring homeward. At length the time came when the woman looked to suffer. I came, as I was wont to do, to instruct her. She made great moan to me. So we travailed with this woman till we brought her to a good opinion, and at length showed her the king's pardon, and let her go.

This tale I told you by this occasion:—that though some women be very unnatural, and forget their children, yet when we hear anybody so report, we should not be too hasty in believing the tale, but rather suspend our judgments till we know the truth.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

HERE, now, I remember an argument of Master More's, which he bringeth in a book he made against Bilney; and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy.

Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin sands, and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him, such

as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could, of likelihood, best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others, came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter; for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called that old, aged man unto him, and said, "Father, tell me, if ye can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company; so that, if any man can tell any cause of it, ye, of likelihood, can say most of it, or, at leastwise, more than any man here assembled." "Yea, forsooth, good master," quoth this old man; "for I am well-nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age." "Well, then," quoth Master More, "how say you, in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?" "Forsooth, sir," quoth he, "I am an old man; I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands; for I am an old man, sir," quoth he; "and I may remember the building of Tenderden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped up the haven; and therefore I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven." And so to my purpose: preaching God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenderden steeple was the cause that Sandwich haven was decayed.

GOD WILLS THAT ALL SHOULD LIVE IN THE ORDER
HE HATH ORDAINED.

WE read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strait life, insomuch that none at that time did the like; to whom came a voice from

heaven, saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff, and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, "Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time." "Sir," said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I none; for my life is but simple and slender. I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, specially for all such neighbors and poor friends as I have. After, I set me at my labor, when I spend the whole day in getting my living: and I keep me from all falsehood; for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly: and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life."

In this story, you see how God loveth those that follow their vocation and live uprightly, without any falsehood in their dealing. This Anthony was a great holy man, yet this cobbler was as much esteemed before God as he.



GEORGE CAVENDISH. — 1557.

This author was gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards to Henry VIII. He wrote a life of the former, in which he praises his general character, although he admits his arrogance. It is said that Shakspeare has literally followed him, in several passages of his *King Henry VIII.*, merely putting his language into verse. This *Life of Cardinal Wolsey* is regarded as of great historical importance, it being the only authentic source of information in regard to many of the most interesting events of that reign.

KING HENRY'S VISITS TO WOLSEY'S HOUSE.

AND when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which times there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided

for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort, and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports. Then was there all kinds of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices, both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither, in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with vizors of good proportion; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with vizors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colors. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise, where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, [cannon;] and at his landing, they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies and gentlewomen, to muse what it should mean, coming so suddenly—they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet. Then immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and controller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon, looking out of the windows into the Thames, returned again, and showed him, that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince.

Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, "I pray you," quoth he, "show them that it seemeth me there should be some nobleman, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honor, to sit and occupy this room and place, than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place, according to my duty." Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them, in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind; and they whisper-

ing him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, "Sir, they confess," quoth he, "that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily." With that, the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, "Me seemeth that the gentleman with the black beard should be even he." And with that, he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person, in that mask, than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his vizor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much.

The cardinal immediately desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bed-chamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments.

And in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and sweet-perfumed cloths, every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, there were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night, with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.

THOMAS WILSON. —1581.

Wilson, Dean of Durham, and possessor of many high offices of state, under Elizabeth, is considered the first critical writer upon the English language. He published a system of *Rhetoric and of Logic*, in which he strongly advocates simplicity of language, and condemns those who reject familiar and appropriate phrases, for the sake of refined and curious ones. His innovations were considered so dangerous, that, on visiting Rome, he was imprisoned as a heretic. In censuring alliteration, he gives the following example: —“Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual.”

[From the “*Art of Rhetoric*.”]

SIMPLICITY OF STYLE RECOMMENDED.

AMONG other lessons, this should first be learned,—that we never affect any strange, ink-horn terms, but to speak as is commonly received; neither seeking to be over-fine, nor yet living over-careless; using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother’s language. And I dare swear this,—if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say; and yet these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother-tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the king’s English. Some far-journeyed gentlemen, at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will pander their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phase to our English speaking; the which is as if an orator, that professeth to utter his mind in plain Latin, would needs speak poetry, and far-fetched colors of strange antiquity. The lawyer will store his stomach with the prating of pedlers. The auditor, in making his account and reckoning, cometh in with *sise sould, et cater denere*, for 6s. 4d. The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer. The mystical wise men and poetical clerks will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories; delighting much in their own darkness, especially when none can tell what they do say. I know them, that

think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an ink-horn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman, and a good rhetorician.



RICHARD EDWARDS. 1523—1566.

A court musician and poet.

THE FALLING OUT OF FAITHFUL FRIENDS, THE
RENEWING OF LOVE.

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept;
She sighéd sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but criéd still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grievéd with her child;
She rockéd it, and rated it, until on her it smiled;
Then did she say, "Now have I found the proverb true to
prove —

The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

Then took I paper, pen and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight;
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of weight in place whereas she sat;
And provéd plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love, without discord and strife;
Then kisséd she her little babe, and swore by God above,
"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

"I marvel much, pardie," quoth she, "for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can
smoothly smile,

And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile;
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble and some
stout,

Yet are they never friends indeed, until they once fall out."

Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove,

"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

[*Author unknown.*]

FLOATING LEGENDS.

A LADY of rank, who vexed herself with the thought that her domestic interfered with her devotional duties, was, on one occasion, called away from church by some sudden summons. She found, on returning, that the pages she had missed in her breviary had been re-written, in letters of gold, and that an angel had taken her place, and prayed in her stead, during her absence.

 ROGER ASCHAM. 1525.

He was a distinguished writer of this age, and at one time preceptor to Queen Elizabeth. Ascham was the first writer on education in our language, and many of his views on this subject correspond with those considered best at the present day. On occasion of his death, Elizabeth remarked that she would rather have given ten thousand pounds than to have lost him. His principal work was *The Schoolmaster*.

[*From "The Schoolmaster."*]

It is pity that commonly more care is had, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. To the one, they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns by the year, and loth to offer the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children.

ONE example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis, in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace.

After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me, "I wiss all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, hath attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry, or sad; be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else; I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes, with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honor I bear them — so without measure misordered — that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily unto me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552—1618.

"In the brilliant constellation of great men, who adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and James, one of the most distinguished of those who added eminence in literature to high talent for active business, was Sir Walter Raleigh." He had a handsome person and winning address, and was a favorite at the court of Elizabeth.

A well-known anecdote illustrates his gallantry and tact. "One day, when he was attending the queen on a walk, she came to a miry

part of the road, and for a moment hesitated to proceed. Raleigh, perceiving this, instantly pulled off his rich plush coat, and by spreading it before her feet, enabled her to pass unsoiled."

After James came to the throne, he was, by a judgment of which all parties were ashamed, condemned for high treason, and imprisoned in the Tower, where his wife was permitted to be with him. While here, for twelve years, he wrote the most of his works, especially his *History of the World*. He was released from the Tower, but was again arrested; and, as James, who owed him a spite, could find no other ground of accusation against him, he was beheaded upon the old sentence, after having been once reprieved from it, and set at liberty! He was calm on the scaffold—said of the axe, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." He bade the executioner "fear not, but strike home." Being requested by the executioner to alter the position of his head, he replied, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."

The night before his execution, he composed the following lines.

"Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us back with age and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!"

LETTER TO HIS WIFE, WHEN HE WAS IN PRISON, IN EXPECTATION OF DEATH.

You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words, in these my last lines: my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not, with my will, present you sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travails and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall, in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travails seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust.

Dear wife, I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor

men. When I am dead, no doubt you shall be much sought unto ; for the world thinks I was very rich : have a care to fair pretences of men ; for no greater misery can befall you, in this life, than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak, God knows, not to dissuade you from marriage ; for it will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine ; death has cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child, for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life ; but God knows, it was for you and yours that I desired it ; for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death and his misshapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much, (God knows how hardly I steal this time, when all sleep !) and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which, living, was denied you, and either lay it in Sherburne or Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more ; time and death calleth me away.

The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable, God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom ! My dear wife, farewell ; bless my boy ; pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms.



EDMUND SPENSER. 1553—1599.

This distinguished poet was born and died in London, although a considerable part of his life was passed in Kilcolman Castle, on his estate in Ireland. Here he wrote the most of his great work, *The Faery Queen*. Here Raleigh, an admiring friend of his, visited him, and read with delight the manuscript of that chivalrous poem. The queen settled on him a pension of £50 per annum. In consequence of a political offence he gave the Irish, in an insurrection, the insurgents plundered and set fire to his castle. He escaped, with his wife ; but an infant child was, by some mishap, left behind, and perished in the flames. The poet, heart-broken and impoverished, died, about three months after. *The Shepherd's Calendar*, *Tears of the Muses*, *Mother Hubbard*, and the *Epithalamium*, are other works of his.

[From the "*Faery Queen*."]

UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield :
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainig to the curb to yield.
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him adored ;
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope which in his help he had ;
Right faithful true he was in deed and word ;
But if his cheer did seem too solemn sad,
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave, —
That greatest glorious queen of faery-land, —
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which all of earthly things he most did crave ;
And ever, as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave,
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn,
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lovely ass, more white than snow ;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole did she throw,

As one that inly mourned ; so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow ;
Seemed in her heart some hidden core she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held ;
Till that infernal fiend, with foul uproar,
Forewasted all their land, and them expelled ;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compelled.

Behind her, far away, a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seemed in being ever last,
Or wearied in bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove, not far away, they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand ;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide ;
Nor pierceable with power of any star :
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far ;
Fair harbor, that them seems ; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.

Much can they praise the trees, so straight and high, —
 The sailing Pine ; the Cedar, proud and tall ;
 The vine-prop Elm ; the Poplar, never dry ;
 The builder, Oak, sole king of forests all ;
 The Aspin, good for staves ; the Cypress, funeral.

The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
 And poets sage ; the Fir, that weepeth still ;
 The Willow, worn of forlorn paramours ;
 The Yew, obedient to the bender's will ;
 The Birch, for shafts ; the Sallow, for the mill ;
 The Myrrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound ;
 The warlike Beech ; the Ash, for nothing ill ;
 The fruitful Olive, and the Plantain round ;
 The carver Holme ; the Maple, seldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Until the blustering storm is overblown,
 When, weening to return whence they did stray,
 They cannot find that path which first was shown,
 But wander to and fro, in ways unknown,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their own ;
 So many paths, so many turnings seen,
 That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

SHAKSPEARE. 1564—1616.

But little is known, with certainty, of the incidents of Shakspeare's life. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, was the son of a wool-comber or glover, and received some education at a grammar-school. While yet a minor, he married Anne Hathaway, a woman seven years older than himself. He had one son, two daughters, and three grandsons ; the latter died without children, and there now remains no descendant of the great poet.

It is supposed his dramatic genius was developed by being admitted behind the scenes, at the performances of the London players, in Stratford. He removed to London when about twenty-two years of age, where he soon rose to distinction in the theatre. He was considered "of good account," as an actor ; "but the cause of his unexampled success was his immortal dramas, the delight and wonder of his age,

‘That so did take Eliza and our James.’”

He was familiar with the nobles, wits and poets, of his day, and was usually styled the "gentle Shakspeare." He received annually from the theatre what was equal to £1500 at the present day. In the fullness of his fame, with a handsome competency, and before age had chilled the enjoyments of life, the poet returned to his native town, to spend the remainder of his days among the quiet scenes and the friends of his youth. Four years he spent in this dignified retirement, and the history of literature scarcely presents another such picture of calm felicity and satisfied ambition. He died at the early age of fifty-two years.

In *miscellaneous* poetry, with the exception of the Faery Queen, there are no poems equal to those of this great dramatist. His *sonnets* are mostly addressed to some male object, and are extravagant and enthusiastic in their character, though they bear the impress of strong passion and deep sincerity. The following beautiful sonnet seems to have been produced by a feeling of premature age.

"That time of year, thou mayest in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon these boughs that shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang ;
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which, by and by, black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest ;
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed by that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

[From "*Romeo and Juliet*."]]

LOVE SCENE, BY NIGHT, IN A GARDEN.

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound ! —
But soft ! What light through yonder window breaks ?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !

(*Juliet appears above, at a window.*)

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she ;
Be not her maid, since she is envious ;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off —
It is my lady ; oh, it is my love ! —
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that ?
Her eye discourses ; I will answer it ; —
I am too bold ; 't is not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars of all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head? —
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes, in heaven,
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a wingéd messenger of heaven,
Unto the white-upturnéd, wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O, Romeo, Romeo — wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet!

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? (*Aside.*)

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is not hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face — nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And, for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word;

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized ;
Henceforth, I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am ;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How com'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore ?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings, did I o'er-perch these walls ,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes ;
And but thou love me, let them find me here ;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore, washed by the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form ; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ; — but, farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say ay,
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lover's perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo !
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully ;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
In troth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'havior light ;
But, trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more coying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion ; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoveréd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love —

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night ;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good-night !
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.

Good-night, good-night — as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst require it;
And yet, I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? — for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet, I wish but for the thing I have;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

(Nurse calls within.)

Anon, good nurse! — sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. *(Exit.)*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeared,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial!

(Reënter Juliet as above.)

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world!

(Within: Madam!)

I come, anon — but, if thou mean not well,
I do beseech thee — *(Within: Madam!)* — By and by, I come —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul —

Jul. A thousand times, good-night. *(Exit.)*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light:
Love goes towards love as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, towards school, with heavy looks.

(Enter Juliet again.)

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist ! O for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassal gentle back again !
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !

Jul. At what o'clock, to-morrow,
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning. I would have thee gone ;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird !

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow. (*Exit.*)

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes — peace in thy breast !
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear life to tell. (*Exit.*)

[From the "Merchant of Venice."]

DESCRIPTION OF A MOONLIGHT NIGHT, WITH FINE
MUSIC.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, —in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan's wall,
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wide sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And, with an unthrift love, did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

* * * * *

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
 There 's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
 Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn ;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
 If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath not music in himself,
 Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus ; —
 Let no such man be trusted.

[*From "Romeo and Juliet."*]

QUEEN MAB.

O THEN, I see Queen Mab hath been with you !
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round, little worm,
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers;
And in this state, she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she, with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose, as a' lies asleep —
Then dreams he of another benefice!
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul, sluttish hairs,
Which once entangled, much misfortune bodes.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568—1639..

Wotton was less famed as a poet than as a political character. He was for a time in the service of the Earl of Essex, and was afterwards employed by James I. as ambassador to Venice. He finally took orders, and became Provost of Eton. A memoir of his curious life was written by Izaak Walton.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
 Farewell, ye honored sages, ye gilded bubbles!
 Fame 's but a hollow echo — gold, pure clay;
 Honor, the darling but of one short day;
 Beauty — the eye's idol — but a damasked skin;
 State, but a golden prison to live in,
 And torture freeborn minds; embroidered trains,
 Merely but pageants for proud-swelling veins;
 And blood allied to greatness is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, not our own.
 Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth!

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
 Now, the winged people of the sky shall sing
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring;
 A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
 In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares;
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears.
 Then here I'll sigh, and sigh my hot love's folly,
 And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
 And if contentment be a stranger, then,
 I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again.



SIR JOHN DAVIES. 1570—1626.

The principal poetical works of this author are a philosophical poem *On the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof*; and a poem entitled, *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing; in a Dialogue between Penelope and*

one of her Wooers. The fame of these introduced him to James I., who made him solicitor-general and attorney-general for Ireland. The following is from Antinous to Penelope, on her declining to dance with him.

THE DANCING OF THE AIR.

AND now behold your tender nurse, the air,
And common neighbor that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do profound;
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings in the air, in sundry kinds?

For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue;
For all the words that from your lips repair
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the air.

And then, sweet music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, their wild whistling lays,
But in the air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turned a hundred ways,
While with those masters wantonly she plays;
Yet, in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

REASONS FOR THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

AGAIN, how can she but immortal be,
When, with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it?

All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shows their nature such ;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs, a lymph, along the grassy plains,

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
From whose soft side she first did issue make ;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because, at first, she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views,

At first, her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things ;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up, with her celestial wings ;—

Yet, under heaven, she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,
 Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
 Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health ?
 Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind ?

Then, as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
 Which seem sweet flowers with lustre fresh and gay,
 She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
 But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away —

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
 And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
 She doth return from whence she first was sent,
 And flies to him that first her wings did make.



BEN JONSON. 1574—1637.

Ben Jonson has generally been considered second to Shakspeare, (of whom he was ten years the junior,) in the dramatic literature of their time. The first part of his life was full of hardship and vicissitude. At an early age, he was taken from school, and put to the employment of brick-laying. He afterwards enlisted as a soldier, and was distinguished for his bravery. After this, for a very short period, he was a member of college. About the age of twenty, he is found married, and an actor, in London; but, as an actor, he completely failed. He quarrelled with another performer, killed him in a duel, in which he himself was severely wounded, was committed to prison on a charge of murder, but was released without trial. On regaining his liberty, he began writing for the stage. Some passages in a comedy entitled *Eastward Hoe*, written conjointly by Jonson and two others, and reflecting on the Scottish nation, caused James I. to throw the authors into prison, and to threaten them with the loss of their ears and noses; but they were soon set at liberty, without trial. He was afterwards appointed poet laureate, with a pension; was, with Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, one of Raleigh's *Mermaid Club*, at which the guests "exercised themselves with 'wit combats' more bright and genial than their wine." He died, after being a long time confined to his house by attacks of palsy, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, the words, "O RARE BEN JONSON," being inscribed upon the stone which marked the spot.

[From the "New Inn."]

LOVE.

Lovel. There is no life on earth but being in love !
 There are no studies, no delights, no business,

No intercourse, or trade of sense or soul,
 But what is Love ! I was the laziest creature,
 The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
 The veriest drone, and slept away my life
 Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love ;
 And now, I can out-wake the nightingale,
 Out-watch an usurer, and out-work him too ;
 Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure ;
 And all that fancied treasure, it is Love !

Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well ?
 I would know that.

Lov. I do not know 't myself,
 Whether it is. But it is love hath been
 The hereditary passion of our house,
 My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend.
 The truth is, I have loved this lady long,
 And impotently, with desire enough,
 But no success ; for I have still forborne
 To express it, in my person, to her.

Host. How, then ?

Lov. I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,
 Trials of wit, mere trifles, she has commended,
 But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.

Host. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing !

Lov. I oft have been, too, in her company,
 And looked upon her a whole day ; admired her,
 Loved her, and did not tell her so ; loved still,
 Looked still, and loved ; and loved, and looked, and sighed ;
 But, as a man neglected, I came off,
 And unregarded.

Host. Could you blame her, sir,
 When you were silent, and not said a word ?

Lov. O, but I loved her the more ; and she might read it
 Best in my silence, had she been —

Host. As melancholic
 As you are. Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir ?

Lov. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
 Did you e'er know or hear of the Lord Beaufort,

Who served so bravely in France ? I was his page,
And, ere he died, his friend. I followed him
First in the wars, and, in the times of peace,
I waited on his studies ; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No knights of the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primolions, and Pantagruels, public nothings, —
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Lent out to poison courts, and infest manners ;
But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his immortal fancy, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or as Virgil —
That master of the epic poem — limned
Pious Æneas, his religious prince,
Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
Wrapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son.
And these he brought to practice and to use.
He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
Then showered his bounties on me, like the hours,
That, open-handed, sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the lips of thankful men ! But then,
The trust committed to me at his death
Was above all, and left so strong a tie
On all my powers, as time shall not dissolve,
Till it dissolve itself, and bury all ; —
The care of his brave heir and only son !
Who, being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
And though I know, and may presume her such
As, out of humor, will return no love,
And therefore might indifferently be made,
The courting-stock for all to practise on,
As she doth practise on us all to scorn ;
Yet, out of a religion to my charge,

And debt professed, I have made a self-decree,
Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
Burn me to cinders.

[From "*Every Man in his Humor*."]]

ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

Knowell. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman:
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive —
That would I have you do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humors you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market;
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left, like an unsavory snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate in your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

JOSEPH HALL. 1574—1656.

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the author of many controversial tracts, and published a variety of sermons, meditations, &c. "From the pithy and sententious quality of his style, he has been called the English Seneca; many parts of his prose writings have the

thought, feeling, and melody, of the finest poetry." He was also somewhat distinguished as a poet, and was "the first who wrote satirical verse with any degree of elegance." The most popular of his works is that entitled *Occasional Meditations*.

[From "*Occasional Meditations*."]

UPON OCCASION OF A RED-BREAST COMING INTO HIS CHAMBER.

PRETTY bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing; and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sit warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dullness! Had I so little certainty of my harbor and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful — how little list should I have to make music to thee or myself! Surely, thou comest not hither without a providence. God sent thee, not so much to delight, as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident; reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature; want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God, thy providence is not impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things; let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security, and comfortable reliance on thee.

[From "*Occasional Meditations*."]

UPON HEARING OF MUSIC BY NIGHT.

How sweetly doth this music sound, in this dead season! In the day-time, it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness. Thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the Gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; — it is ever the same — the difference is in our own disposition to receive it. O God, whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

Author of several poetical volumes, published between 1594 and 1598.

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made ;
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was a pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry —
Teru, teru, by and by —
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon my own.
Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain.
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee ;
King Pondion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing !
Whilst, as fickle fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled,
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.

Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
 But, if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call,
 And with such like flattering,
 " Pity but he were a king."
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice ;
 But, if fortune once do frown,
 Then — farewell his great renown ;
 They that fawned on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need ;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
 Thus, of every grief, in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part ;
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.



THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Works published from 1596 to 1560. The time of neither the birth or the death of this writer is known. He wrote over two hundred plays — only a few of which have come down to us — and several prose works, besides attending to his business as an actor.

[From the "*English Traveller*."]

SHIPWRECK BY DRINK.

————— This gentleman and I
 Passed but just now by your next neighbor's house,
 Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
 An unthrift youth, — his father now at sea, —
 And there, this night, was held a sumptuous feast.
 In the height of their carousing, all their brains
 Warmed with the heat of wine, discourse was offered

Of ships and storms at sea ; when, suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaffed to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating, and the confused noise
To be the murmuring of winds, gusts, mariners ;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel. This conceived,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the maintop and discover. He
Climbs by the bed-post to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards,
And wills them, if they 'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this,
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next comes to their hand —
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles —
They take him for the boatswain ; one lies struggling
On the floor, as if he swam for life ;
A third takes the bass-viol for a cock-boat,
Sits in the hollow on 't, labors and rows, —
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler played ;
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to escape,
As did Arion, on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by the ears about it.
The constable is called to atone the broil ;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion ; they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident ; and that he
Comes with his Tritons, — so they called his watch, —
To calm the tempest, and appease the waves ; —
And at this point we left them.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

[*Chorus from the Tragedy of "Marion."* — *Republished 1613.*]

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

THE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury ;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 't is a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done ;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow ?
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor.
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but sold
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school, for certain, doth this same allow —
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn —
To scorn to owe a duty overlong ;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;
To scorn to lie ; to scorn to do a wrong ;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind ;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind ;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind !
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?

Had Marion scorned to leave a due unpaid,
 She would to Herod then have paid her love,
 And not have been by sullen passion swayed.
 To fix her thoughts all injury above,
 Is virtuous pride. Had Marion thus been proud,
 Long famous life to her had been allowed.



PHILIP MASSINGER. 1584—1640.

Massinger is considered superior to any other tragic poet of the reign of James I. He wrote a great number of pieces; — the “*New Way to Pay Old Debts*” is considered one of his best productions. His life was spent in obscurity and poverty. He was one morning found dead in his bed, and “was buried, with no other inscription than the melancholy note in the parish register, ‘Philip Massinger, a stranger.’”

[From the “*Virgin Martyr*.”]

A MIDNIGHT SCENE.

[Angelo, an angel, attends Dorothea, as a page.]

Dorothea. My book and taper.

Angelo. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
 Was ravished with a more celestial sound.

Were every servant in the world like thee,
 So full of goodness, angels would come down
 To dwell with us; thy name is Angelo,
 And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
 Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

Ang. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
 And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
 By my late watching, but to wait on you.
 When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
 Methinks I’m singing with some choir of heaven,
 So blest I hold me in your company.
 Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
 Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
 For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then.
 In golden letters down I’ll set that day

Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself —
This little, pretty body — when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand ;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was filled with no hot, wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubim, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father ; for the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do 't ten times more.
I pray thee, sweet boy, show me thy parents ;
Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not ; I did never
Know who my mother was ; but, by your palace,
Filled with bright heavenly courtesies, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven ; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day !

[From the "City Madam."]

COMPASSION FOR MISFORTUNE.

Luke. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence ; nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,

I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth 's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemned, it being a blessing
Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pulled down upon you ; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals : such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours ; a second hath
His bags as full ; a third in credit flies
As high, in the popular voice : but the distinction,
And noble difference, by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty ;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others' miseries — I have found it, sir,
Heaven keep me thankful for 't — while they are cursed
As rigid and inexorable.

Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your thankful debtor's breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wondered at, and, in the act,
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understanding,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp and tyrannize o'er others
Brought up under their subjection.

Can you think, sir,
In your unquestioned wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,
His wife turned out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread, — this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted, — can advantage you ?
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant —
For such he was esteemed, though now decayed —
Will raise your reputation with good men ?
But you may urge, — pray you, pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement, — in this
You satisfy your anger and revenge

For being defeated. Suppose this, — it will not
 Repair your loss, and there was never yet
 But shame and scandal in a victory,
 When the rebels unto reason — passions — fought it.
 Then for revenge, — by great souls it was ever
 Contemned, though offered ; entertained by none
 But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
 To moral honesty, and never yet
 Acquainted with religion.

Sir John. Shall I be
 Talked out of my money ?

Luke. No, sir, but entreated
 To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
 What you possess entire.

Sir John. How, my good brother ?

Luke. By making these your beadsmen. When they eat,
 Their thanks, next Heaven, will be paid to your mercy ;
 When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
 The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
 Tempests and pirates ; — keep your warehouses
 From fire, or quench them with their tears.

[From the "Great Duke of Florence."]

UNEQUAL LOVE.

[Giovanni, nephew to the Grand Duke, taking leave of Lydia, daughter of his tutor.]

Lydia. Must you go, then,
 So suddenly ?

Giovanni. There's no evasion, Lydia,
 To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
 At any rate. Greatness, with private men
 Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse.
 Happy the golden mean ! Had I been born
 In a poor, sordid cottage, not nursed up
 With expectation to command a court,
 I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
 Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,

As I am now, against my choice, compelled,
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.

Lydia. Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.

Giov. O, Lydia ! for had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others. I might still,
And without observation or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society. We might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens ;
From the variety of curious flowers,
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders ;
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination, conceive
With what melodious harmony a choir
Of angels sing, above, their Maker's praises ;
And then, with chaste discourse, as we returned,
Imp feathers to the broken wing of Time ; —
And all this I must part from !

————— One word more,
And then I come. And after this, when with
Continued innocence of love and service
I had grown ripe for hymeneal joys,
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.

Lydia. Sir, I was,
And ever am, your servant ; but it was
And 't is far from me in a thought to cherish
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best, you had deserved me ; as I am,

Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal,
 I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
 A princess equal to you ; such an one
 That may make it the study of her life,
 With all the obedience of a wife, to please you ;
 May you have happy issue, and I live
 To be their humblest handmaid !

Giov. I am dumb, and can make no reply ;
 This kiss, bathed in tears,
 May learn you what I should say.

ROBERT HERRICK. 1591—

Herrick is regarded as one of the most exquisite of the early lyrical poets. His poems abound in "lively images and conceits ; but the pensive moral feeling predominates, and we feel that the poet's smiles might as well be tears." "He associated with the jovial spirits of the age, and quaffed the mighty bowl with Ben Jonson."

TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears

Speak grief in you,

Who were but born

Just as the modest morn

Teemed her refreshing dew ?

Alas ! you have not known that shower

That mars a flower,

Nor felt the unkind

Breath of a blasting wind ;

Nor are ye worn with years,

Or warped as we,

Who think it strange to see

Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,

Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known

The reason why

Ye droop and weep ;

Is it for want of sleep,

Or childish lullaby ?

Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweet heart to this?
 No, no! this sorrow shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read —
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.



FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592—1644.

Quarles is distinguished as a *religious* poet, though he was a busy man of the world. He held the offices successively of cup-bearer to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and chronologer to the city of London.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth;
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
 She is my tender nurse — she gives me food.
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee,
 Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
 Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
 And with their polyphonian notes delight me.
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature;
 My careful purveyor, she provides me store;
 She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
 She wafts my treasures from a foreign shore.
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
 What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.

But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?
 Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
 Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
 Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;
 Without thy presence, heaven itself no pleasure.

If not possessed, if not enjoyed, in thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven, to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
 Are subjects far too low for my desire;
 The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire.

The loudest flames that earth can kindle be
 But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
 Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness;
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
 Pleasures, but pain; and mirth, but pleasing madness.

Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be;
 Nor have they being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
 Not having thee, what have my labors got?
 Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
 And having thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of thee.



GEORGE HERBERT. 1593—1632.

George Herbert was of noble descent, though "chiefly known as a pious country clergyman—*holy George Herbert*, who

'The lowliest duties on himself did lay.'

It is said Lord Bacon held his learning in so high estimation, that he submitted his works to him before publication. In early life, he enjoyed, says Izaak Walton, "his genteel humor for clothes and court-like company;" but he afterwards entered into sacred orders, "changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit," and discharged his new duties with "saint-like zeal and purity." His principal poem is *The Temple; or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*. He also wrote *The Country Parson*, a prose work, to which he owes no small part of his reputation.

[From "*The Pulley*."]

STANZAS.

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,
 "Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can;
 Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
 Contract into a span."

So strength first made away;
 Then beauty flowed; then wisdom, honor, pleasure;
 When almost all was out, God made a stay
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
 "Bestow this jewel on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in nature, not the God of nature —
 So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest —
 But keep them, with repining restlessness —
 Let him be sick and weary, that, at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast."

VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky!
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie;
 Thy music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

IZAACK WALTON. 1593—1683.

“One of the most interesting and popular of our early writers was Izaak Walton, an English worthy of the simple antique cast, who retained, in the heart of London, and in the midst of close and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character, and an inextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes, and recreations. His *Complete Angler* is a rich store-house of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity and benevolence.”

[From “*The Complete Angler*.”]

THANKFULNESS FOR WORLDLY BLESSINGS.

LET me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them all, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, “Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!” And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet, you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he indeed wants nothing but his will; it may be nothing but his

will of his poor neighbor, for not worshipping or not flattering him; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass, because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbor's was. And I knew another, to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbor, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begat higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember that both were rich, and both must, therefore, have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which, his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says, in St. Matthew's gospel; for he there says, "Blessed be the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek: for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but, in the mean time, he, and he

only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards the kingdom of heaven, by being humble, and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honor, or more riches, than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness—such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. TIME OF JAMES I.

Sir Thomas was “a witty and ingenious describer of characters, and at one time an intimate associate of Robert Car, the minion of James I; but having opposed the favorite’s marriage with the infamous Countess of Essex, he incurred the hatred of the abandoned pair, and through their influence was confined and poisoned in the tower.”

THE FAIR AND HAPPY MILK-MAID

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue; therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence—a far better wearing. She doth not, with long lying in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame’s cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm, to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand

hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity ; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair ; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garment and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none ; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones ; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them ; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition ; that she conceals, for fear of anger. Thus lives she ; and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have her store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

JAMES HOWELL. 1596—.

James Howell was an intelligent traveller, and miscellaneous writer. In his travels, he became acquainted with a great many modern languages, and laid up a store of observations upon men and manners. He was imprisoned in the Fleet, in the time of Charles I., and there composed and translated a variety of works. His *Familiar Letters* are more known than any of his works, and they are considered the first specimens of epistolary literature in our language.

[From "*Instructions for Foreign Travel.*"]

TALES OF TRAVELLERS.

OTHERS have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders of the humor of Sir John Mandeville, and they usually present them to the hearers through multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself ; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton-bridge echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox, China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys ; but they have the wit to fasten this far enough

off, because the hearer had rather believe it than make a voyage so far off, to disprove it.

Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another, who was no traveller, yet the wiser man, said he had passed by a place where there were four hundred braziers, making of a cauldron, — two hundred within, and two hundred without, beating the nails in; the traveller asking for what use that huge cauldron was, he told him, “Sir, it was to boil your cabbage.”

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolize and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced, at last, to give orders to his man, when he fell into any excess in this way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master, falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long; his man standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking, “I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?” he replied, “But a yard broad; and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, — else I had made it four square for you.”



THOMAS DEKKER. — 1638.

Dekker was for a time connected with Jonson, in writing plays, but they afterwards became bitter enemies. He was also the author of several small prose works of a satirical and humorous cast. The following is from one entitled the *Gull's Horn-book*, in which he assumes the character of a guide to the fashionable follies of the town, but only with the design of exposing them to ridicule.

AGAINST FINE CLOTHES.

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very root of gluttony. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchen-lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingale's tongues in Heliogabalus, his kitchen? No, no! the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man

put on came neither from the mercer's shop nor the merchant's warehouse. Adam's bill would have been taken then sooner than a knight's bond now; yet was he great in nobody's books, for satins and velvets. The silkworms had something else to do, in those days, than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers. His breeches were not of so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble; for Adam's holiday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece. There went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary of this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves to show. Tailors there were none, of the twelve companies; their hall, that now is larger than some dorfes among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop; they must not strike down their customers with large bills; Adam cared not an apple-paring for their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, nor the Danish sleeve, nor the French standing collar; your treble-quadruple ruffs, nor your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches for pride than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in point; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashion was then counted a disease, and horses died of it; but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic, and the purest golden asses live upon it.

OWEN FELTHAM

Was the author of a work of merit, entitled *Resolves — Divine, Moral and Political*. Of his personal history, nothing of consequence is known. This work was published about 1628.

LIMITATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

LEARNING is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank; not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still, the further you follow it, the deeper and broader it is, till at last it inwaves itself in the

unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore — no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and into unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.



WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH. 1602—1644.

This author is distinguished as a religious controversialist. He had, at an early age, a love for disputation, in which he attained great skill. But this occasioned in him such a habit of doubting, that his opinions became unsettled on all subjects, and for a time he was argued into a belief of the doctrines of Popery; concerning which, he himself says, "I know a man, who of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and, on the day that he did so, was convicted in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was in error. The same man, afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame, for all these changes, than a traveller, who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it. Nay, he stands upon his justification so far, as to maintain that his alterations, not only to you, but also from you, by God's mercy, were the most satisfactory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victories that ever he obtained over himself, and his affections, in those things which in this world are most precious."

His most famous controversial work is entitled, *The Religion of the Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation*.

The following is from one of a collection of sermons preached before Charles I.

AGAINST DUELLING.

BUT how is this doctrine of the forgiveness of injuries received in this world? What counsel would men — and those none of the worst — give thee, in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee? Why, thus: If thy brother or thy neighbor have offered thee an injury or an

affront, forgive him? By no means; thou art utterly undone, and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest; let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How? A man's blood for an injurious, passionate spirit—for a disdainful look! Nay, that is not all,—that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him, not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldst to the communion. After several days' respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

O, thou holy Christian religion! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman, poisonous blood—these raging fiery spirits? For if we shall inquire of the heathen, they will say, they have not learned this from us;—or of the Mahometans, they will answer, We are not guilty of it. Blessed God! that it should become a most sure, settled course, for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, which is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life! That ever it should enter into Christian hearts, to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God! That whereas he sees himself, every day and hour almost, contemned and despised by thee, who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might, without all possible imputation of unrighteousness, pour down all the vials of his wrath and indignation; yet he, notwithstanding, is patient and long-suffering towards thee, hoping that his long-suffering may lead thee to repentance, and beseeching thee daily, by his ministers, to be reconciled unto him; and yet, thou, on the other side, for a distempered, passionate speech, or less, should take upon thee to send thy neighbor's soul, or thine own, or likely both, clogged and oppressed, with

all your sins unrepented of—for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution—before the tribunal-seat of God, to expect your final sentence; utterly depriving yourself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate that it shall not be in God's power almost to do thee any good. Pardon, I beseech you, my earnestness, almost intemperateness, seeing that it hath proceeded from so just, so warrantable a ground; and since it is in your power to give rules of honor and reputation to the whole kingdom, do not you teach others to be ashamed of this inseparable badge of your religion—charity and forgiving of offences. Give men leave to be Christians without danger or dishonor; or, if religion will not work with you, yet let the laws of that state wherein you live, the earnest desires and care of your righteous prince, prevail with you.



WILLIAM HABINGTON. 1605—1654.

In the life of this author, there are few incidents. His mother is said to have been the writer of the letter which averted the execution of the Gunpowder Plot.

“The life of the poet seems to have glided quietly away, cheered by the society and affection of his Castara. He had no stormy passions to agitate him, and no unruly imagination to control or subdue. His poetry is of the same unruffled description—placid, tender, and often elegant—but studded with conceits, to show his wit and fancy.”

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

I HATE the country's dirt and manners, yet
 I love the silence; I embrace the wit
 And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
 But loathe the expense, the vanity and pride.
 No place each way is happy. Here I hold
 Commerce with some, who to my care unfold—
 After a due oath ministered—the height
 And greatness of each star shines in the state,
 The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.
 With others I commune, who tell me whence
 The torrent doth of foreign discord flow;
 Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,

Soon as they happen, and by rote can tell
'Those German towns, even puzzle me to spell.
The cross, or prosperous fate, of princes, they
Ascribe to rashness, cunning or delay,
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy did old Machiavel.
O busy folly ! Why do I my brain
Perplex with the dull policies of Spain,
Or quick designs of France ? Why not repair
To the pure innocence of the country air,
And neighbor thee, dear friend, who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy ways ? There might not we
Arm against passion with philosophy,
And, by the aid of reason, so control
Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul ?
Knowledge doth ignorance engender, when
We study mysteries of other men,
And foreign plots. Do but in thy own shade —
Thy head upon some flowery pillow laid,
Kind Nature's housewifery — contemplate all
His stratagems, who labors to enthrall
The world to his great Master, and you 'll find
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too dear
A price for glory ; honor doth appear,
To statesmen, like a vision in the night,
And, juggler-like, works on th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied only wise, for no respect
Endangers them to error ; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold,
Or tall in title ; so much him they weigh,
As virtue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things ; and since we find
Time bend us toward earth, let 's in our mind
Create new youth, and arm against the rude
Assaults of age, that no dull solitude

Of th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy care
 Of th' town make us to think, where now we are,
 And whither we are bound. Time ne'er forgot
 His journey, though his steps we numbered not.



EDMUND WALLER. 1605—1687.

The mother of Waller was a sister of John Hampden. The poet, in his infancy, was left heir to an estate of £3,000 per annum. At the age of eighteen, he entered Parliament, and wrote his first poem. He married a rich heiress, who died the same year, and he immediately made suit to Lady Dorothea, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, his Sacharissa, to whom he dedicated the greater part of his poetry. She, however, bestowed her hand on another. When far advanced in years, she one day asked him when he would again write such verses upon her. "When you are as young, madam, and as handsome, as you then were," replied he. The rank of one of the first refiners of poetical diction is claimed for him, and he has been styled the

"Maker and model of melodious verse,"

though not with strict justice, it is now thought.

TO HIS SACHARISSA.

WHILE in this park I sing, the listening deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same;
 To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers,
 With long complaints, they answer me in showers.
 To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
 Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thyself a Sidney?—from which noble strain
 He sprung,* that could so far exalt the name
 Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame,
 That all we can of love or high desire
 Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire!
 Nor call her mother who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity and love!
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
 In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring

* Sir Philip Sidney.

One so destructive. To no human stock
 We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock ;
 That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
 Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
 Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs,*
 Which not more help than that destruction brings.
 Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
 I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
 Melt to compassion ; now my traitorous song
 With thee conspires to do the singer wrong, —
 While thus I suffer not myself to lose
 The memory of what augments my woes,
 But with my own breath still foment the fire,
 Which flames as high as fancy can aspire !

This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
 Of just Apollo, president of verse ;
 Highly concernéd that the muse should bring
 Damage to one whom he had taught to sing,
 Thus he advised me : “ On yon aged tree
 Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
 That there, with wonders, thy diverted mind
 Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.”
 Ah, cruel nymph ! from whom her humble swain
 Flies for relief unto the raging main,
 And from the winds and tempests does expect
 A milder fate than from her cold neglect !
 Yet there he ’ll pray that the unkind may prove
 Blest in her choice ; and vows this endless love
 Springs from no hope of what she may confer,
 But from those gifts which heaven has heaped on her.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o’er ;
 So calm are we when passions are no more :
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.

* Tunbridge Wells.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

—•—

MILTON. 1608—1674.

Milton was educated with great care, and was designed for the church; but did not enter the ministry, because unwilling to submit to the religious restrictions of the times. For five years after leaving the university, he remained at the house of his father, studying classical literature; and during this time he wrote *Comus* and *Lycidas*, and also, it is supposed by many, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. He then travelled, for more than a year, in France and Italy, where the study of the works of art are supposed to have suggested the grace and beauty of some of his poetical creations in *Paradise Lost*. His first wife, the daughter of a high Cavalier, left him, in one month after marriage, on account of his studious habits, and the seclusion in which he lived. But, on her returning, repentant, he received her with generosity. He married twice, afterwards. He lost the last remains of eyesight in writing his *Defensio Populi*, and the immortal *Paradise Lost* was begun after he was entirely blind. But poverty never entered his dwelling, which was lighted by visions of Paradise, and his mind was bright and calm to the last. He left three daughters of his first marriage; all of whom lived apart from him some years before his death, and of whom he complained that they were undutiful and unkind. Milton was at one time Latin secretary to the Council of State, with a salary of £300 per annum. Of his prose writings it has been said, "They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance." He wrote against the established church, and was stern and inflexible in principle, in regard to both church and state.

SONNET ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my life is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's words, or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land or ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

SCENE FROM "COMUS."

[The lady enters.]

THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide, now ; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose, unlettered hinds,
 When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
 Of such late wassailers ; yet, oh ! where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet,
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood !
 My brothers, when they saw me, wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge,
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind, hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheel of Phœbus' wain :
 But where they are, and why they come not back,
 Is now the labor of my thoughts ; 't is likeliest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me ; else, oh, thievish night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,

That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps,
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller ?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife and perfect in my listening ear ;
Yet nought but simple darkness do I find.
What might this be ? A thousand phantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
Those thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong champion — Conscience.
O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemished form of Chastity !
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassailed.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
I did not err ; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove ;
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard furthest,
I'll venture ; for my new enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent stream,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,

Where the lovelorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well, —
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?

O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of poetry, daughter of the sphere!
So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

(Enter Comus.)

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air,
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall, smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her basking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

[From "*L'Allegro*."]

ADDRESS TO MIRTH.

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right-hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unprovéd pleasures free; —
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

[From "*Il Penseroso*."]]

ADDRESS TO MELANCHOLY.

COME, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress-lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 And rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till,
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast;

* * * *

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation:
 And the mute silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, 'chantress, oft, these woods among,
I woo, to hear thy evening song :
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide, pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plot of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen roar.
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bell-man's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes ; or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy,
 In sceptred pall, come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what, though rare, of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

[From "*Lycidas*."]]

A MONODY ON EDWARD KING,

[A COLLEGE COMPANION OF MILTON'S, WHO PERISHED BY SHIPWRECK.]

YET once more, oh ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And, with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion drear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due ;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew
 Himself to sing, and built the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the feet of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse ;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destined urn,
 And, as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nursed on the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill.
 Together both, ere the high hours appeared,
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,

We drove a-field, and both together heard,
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Bathing our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute ;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns, with cloven heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn ;
The willows, and the hazel-copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows —
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ah me ! I fondly dream !
Had ye been there — for what could that have done ?
What could the muse herself, that Orpheus bore,
The muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus, to the Lesbian shore ?
Alas ! what boots it, with incessant care

To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise, —
That last infirmity of noble minds, —
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;
" Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies ;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

TRUTH.

TRUTH, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on ; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who — as that story goes, of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris — took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons ! nor ever shall do, till her master's second coming ; he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON. 1608—1674.

Lord Clarendon, in early life, devoted himself to the practice of law, but quitted it for public affairs, joining himself to the royalists. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Charles I., and accompanied Prince Charles in many of his wanderings; was one of his confidential counsellors after his restoration, and held from him the office of Lord Chancellor. With the Earldom of Clarendon, the king conferred on him the gift of £20,000. His great work is a *History of the Rebellion*, which is written in "an easy, flowing, conversational style, and is generally esteemed for the lively description which the author gives, from his own knowledge and observation, of his most eminent contemporaries." This history was not published until the public individuals of whom it speaks were dead.

ESCAPE OF CHARLES II., AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

BUT when the night covered them, he found means to withdraw himself, with one or two of his own servants, whom he likewise discharged when it began to be light; and after he had made them cut off his hair, he betook himself alone into an adjacent wood, and relied only upon Him for his preservation who alone could and did miraculously deliver him.

When the darkness of the night was over, after the king had cast himself into that wood, he discerned another man, who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the king had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the king, and knew him, and came down to him, and was known to the king. He persuaded the king,—since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that, as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners,—that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel; and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who purposely came into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself, if they could take him.

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that, when the night came, he was willing to make some provision for both; and he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree; and, when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those enclosures which were furthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were more grievous to the king by the weight of his boots, before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof was known to Careless. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them, he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn, full of hay, which was better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed that the danger would be greater if they staid together; and, therefore, that Careless should presently be gone, and should, within two days, send an honest man to the king, to guide him to some other place of security; and in the mean time, his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good butter-milk; and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day, the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester. The king slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he ever had eaten.

After he had rested upon this hay-mow, and fed upon this diet, two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night, another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Careless, to conduct the king to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide

knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord. He had a great mind to have kept his own shirt ; but he considered, that men are not sooner discovered by any mark, in disguises, than by having fine linen in ill clothes ; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and, in a short time after, grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging, in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of this guide, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in the least danger of meeting passengers. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes had, after a few miles, hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out ; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little further to go ; and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning, they arrived at the house designed ; which, though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw, instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it. Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted ; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings ; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house ; for having not yet in his thought which way, or by what means,

to make his escape, all that was designed was only, by shifting from one house to another, to avoid discovery. * * *

In this station the king remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used to inquire for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbor or conceal him; by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him.



JEREMY TAYLOR. 1613—1667.

Jeremy Taylor has been styled by some the *Shakspeare*, and by others the *Spenser*, of theological literature. He was one of the most eloquent and imaginative of the divines of his day. A work which shows him to have been far in advance of his age, was his *Liberty of Prophesying, showing the Unreasonableness of Prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of Persecuting Differing Opinions*. In addition to this work, he published *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying, Sermons*, and other works. He took part with the royalists, and was twice imprisoned; but was made bishop after the Restoration. His second wife was a natural daughter of Charles I.

MARRIAGE.

THEY that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most; for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise, she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it

again; and when he sits among his neighbors, he remembers the objection that is in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlers, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man, when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor, wretched person.

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage, to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow, by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other, in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy: but when, by age and consolidation, they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love: but when a man dwells in love, then the eyes of his wife are as fair as the light of heaven; she is a

fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell, but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance, in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. * * * It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast. I will only show it, and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome. But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the married saints. All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them; but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state which is a type of that; and from this sacramental union, all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and the eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joys shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages.

[From the close of the "*Liberty of Prophesying*."]]

JEWISH APOLOGUE.

WHEN Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming toward him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him

kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and asked him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition.

When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, "I thrust him away, because he did not worship thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

COMFORTING THE AFFLICTED.

CERTAIN it is, that, as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who, with his dreary eyes, looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together, than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows, at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in

the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter : he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the chains of sorrow ; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning : for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted ; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

THE PROGRESS OF SIN.

I HAVE seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot ; and it was despised like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way, and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of an undermined strand, and to invade the neighboring gardens ; but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon ; but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to pestilential evils ; they destroy the soul by their abode, which at their first entry might have been killed by the pressure of a little finger.

ON PRAYER.

PRAYER is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest ; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts ; it is the daughter of Charity, and the sister of Meekness ; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed

spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth as the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, still it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing, and the dew of heaven.

HENRY VAUGHAN. 1614—1695.

Henry Vaughan was at first devoted to the law, but afterwards became a physician. He published a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*, but it is as a sacred poet that he is most esteemed.

[From the "Sacred Poems."]

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but fore-run
The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.
Give him thy first thoughts, then ; so shalt thou keep
His company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep, the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day ; there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not good
After sun-rising ; for day sullies flowers.
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
And whisperings among them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing ?
O, leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine ;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries ; the first, the world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food ;
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move — they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
 Keep well thy temper; mix not with each clay;
 Despatch necessities; life hath a load
 Which must be carried on, and safely may;
 Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

RICHARD BAXTER. 1615—1691.

Baxter's works, amounting to one hundred and sixty-eight, are but little read now, with the exception of *The Saint's Everlasting Rest, A Call to the Unconverted*, his own *Life and Times*, and some other practical pieces. He has a work entitled *The Certainty of the World of Spirits fully evinced by Unquestionable Histories of Apparitions and Witchcrafts, Operations, Voices, &c.*, which might afford gratification to the curious. He is considered an eminent divine of his day. He was a non-conformist, and was at one time condemned for sedition, but obtained a release. He was a man of "enlarged and liberal views, who refrained from joining any of those sects into which the dissenters were split, and was consequently regarded with suspicion and dislike by the more narrow-minded of them."

CHANGE IN BAXTER'S ESTIMATE OF HIS OWN
 AND OTHER MEN'S KNOWLEDGE.

HERETOFORE I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance. I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light that shined in upon me, like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before; but I little knew, either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to; but now, I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know, in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then.

Accordingly, I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now; for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained, and was familiarly acquainted with; and what books I understood not, by reason

of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me, against my will, to know, that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little, as well as I, especially these that think themselves the wisest; and the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark; and the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven, and pretend not much to subtilties, the more I value and honor them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse, admired book, I have but attained the knowledge of human imperfection, and to see that the author is but a man, as well as I.

And at first I took more upon my author's credit than now I can do; and when an author was highly commended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole; whereas now, I take and leave in the same author, and dissent, in some things, from him that I like best, as well as from others.



JOHN EVELYN. 1620—1706.

Evelyn is distinguished for several scientific works, written in a popular style. His *Sylva, or Discourse on Forest Trees*, led to the planting of an immense number of oaks, afterwards used for ships of war. He wrote of gardening and planting, and his own grounds contained a number of foreign plants, and were kept in fine order. The Czar Peter, when in England, occupied his mansion, and grossly abused his house and garden; one of his amusements being "to demolish a most glorious and impenetrable holly-hedge, by riding through it on a wheelbarrow." Evelyn kept a diary during the most of his life, in which were entered all events of importance, either of a domestic or public nature, and which affords interesting matter for the curious.

[From "*Tyrannus, or the Mode.*"]

FASHIONS IN DRESS.

METHINKS a French tailor, with his ell in his hand, looks the enchantress Circe, over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many forms. One while, we are made to be so loose in our clothes, * * and by and by, appear like so many malefactors sewed up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent. Now

we are all twist, and at a distance look like a pair of tongs ; and anon, stuffed out like a Dutchman. This gallant goes so pinched in the waist, as if he were prepared for the question of the fiery plate in Turkey ; and that so loose in the middle, as if he would turn insect, or drop in two. Now, the short waists and shirts in Pye-court is the mode ; then, the wide hose, or a man in coats again. * * * Methinks we should learn to handle distaff too. Hercules did so when he courted Omphale ; and those who sacrificed to Ceres put on the petticoat with much confidence.

It was a fine silken thing which I spied walking, t'other day, through Westminster Hall, that had as much ribbon about him as could have plundered six shops, and set up twenty country pedlers. All his body was dressed like a May-pole, or a Tom-a-Bedlam's cap. A frigate newly rigged kept not half such a clatter in a storm, as this puppet's streamers did, when the wind was in his shrouds ; the motion was wonderful to behold ; and the well-chosen colors were red, orange, blue, and well-gummed satin, which argued a happy fancy ; but so was our gallant overcharged, that whether he did *wear* this garment, or, as a porter, *bear* it only, was not easily to be resolved.

For my part, I profess that I delight in a cheerful gayety, affect and cultivate vanity. This universe itself were not beautiful to me, without it. But as that is in constant and uniform succession in the natural, where men do not disturb it, so would I have it also in the artificial. If the kings of Mexico changed four times a day, it was but an upper vest, which they were used to honor some meritorious servant with. Let men change their habits as oft as they please, so the change be for the better ; I would have a summer habit and a winter—for the spring and for the autumn. Something I would indulge to youth ; something to age and humor. But what have we to do with these foreign butterflies ? In God's name, let the change be our own, nor borrowed of others ; for why should I dance after a Monsieur's flageolet, that have a set of English viols for my concert ? We need no French inventions, for the stage or for the back.

ROBERT BOYLE. 1627—1691.

Boyle was one of those experimental philosophers, who arose in England, after the death of Bacon. He confined himself mostly to studies and experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy. He, with a few other scientific men, held private weekly meetings for the cultivation of the "new philosophy," and afterwards, being joined by others, they were incorporated by Charles II., in 1662, under the title of the royal society. His writings are very voluminous. On theology, as well as on natural science, he published various works, and in his will made provision for the delivery of eight sermons annually in proof of the Christian religion. His *Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects*, namely, *Upon the Sight of a Windmill standing Still*; *Upon his Paring a rare Summer Apple*; *Upon my Spaniel's Fetching me my Glove*, &c., were ridiculed by Swift, in his "Pious Meditations on a Broomstick."

REFLECTIONS UPON THE SIGHT OF ROSES AND TULIPS GROWING NEAR ONE ANOTHER.

It is so uncommon a thing to see tulips last till roses come to be blown, that the seeing them in this garden grow together, as it deserves my notice, so methinks it should suggest to me some reflection or other on it. And perhaps it may not be an improper one, to compare the difference betwixt these two kinds of flowers to the disparity which I have often observed betwixt the fates of those young ladies that are only very handsome, and those that have a less degree of beauty, recompensed by the accession of wit, discretion, and virtue; for tulips, whilst they are fresh, do, indeed, by the lustre and vividness of their colors, more delight the eye than roses; but then they do not alone quickly fade, but as soon as they have lost that freshness and gaudiness that solely endeared them, they degenerate into things, not only undesirable, but distasteful; whereas roses, besides the moderate beauty they disclose to the eye, which is sufficient to please, though not to charm it, do not only keep their color longer than tulips, but, when that decays, retain a perfumed odor, and divers useful qualities and virtues, that survive the spring, and recommend them all the year. Thus those unadvised young ladies, that, because nature has given them beauty enough, despise all other qualities, and even that regular diet which is ordinarily requisite to make beauty itself lasting, not only are wont to decay betimes, but, as soon as they

have lost that youthful freshness that alone endeared them, quickly pass from being objects of wonder and love, to be so of pity, if not of scorn; whereas those that were as solicitous to enrich their minds as to adorn their faces, may not only with a mediocrity of beauty be very desirable whilst that lasts, but, notwithstanding the recess of that and youth, may, by the fragrancy of their reputation, and those virtues and ornaments of the mind that time does but improve, be always sufficiently endeared to those that have merit enough to discern and value such excellences, and whose esteem and friendship is alone worth their being concerned for. In a word, they prove the happiest, as well as they are the wisest ladies, that, whilst they possess the desirable qualities that youth is wont to give, neglect not the acquisition of those that age cannot take away.

JOHN BUNYAN. 1628—1688.

The author of the celebrated *Pilgrim's Progress* was the son of a tinker, and for some years travelled about the country, repairing metal utensils. While engaged in this mode of life, he was noted for his profligacy and wickedness, especially profane swearing. But in the midst of it all, he was not without the reproofs of conscience; and by degrees his convictions of sin prevailed, he became a religious man, and at length a preacher in the Baptist denomination. After the Restoration, he was apprehended for holding religious assemblies, and imprisoned for twelve and a half years; during which time he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and some other works, with no other books about him than the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. He was afterwards liberated, and preached a while as an itinerant; but, finally, a meeting-house was erected for him in Bedford, where he attracted large congregations, until the close of his life.

[From the "*Pilgrim's Progress*."]

THE GOLDEN CITY.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said, by the other two shining ones, "These are the men who loved our Lord, when they were in the world, and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them; and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with

joy." Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lord." There came, also, out at this time to meet them, several of the king's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious and loud noises, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left, as it were, to guard them through the upper regions, — continually sounding, as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them; and now these two men were, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. O! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over, in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Then I saw, in my dream, that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate, — to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c., — to whom it was said, "These pilgrims are come from the city of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the king of this place;" and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate,

which they had received in the beginning; those therefore were carried in to the king, who, when he had read them, said, "Where are the men?" To whom it was answered, "They are standing without the gate." The king then commanded to open the gate, "That the righteous nation," said he, "that keepeth truth, may enter in."

Now, I saw, in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard, in my dream, that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, honor, and glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever."

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord." And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

DR. ISAAC BARROW. 1630—1677.

It is by his theological works that Dr. Barrow is most known to the public, though as a mathematician he is considered second only to Sir Isaac Newton. He was, for a time, professor of mathematics in Cambridge University, but was afterwards appointed one of the royal chaplains. He was complimented by the king as being "one of the best scholars in England." His sermons are still held in high estimation. He was remarkable for disregard of personal appearance, and on one occasion, it is said, "when he preached before a London audience who did not know him, his appearance, on mounting the pulpit, made so unfavorable an impression, that nearly the whole congregation left the church."

CONCORD AND DISCORD.

How good and pleasant a thing it is, as David saith, for brethren—and so we are all, at least by nature—to live together in unity! How that, as Solomon saith, better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices, with strife. How delicious that conversation is which is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complaisance; how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is, of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself! And, contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is, to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension; having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret; the heart boiling with choler, the face ever clouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamor and reproach—the whole frame of body and soul dis-tempered and disturbed with the worst of passions! How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths, than to wander in rugged ways, overgrown with briars, obstructed with rubs, and beset with snares; to sail steadily, in a quiet, than to be tossed in a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven, smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds or raging with storms; to hear harmonious concerts, than dissonant janglings; to see objects correspondent in graceful symmetry, than lying disorderly in confused heaps; to be in health, and have the natural humors consent in moderate temper, than—as it happens in diseases—agitated with tumultuous commotions! How all senses and faculties of man unanimously rejoice in those emblems of peace, order, harmony and proportion! Yea, how nature universally delights in a quiet stability or undisturbed progress of motion; the beauty, strength and vigor, of everything requires a concurrence of force, coöperation and contribution of help; all things thrive and flourish, by communicating reciprocal aid; and the world subsists by a friendly conspiracy of its parts; and

especially that political society of men chiefly aims at peace as its end, depends on it as its cause, relies on it for its support! How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither complaint, pain nor clamor, do ever enter, but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord; and how a condition of enmity represents the state of hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult! How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content; and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour, each other! How not only philosophy hath placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind and tranquillity of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations; but that Holy Scripture itself, in that one term of peace, most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity, so that the heavenly consort of angels, when they agree most highly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind, could not better express their sense than by saying, "Be on earth peace, and good will among men."



JOHN TILLOTSON. 1630—1694.

Tillotson was educated in the puritanic faith, but embraced the principles of the Church of England, of which he became a distinguished preacher, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a moderate churchman, and did a great deal in favor of the non-conformists. His wife was a niece of Oliver Cromwell. The only endowment he left her, at his death, was his sermons, which, on account of his great celebrity, sold for two thousand five hundred guineas. They are held in great estimation at the present time.

ADVANTAGES OF TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to?—for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency.

Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one that he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labor, to seem to have it, are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty, and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for when truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself, one time or another. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly, as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way, of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage, in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shove it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first, upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is

nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

JOHN LOCKE. 1632—1704.

Locke is most celebrated as the author of *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*, of which it has been said, by a distinguished writer, “ Few books have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which nature has prescribed to the human understanding.”

He also wrote upon *Civil Government*, *Education*, *Reasonableness of Christianity*, &c. His health was always feeble; he never married, but found a home at different times with the Earl of Shaftesbury, and with Sir Francis Masham.

FROM THE PREFACE TO THE ESSAY ON THE HUMAN
UNDERSTANDING.

WERE it fit to trouble thee with the history of this essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends, meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that arose on every side. After we had a while puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts, that we took a wrong course, and that, before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented; and thereupon it was agreed, that this should be our first inquiry. Some hasty and undigested thoughts, on a subject I had never before considered, which I set down against our next meeting, gave the first entrance into this discourse; which, having been thus begun by chance, was continued by entreaty, written by incoherent parcels, and, after long intervals of neglect, resumed again, as my humor or

occasions permitted ; and, at last, in a retirement where an attendance on my health gave me leisure, it was brought into that order thou seest it.

DUTY OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

IF by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that will be useless in our hands ; and if, by harassing our bodies, though with a design to render ourselves more useful, we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbors of all that help, which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by over-loading it, though it be with gold, and silver, and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

OPPOSITION TO NEW DOCTRINES.

THE imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere, at its first appearance ; new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique fashion ; and though it be not yet current by the public stamp, yet it may, for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine.

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET. 1635—1699.

Stillingfleet was distinguished for his writings in defence of the doctrines of the church. He engaged in a controversy with Locke upon

the resurrection of the body and the soul's immateriality, in which the latter had greatly the advantage, and the mortification Stillingfleet felt at the result is thought to have hastened his death. His sermons are esteemed for their sound sense, and the knowledge of human nature they evince.

[*Extract from a Sermon.*]

IMMODERATE SELF-LOVE.

THERE is a love of ourselves which is founded in nature and reason, and is made the measure of our love to our neighbor : for we are to love our neighbors as ourselves ; and if there were no due love of ourselves, there could be none of our neighbor. But this love of ourselves, which is so consistent with the love of our neighbor, can be no enemy to our peace ; for none can live more quietly and peacefully than those who love their neighbors as themselves. But there is a self-love which the Scripture condemns, because it makes men peevish and froward, uneasy to themselves and to their neighbors, filling them with jealousies, and suspicions of others with respect to themselves, making them apt to mistrust the intentions and designs of others towards them, and so producing ill-will towards them ; and when that hath once got into men's hearts, there can be no long peace with those they bear a secret grudge and ill-will to. The bottom of all is, they have a wonderful value of themselves, and those opinions, and notions, and parties, and factions, they happen to be engaged in ; and these they make the measure of their esteem and love of others. As far as they comply and suit with them, so far they love them ; but no further. If we ask, cannot good men differ about some things, and yet be good still ? Yes. Cannot such love one another, notwithstanding such difference ? No doubt they ought. Whence comes it, then, that a small difference in opinion is so apt to make a breach in affection ? In plain truth, it is, every one would be thought to be infallible, if for shame they durst to pretend to it ; and they have so good an opinion of themselves, that they cannot bear such as do not submit to them. From hence arise quarrellings and disputings, and ill language, not becoming men or Christians. But all this comes from their setting up themselves, and their own notions and practices, which they would make a rule to the rest of the world ; and if others

have the same opinions of themselves, it is impossible but there must be everlasting clashings and disputings, and from thence falling into different parties and factions ; which can never be prevented till they come to more reasonable opinions of themselves, and are more charitable and kind towards others.



GILBERT BURNET. 1643—1715.

Burnet was born at Edinburgh, and for some years was professor of divinity at Glasgow. He removed to London. In consequence of taking part against Charles II., he found it desirable to retire to Holland. He accompanied the expedition which placed William on the throne, and was rewarded with the bishopric of Salisbury. His *History of the Reformation in England* procured him the thanks of both houses of Parliament, and it is now considered the best existing account of the affairs of which it treats. He left in manuscript his famous *History of My Own Times*, in which he gives an account of the civil war, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration. In this, he gives his opinions concerning men of all ranks and parties with so much freedom, and exposes injustice and corruption, wherever found, so fully, that he considered it prudent, in his will, to order that the publication should be suspended six years. When it did appear, it called forth a great deal of ridicule and invective.

[From the "*History of My Own Times*."]

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.

CHARLES II. was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up, the first twelve years of his life, with the splendor that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities ; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and in the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he showed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he showed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as

unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got, at last, out of England. But he had been obliged to so many, who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. * * He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expense. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them, both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed, at his death, from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. * * *

He went over them in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on these stories, they usually withdrew. * * *

His not showing any remorse for his ill-led life, or any tenderness, either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants, and his recommending only his mistresses and their children to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to another's life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his.

THE CZAR PETER IN ENGLAND, IN 1698.

I MENTIONED, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country, on which I will now enlarge. He came, this winter, over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking great quantities of brandy, which he rectifies himself, with great application ; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected by these. He wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent ; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently ; he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here ; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire ; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem inclined to mend matters in Muscovy. He was, indeed, resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people, by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depths of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

*

*

*

*

*

He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to stay some time ; but he was called home sooner than he had intended, upon a discovery, or suspicion, of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers to whom he trusted most were so true to him, that those designs were crushed before he came back. But, on this occasion, he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged, all round Moscow ; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand. And so far was he from relenting, or showing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation, or of his neighbors, God only knows.



WILLIAM PENN. 1644—1718.

Penn is distinguished, not only as the founder of the State of Pennsylvania, but as a writer in defence of the principles of the Society of Friends. In consequence of his Quaker views, he was repeatedly banished from his father's house, suffered much persecution, and was several times thrown into prison. While confined in the Tower of London, he wrote *No Cross, No Crown*, the most celebrated of his works, and still held in high esteem by the Friends. As the founder and governor of Pennsylvania, his perfect toleration in matters of religion, the kindness and good faith with which he always treated the Indians, and the affection with which they cherished his memory, are well known. By his intimacy with James II., he procured the release of fourteen hundred and eighty of his Quaker brethren, who were in prison when James came to the throne.

[From "*No Cross, No Crown*."]

AGAINST THE PRIDE OF NOBLE BIRTH.

THAT people are generally proud of their persons, is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty ; the one has raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often, for their sakes, and at their excitements. But to the first ; what a pother has this noble blood made in the world — antiquity of name or of family — whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother, was best descended or allied ! What stock or what clan they came of ! What coat of arms they gave !

Which had, of right, the precedence ! But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

For, first, what matter is it of whom any one is descended, that is not of ill-fame ; since it is his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him ? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy ; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather ; to be sure, not in God's account, nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favors the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honor to have had no blots, and with a hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth ; but that was never found ; no, not in the most blessed of families on earth — I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles, fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth ; those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them ; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor ; and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 't is by his own ; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two ?

"O," says the person proud of blood, "it was never a good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen !" But what should others have said of that man's ancestor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world ? For he, and all men and families, ay, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings. This is like being the true church, because old, not because good ; for families to be noble by being old, and not by being virtuous. No such matter ; it must be age in virtue, or else virtue before age ; for, otherwise, a man should be noble by means of his predecessor, and yet the predecessor less noble than he, because he was the acquirer ; which is a paradox that will puzzle all their heraldry to explain. Strange ! that they should be more noble than their ancestor, that got their nobility for them ! But if this be absurd, as it is, then the upstart is the noble man — the man

that got it by his virtue; and those only are entitled to his honor that are imitators of his virtue; the rest may bear his name from his blood, but that is all. If virtue, then, give nobility, which heathens themselves agree, then families are no longer truly noble than they are virtuous. * * * No, let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. 'Tis thus posited by God himself, that best knows how to apportion things with an equal and just hand. He neither likes nor dislikes by descent; nor does he regard what people were, but are. * *

But, methinks, it would suffice to say, our own eyes see that men of blood, out of their gear and trappings, without their feathers and finery, have no more marks of honor by nature stamped upon them than their inferior neighbors. Nay, themselves being judges, they will frankly tell us they feel all those passions in their blood that make them like other men, if not further from the virtue that truly dignifies.



THOMAS OTWAY. 1651—1685.

Otway was the son of a clergyman, and was educated at Oxford. After leaving college, he for a time performed as an actor on the London stage. He was not adapted to this profession, but it gave him a knowledge of dramatic art, which was serviceable to him afterwards as a writer of plays. Irregularity and extravagance in his habits caused him to be always in poverty and suffering. By one account, his death is said to have been occasioned by swallowing hastily, after long fasting, a piece of bread given him in charity; another states that he died of fever occasioned by fatigue, or by drinking immoderately of water, when heated. *The Orphan*, and *Venice Preserved*, are the tragedies on which his fame chiefly rests. In some scenes of passionate affection he is thought to excel even Shakspeare.

SCENE FROM VENICE PRESERVED.

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more! begone, and leave me!

Jaffier. Not hear me! by my suffering, but you shall!

My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch

You think me. Patience! Where's the distance throws

Me back so far, but I may boldly speak

In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Pri. Have you not wronged me?

Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bowed myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you ?

Pri. Yes, wronged me ! in the nicest point,
The honor of my house, you 've done me wrong.
You may remember — for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness — when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on,
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation ;
Pleased with your growing virtues, I received you ;
Courtied, and sought to raise you to your merits ;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune, too,
My very self, was yours ; you might have used me
To your best service ; like an open friend,
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine ;
When, in requital of my best endeavors,
You treacherously practised to undo me ;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
O, Belvidera !

Jaf. 'T is to me you owe her ;
Childless had you been else, and in the grave,
Your name extinct — no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years have past
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke ;
And I was with you. Your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock ; when to your boat
You made for safety — entered first yourself ; —
The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep ;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,

And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms ;
Indeed, you thanked me ; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul ; for, from that hour, she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me ! like a thief, you stole her,
At dead of night ! — that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear !
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine !
A sterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both ! continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still !
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you, till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion !

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain.
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty ;
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father !

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries ; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps, in bitterness and want !

Jaf. You talk as if 't would please you.

Pri. 'T would, by heaven !

Jaf. Would I were in my grave !

Pri. And she, too, with thee !
For, living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers ;
I once was happy !

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder.

Pri. You dare not do 't.

Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.

My heart, that awes me, is too much my master ;
Three years are passed since first our vows were plighted,
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice ;
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded ;
Out of my little fortune I've done this,
Because, though hopeless e'er to win your nature,
The world might see I loved her for herself,
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more.

Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu forever.

There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But's happier than me : for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty ; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning ;
And now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble ! study to retrench ;
Discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly ;
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state ;
Then to some suburb cottage both retire ;
Drudge to feed loathsome life ; get brats, and starve !
Home, home, I say ! (*Exit.*)

Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me —
This proud, this swelling heart ; home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors.
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
O, Belvidera ! O ! she is my wife —

And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more !

* * * * *

(*Enter Belvidera.*)

Belvidera. My lord, my love, my refuge !
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face !
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating,
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
O, smile, as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul !

Jaf. As when our loves
Were in their spring ! Has then my fortune changed thee ?
Art thou not, *Belvidera*, still the same
Kind, good and tender, as my arms first found thee ?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbor ?
Where ease my loaded heart ? O ! where complain ?

Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth ?
I joy more in thee

Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.

Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith ?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false !
Oh, woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man ; we had been brutes without you !
Angels are painted fair, to look like you ;
There 's in you all that we believe of heaven ;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love !

Bel. If love be treasure, we 'll be wondrous rich.
O ! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, — where I may tell aloud,
To the high heavens, and every listening planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom 's fraught !

Jaf. O, *Belvidera* ! doubly I 'm a beggar —

Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee !
Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger ? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter grips of smarting poverty ?
When banished by our miseries abroad,
As suddenly we shall be, to seek out,
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succor, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me ? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love ?

Bel. O ! I will love, even in madness, love thee !
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I 'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I 'll make this arm a pillow for thy head ;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest ;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

Jaf. Hear this, you heavens, and wonder how you made her !
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world !
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine ;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again to lift you in your pride ;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you !
I, in my private bark, already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that ;
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolve to scorn and trust my fate no more.

DANIEL DEFOE. 1661—1731.

Defoe was born in London, and was the son of a butcher. He engaged in several varieties of trade, but without success. He took the side of the Whigs, in the political controversies of his day, and turned his ironical and satirical talents against his opponents so powerfully, that he was charged with libel by the House of Commons, fined, set in the pillory, and imprisoned. In a Hymn to the Pillory, he wittily calls it

“ A hieroglyphic state machine,
Condemned to punish fancy in.”

Yet, his character stood so high that he was employed by the court of Queen Anne on a mission to Scotland. He at length abandoned politics, and at the age of fifty-five, after “ his spirit had been broken, and his means wasted, by persecution, and his health struck down by apoplexy,” composed his *Robinson Crusoe*, and a great number of fictions that followed it. His life “ seems to have been one of continued struggle with want, dulness, and persecution. He died insolvent, author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets. As a novelist he was the father of Richardson, and partly of Fielding; as an essayist, he suggested the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and in grave irony he may have given to Swift his first lessons.”

[From the “ *Life of Colonel Jack*.”]

THE TROUBLES OF A YOUNG THIEF.

I HAVE often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with, — [five pounds, his share of the plunder;] — for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket but such as I say was full of holes. I knew nobody in the world, that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for, being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money, I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me, all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last, I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four

guineas into that; but after I had gone a while, my shoe hurt me so I could not go; so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapt it all together, and carried it in that a good way. * * *

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom; but then sleep went from mine eyes. O, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brick-bats, stones or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which, if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought, I could not sleep a wink more: so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough; and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I had lost by the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney; and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, my case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell. At last it

came into my head, that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and seek to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree ; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose ; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people, that they would see if I went to hide anything there ; and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me, to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off ; and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's, at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a foot-path over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought ; at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it ; and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit ; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it ; but behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen out of my reach, and how far it might go in, I knew not ; so that, in a word, my money was gone, irrecoverably lost ; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for it was a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole, where I could not reach it. Well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity ; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one ; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion ; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again, till I scratched my arm, and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently ; then I began to think I had not so much as a half-penny of it left for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again. Then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped ; then

I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree, I happened to come down, not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also ; and behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it, close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have ; and looking in the open place, there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up, just as I had put it into the hole ; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss, or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hollowed quite out aloud when I saw it ; then I ran to it, and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times ; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other ; and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing ; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about, and know not what I did ; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the cloth the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.



JONATHAN SWIFT. 1667—1745.

Swift was born in Dublin, educated at Trinity College, in that city, and afterwards repaired to Oxford, where he received the degree of M.A. He took orders in the Irish church, and after holding the offices of prebend, vicar, and rector of different places, he was made Dean of St. Patrick's. His father dying in poverty before his birth, the circumstances of want and dependence, with which he was early familiar, had such a depressing effect upon his mind, that he adopted the custom of observing his birth-day as a period of sorrow, on which he would read Job's execration of the day upon which it was said, "that a man-child was born." He spent some time in England, and was intimately acquainted with Pope, Arbuthnot, Steele, and Addison. He is considered the most powerful and original prose writer of his age,—wit,

irony, knowledge of human nature, and power of feigning reality, being his most marked characteristics. *Gulliver's Travels*, and the *Tale of a Tub*, are his most famous works. His *Verses on his own Death* are the best example of his poetical talent. At the age of about twenty-one, he became attached to a lady, whom he has immortalized under the name of Stella. She was the daughter of his friend's steward, and either from pride or ambition, he put off indefinitely his marriage to her, and kept her for a long time in a state injurious both to her peace and reputation, though professing to "love her better than his life, a thousand million times." When above forty years of age, a young lady of eighteen, whose fancy name was Vanessa, became passionately attached to him. Flattered with her love, he did not declare to her his relation to Stella, but suffered her to wreck her happiness, and cut short her life, in the indulgence of a hopeless attachment. He was at last secretly married to Stella, in the garden of the deanery; but she died without any public acknowledgment of the tie. In extenuation of his conduct, it may be supposed that the malady which he himself anticipated, — in the saying, as he pointed to a noble elm, much decayed at its upmost branches, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top," — was then lurking about him. Scott said of him, "The stage darkened ere the curtain fell." For the last three years of his life, he was almost totally silent — the last year, he spoke not a word. He left his fortune, amounting to £10,000, to the founding of a lunatic asylum in Dublin.

[From the description of the Academy of Ladoga, in "*Gulliver's Travels*,"]

SATIRE ON PRETENDED PHILOSOPHERS AND PROJECTORS.

I WAS received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt and skin, were all of the same color. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air, in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt, in eight years more, that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate.

* * * * *

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and

working downwards to the foundation ; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

* * * * *

One illustrious person more, who is called, among them, the universal artist, told us he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms, full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work ; some were condensing air into a dry, tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate ; others softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions ; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering.

* * * * *

We crossed a walk, to the other part of the academy, where the projectors of speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said : — Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences ; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labor, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them ; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame ; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed.

He then commanded six and thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame ; and where they found three or four words together, that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times ; and at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day, the students were employed in this labor ; and the professor showed me several volumes, in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences.

* * * * *

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow, upon a fasting stomach, and, for three days following, eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. * * *

In the school of political projectors, there was a most ingenious doctor, who, when parties in a state were violent, offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this : — You take a hundred leaders of each party ; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size ; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems, indeed, to be a work that requireth some exactness ; but the professor assured us, that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus : that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who

imagine they came into the world to watch and govern its motions; and as to difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

[From "The Tatler."]

OVERSTRAINED POLITENESS, OR VULGAR HOSPITALITY.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners, or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. It is odd to consider, that, for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found, to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbor, about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlor, they put me into the great chair, that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came, in a great hurry, to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer-glass, half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gilly-flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam vowed I should drink it off, for she was sure it would do me good, after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey,—which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite were quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bicker-

staff," says the lady, "you must eat a wing, to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate, during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable-door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what I would have for supper? I said, I never eat anything at night; but was, at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours, spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me "that this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss," the lady went, and left me to her husband, for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little Misses ran backwards and forwards every moment, and constantly, as they came in or went out, made a curtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and "Your humble servant, pretty Miss." Exactly at eight, the mother came up, and discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion.

I desired, at my usual hour, to go to my repose; and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced, in the morning, to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I wished to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures, to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat's-tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see

me part of my way, and carry me a short cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident, that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it.

SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671—1729.

To Steele belongs the credit of first conceiving the idea of attacking the vices and follies of the age, through the medium of a periodical paper. This was the *Tatler*, a small sheet, appearing three times a week. His friend Addison began to assist him with a few papers, and soon, in a somewhat modified form, it was changed to the *Spectator*, which, published daily, was received at the breakfast-tables of persons of taste, and in which Steele and Addison were equally interested; — the humorous sketches being mostly by the former, and those of a grave character by the latter. The *Guardian* was another publication of the same kind, sustained by the same writers. The influence of these publications on the morality, piety, manners and intelligence, of the English people, was very beneficial.

[From "*The Guardian*."]

STORY-TELLING.

TOM LIZARD told us a story, the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humor and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother, Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it; and the next day, being with some of his Inns-of-court acquaintance, resolved to entertain them with what he called "a pleasant humor enough." I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and, with a forced laugh, "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it!"

When I came home, I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling; and, as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of lively imaginations and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is, therefore, not an art, but what we call a "knack;" it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humor; and, I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind.

I would advise all professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome, but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the persons concerned. A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly; so that there is a kind of drama in the forming the story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, "That's all!"

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Poor Ned Pappy — he's gone! — was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay horse had his sprain at that time; and how his man John — no, it was William — started a hare in the common field, that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was exceedingly particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency, likewise, to digression, insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters, to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on, without stopping; so that, after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me, the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, "Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine."

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672—1719.

It is upon Addison's prose writings, in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, which have been referred to in the notice of Steele, that his fame chiefly rests. In these, both in matter and manner, he was superior to Steele; and to them the English language is "indebted for the formation of a style, beyond all former precedent, pure, fascinating and correct." "They also led the way to just criticism, and to the beginning of a true taste in the fields of fancy and picturesque beauty." Addison first distinguished himself as a poet. His tragedy of *Cato* is

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?
This lethargy which creeps through all my senses ?
Nature, oppressed, and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest ; Cato knows neither of them ;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

ON THE USE OF THE FAN.

MR. SPECTATOR :—Women are armed with fans, as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up, twice a day, in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command : Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans, Discharge your fans, Ground your fans, Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving

the word to "Handle their fans," each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lip with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to "Discharge their fans," they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance, when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who, at their first entrance, could not give a pop hard enough to be heard at the further end of the room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care — in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in the wrong places, or on unsuitable occasions — to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly; I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind, which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to "Ground their fans." This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully, when she throws it aside, in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan, with an air, upon a long table, which stands by for that purpose, may be learned in two days' time, as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let

them walk about the room for some time ; when, on a sudden, like ladies that look upon their watches, after a long visit, they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations, upon my calling out, "Recover your fans." This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The fluttering the fan is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole exercise ; but if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days, and the hot time of the summer, for the teaching of this part of the exercise ; for, as soon as ever I pronounce, "Flutter your fans," the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes, as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous, to ladies of a tender constitution, in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan, insomuch that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it ; and, at other times, so very languishing, that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or a coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you, that I have, from my own observations, compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled, "The Passions of the Fan," which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next, to which you shall be very welcome, if you will honor it with your presence.

I am, &c.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case he could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species, marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady, of thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying-glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion, I observed one bringing in a parcel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered coat, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be

poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break, under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few vain efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy-laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth.

The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But, what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices and frailties.

I took notice, in particular, of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty, instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her

magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which, I threw it from me like a mask. It happened, very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap, with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet.

The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed.

Some observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. * * * A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead; but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and ease against pain. The female world were busy among themselves, in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputa-

tion; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that any evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine. * * *

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph; for, as I bent to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down, under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations.

Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear.

There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious, but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a

degree, that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.
1672—1751.

Lord Bolingbroke was, in his own day, the most conspicuous of the friendly band of wits and poets of the golden age of English literature; but now he is the least popular among them. A complete edition of his works occupies five volumes. His writings on religion and philosophy show him to have been an opponent of Christianity.

ABSURDITY OF USELESS LEARNING.

SOME histories are to be read, some are to be studied, and some may be neglected entirely, not only without detriment, but with advantage. Some are the proper objects of one man's curiosity, some of another's, and some of all men's; but all history is not an object of curiosity for any man. He who improperly, wantonly and absurdly, makes it so, indulges a sort of canine appetite; the curiosity of one, like the hunger of the other, devours ravenously, and without distinction, whatever falls in its way, but neither of them digests. They heap crudity upon crudity, and nourish and improve nothing but their distemper. Some such characters I have known, though it is not the most common extreme into which men are apt to fall. One of them I know, in this country. He joined to a more than athletic strength of body, a prodigious memory; and to both, a prodigious industry. He

had read almost constantly twelve or fourteen hours a day, for five and twenty or thirty years, and had heaped together as much learning as could be crowded into a head. In the course of my acquaintance with him, I consulted him once or twice, not often; for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. The man was communicative enough, but nothing was distinct in his mind. How could it be otherwise? — he had never spared time to think; all was employed in reading. His reason had not the merit of common mechanism. When you press a watch, or pull a clock, they answer your question with precision; for they report exactly the hour of the day, and tell you neither more nor less than you desire to know. But when you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you by pouring forth all that the several terms or words of your question recalled to his memory; and if he omitted anything, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him, or confined him. To ask him a question was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity and confused noise, till the force of it was spent; and you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and uninformed. I never left him, that I was not ready to say to him, “God grant you a decrease of learning.” * * *

He who reads with discernment and choice will acquire less learning, but more knowledge; and as this knowledge is collected with design, and cultivated with art and method, it will be at all times of immediate and ready use to himself and others.

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged with order, and disposed with grace;
Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

* * * * *

He who reads without this discernment and choice, and, like Bodin's pupil, resolves to read all, will not have time, nor capacity neither, to do anything else. He will not be able to think, without which it is impertinent to read; nor to act, without which it is impertinent to think. He will assemble materials with much pains, and purchase them at much expense, and have

neither leisure nor skill to frame them into proper scantlings, or to prepare them for use. To what purpose should he husband his time, or learn architecture? He has no design to build. But then to what purpose all these quarries of stone, all these mountains of sand and lime, all these forests of oak and deal?



THOMAS PARNELL. 1679—1718.

This poet, the friend of Pope and Swift, was born and educated in Dublin, and took sacred orders. He lived chiefly in London. His wife, a young lady of beauty and merit, died a few years after their marriage, and grief for her loss led him to intemperance. He was an accomplished scholar, and a pleasant companion. His works are of a miscellaneous nature; the most celebrated of which is *The Hermit*.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age, a reverend hermit grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
 Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
 A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
 That vice should triumph, virtue, vice obey;
 Thus sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
 So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
 Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colors glow;
 But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees and skies, in thick disorder run.
 To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right,—

For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew, —
He quits the cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before ;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event,

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way.
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then, near approaching, " Father, hail ! " he cried ;
And, " Hail, my son ! " the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk, of various kind, deceived the road ;
Till, each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm, in ivy bound,
Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose,
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home ;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive ; the liveried servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate ;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 't is morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood, to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet decked the splendid hall ;
Rich, luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause for woe ;
His cup was vanished ; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part ;
Murmuring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter near a neighboring seat.
'T was built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran ;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast, —
'T was then his threshold first received a guest ; —

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls ;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
Each hardly granted, served them both to dine ;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude.
" And why should such, within himself," he cried,
" Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ? "
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day ;
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'T was there a vice, and seemed a madness here ;
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie ;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great ;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
 " Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer ! "
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed ;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a closed cradle, where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck ; the landlord's little pride —
O, strange return ! — grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How looked our hermit when the fact was done !
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplexed with roads ; a servant showed the way ;
A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and, rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries,
" Detested wretch ! " — but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man !

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air,
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display ;
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke, —
The voice of music ravished as he spoke : —

“ Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind.
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky ; —
Nay, cease to kneel, thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made ;
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty, through all, depends
On using second means to work his ends.
'T is thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high ;
Your action uses, not controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes !
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind ;
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half weaned his heart from God ;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run !
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 't was my ministry to deal the blow ;
The poor, fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back !
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !
Thus Heaven instructs their minds ; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions, here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering, as the seraph flew ;
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
" Lord, as in heaven, on earth, thy will be done,"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

EDWARD YOUNG. 1681—1765.

At the age of about thirty, Young entered upon public life as a courtier and a poet, in both of which characters he continued until he was past eighty. After the age of fifty, he entered the church, and became one of the king's chaplains; and afterwards obtained a living in Hertfordshire, where he closed his days. He, like Dryden and Addison, married a titled lady; but his union proved happier than theirs. The death of this lady, together with that of her two children by a previous marriage, to all of whom Young was warmly attached, occasioned the composition of the *Night Thoughts*, which was written after the age of sixty. "A life of so much action and worldly anxiety has rarely been united to so much literary industry and genius. In his youth, Young was gay and dissipated, and all his life he was an indefatigable courtier. In his poetry he is a severe moralist, and ascetic divine. That he felt the emotions he described must be true; but they did not permanently influence his conduct."

[From "*Night Thoughts*."]

TRUE GREATNESS NOT CONFERRED BY STATION.

WHAT is station high?

'T is a proud mendicant; it boasts and begs;

It begs an alms of homage from the throng,

And oft the throng denies its charity.

Monarchs and ministers are awful names!

Whoever wear them challenge our devoir.

Religion, public order, both exact

External homage, and a supple knee,

To beings pompously set up to serve

The meanest slave; all more is Merit's due,

Her sacred and inviolable right;

Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.

Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;

Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.

Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,

And vote the mantle into majesty.

Let the small savage boast his silver fur,

His royal robe, unborrowed and unbought,

His own, descending fairly from his sires;

Shall man be proud to wear his livery,

And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?

Can place or lessen us or aggrandize?

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodged in immortality.

Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
What station charms thee? I'll instal thee there;
'T is thine. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou before wast something less than man.
Has thy new post betrayed thee into pride?
That treacherous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which staffs or strings can raise;
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
From blindness bold, and towering to the skies.
'T is born of ignorance, which knows not man, —
An angel's second, nor his second long.

A Nero, quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
With empire's self, to pride or rapture fired.
If noble motives minister no cure,
Even vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place; 't is more,
It makes the post stand candidate to thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man.
Though no exchequer it commands, 't is wealth;
And, though it wears no ribbon, 't is renown;
Renown that would not quit thee, though disgraced,
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.
Other ambition Nature interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin and end; —
Milk and a swathe, at first, his whole demand;
His whole domain, at last, a turf or stone;
To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

WILLIAM LILLO. 1693—1739.

Lillo was a London jeweller. But having a fondness for literature, he devoted his leisure hours to the composition of three dramas — *George Barnwell*, *Fatal Curiosity*, and *Arden of Feversham* — founded upon sorrows incident to real life, in the lower and middling ranks of society. The first two of these have had a considerable reputation.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

[Young Wilmot, unknown, enters the house of his parents, and delivers them a casket, requesting to retire an hour, for rest.]

[Agnes, the mother, alone, with the casket in her hand.]

Agnes. Who should this stranger be? And then, this casket —

He says it is of little value; and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
His confidence amazes me. Perhaps,
It is not what he says. I'm strongly tempted
To open it, and see. No; let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me
To search and pry into the affairs of others,
Who have, to employ my thoughts, so many cares
And sorrows of my own? — With how much ease
The spring gives way! — Surprising! most prodigious!
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart
Leaps at the glorious sight! How bright 's the lustre,
How immense the worth, of those fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel forever
Base poverty, and all its abject train;
The mean devices we're reduced to use
To keep out famine, and preserve our lives,
From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity,
Of an insulting world. Possessed of these,
Plenty, content and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'T is past; and now I wake,
More wretched by the happiness I've lost;
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.

Nay, it was more than thought. I saw and touched
 The bright temptation; and I see it yet.
 'T is here,—'t is mine,—I have it in possession.
 Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
 Am I in love with misery and want,
 To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?—
 Retain it, then. But how? There is a way.
 Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
 Why am I thrilled with horror? 'T is not choice,
 But dire necessity, suggests the thought.

[*Enter Old Wilmot.*]

Old Wilmot. The mind contented, with how little pains
 The wandering senses yield to soft repose,
 And die to gain new life! He's fallen asleep
 Already—happy man! What dost thou think,
 My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
 He seems to me a youth of great humanity.
 Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam with tears,
 He wrung my hand, and pressed it to his lips;
 And, with a look that pierced my soul,
 Begged me to comfort thee; and—dost thou hear me?
 What art thou gazing on? Fie! 't is not well.
 This casket was delivered to you closed;
 Why have you opened it? Should this be known,
 How mean must we appear!

Agnes. And who shall know it?

O. Wil. There is a kind of pride—a decent dignity,
 Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
 May be maintained and cherished to the last.
 To live without reproach, and without leave
 To quit the world, shows sovereign contempt
 And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

Agnes. Shows sovereign madness, and a scorn of sense!
 Pursue no further this detested theme;
 I will not die; I will not leave the world,
 For all that you can urge, until compelled.

O. Wil. To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
 Is darting his last rays, were just as wise

As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing.
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
This warmth might be excused. But take thy choice ;
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agnes. Nor live, I hope.

O. Wil. There is no fear of that.

Agnes. Then we 'll live both.

O. Wil. Strange folly ! Where 's the means ?

Agnes. The means are there ; those jewels !

O. Wil. Ha ! take heed.

Perhaps thou dost but try me ; yet, take heed.
There 's nought so monstrous but the mind of man,
In some conditions, may be brought to approve.
Theft, sacrilege, treason and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.

Agnes. And add to these, detested suicide ;
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

O. Wil. The inhospitable murder of our guest ?
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure and easy,
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror ?

Agnes. 'T is less impiety — less against nature,
To take another's life, than end our own.

O. Wil. It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime.

Howe'er, we may deceive ourselves, or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule ;
Or none could act amiss. And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.

O ! what is man — his excellence and strength —
When, in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborned,
To plead the cause of vile assassination !

Agnes. You 're too severe ; Reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.

O. Wil. Rest contented ;

Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betrayed within ; my will 's seduced,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation,
Does it to be o'ercome.

Agnes. Then nought remains
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on, or delayed.
We must despatch him sleeping. Should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.

O. Wil. True, his strength,
Single, is more, much more, than ours united.
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Generous, unhappy man ! O, what could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish !

Agnes. By what means, —
By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling, —
Shall we effect his death ?

O. Wil. Why, what a fiend !
How cruel, how remorseless, how impatient,
Have pride and poverty made thee !

Agnes. Barbarous man !
Whose wasteful riots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote, inhospitable land !
The loveliest youth, in person and in mind,
That ever crowned a groaning mother's pains !
Where was thy pity, where thy patience, then ?
Thou cruel husband ! thou unnatural father !
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man !

To waste my fortune, rob me of my son,
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me !

O. Wil. Dry thy tears ;

I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffered much, — so have we both.
But chide no more ; I 'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor, ill-fated, unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclined him on the fatal couch,
From which he 's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger which thou sawest him wear,
And thus, unthinking, furnished us with arms
Against himself. Which shall I use ?

Agnes. The sash.

If you make use of that, I can assist.

O. Wil. No.

'Tis a dreadful office ; and I 'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt. Steal to the door,
And bring me word if he be still asleep. (*Exit Agnes.*)
Or I 'm deceived, or he pronounced himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch !
Thy thoughts are perishing ; thy youthful joys,
Touched by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are withering in their bloom. But though extinguished,
He 'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment. Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch. To die well pleased,
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him, then ?
For, by the anguish of my tortured soul,
He 's to be envied, if compared with me.

DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1702—1751.

This distinguished divine was taught the history of the Bible by his mother, before he was able to read, by the aid of some Dutch tiles in the chimney ; and her pious reflections were the means of producing

permanent religious impressions upon his mind. He was so conscientious a non-conformist, that he rejected the offer of the Duchess of Bedford to educate him for the Church of England. As a preacher, Dr. Doddridge was very much admired. He published some *Sermons*, and *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, but his *Family Expositor* of the New Testament is considered his ablest work. In 1829, a grandson of his published his correspondence, which is written in a correct and playful style. It seems, from this, that "the young divine was of a susceptible temperament, and was generally in love with some fair one of the neighborhood, with whom he kept up a constant and lively interchange of letters."

LETTER TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine, and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbor, under some tall, shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which, I fancy, would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty greensward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows, interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honor to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun, when the variety and beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy I am like Adam in Paradise; and it is my only misfortune, that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.

[*Letter to Mrs. Doddridge.*]

HAPPY DEVOTIONAL FEELINGS.

I HOPE, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short, because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years, with you ; yet, I am not at all anxious about your return, or, indeed, about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with him ; speak to him while I am lighting my candle, and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight, before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or, perhaps, weeks, of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home ; pleasant to visit those abroad — the poor, the sick ; pleasant to write letters of necessary business, by which any good can be done ; pleasant to go out and preach the Gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it ; pleasant, in the week-day, to think how near another Sabbath is ; but, oh ! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven !

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM. 1708—1778.

Pitt is regarded as one of the first orators and statesmen of his time. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he became a member of Par-

liament, where he soon exhibited great talents for debate. His first celebrated speech was one in reply to Mr. Walpole, who had taunted him on account of his youth. "Sir," says he; "the atrocious crime of being a young man, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny." On his last appearance in Parliament, pale and emaciated, but his eye retaining all its native fire, dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel, he was led into the house by his son and son-in-law, all the Lords standing, out of respect, and he gracefully bowing to them as he passed. On rising to speak, he said he had made an effort almost beyond his power to appear in the house, — perhaps for the last time he would be able to enter its walls, — to express the indignation he felt at the idea, which he understood was gone forth, of yielding up the sovereignty of America. After a thrilling speech, to which the Duke of Richmond replied, much moved, he made an eager effort to rise, as if laboring under some great idea, which he was impatient to utter; but before he could speak one word, he pressed his hand on his bosom, and suddenly fell in convulsions. He was conveyed to his villa, where he survived but a few weeks.

SPEECH AGAINST THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN THE WAR WITH AMERICA.

No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do: I know their virtue and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms. Never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage

the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country! My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! That God and nature have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood!—against whom?—your Protestant brethren! to lay waste

their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! My lords, I am old and weak, and, at present, unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous, preposterous principles!



LAURENCE STERNE. 1713—1768.

Sterne was a man of strangely eccentric character. He was a clergyman by profession, but was dissolute in his habits. While his tears flowed readily at any touching scene, he was hard-hearted and selfish in his conduct. He spent much of his time in painting, fiddling, and shooting; and was often in quarrels with his brethren of the cloth. He had often wished to die at an inn, and in this was gratified — dying at his lodgings in London, with no one by his bed-side but a hired nurse.

As a writer, he is witty, pathetic, and sentimental. *Uncle Toby*, *Corporal Trim*, and *Dr. Slop*, are some of the most original creations of his genius. *Tristram Shandy*, and *The Sentimental Journey*, are his principal works; but the indelicacies with which they abound mar the pleasure which the humor and exquisite tenderness of many scenes are calculated to give.

[“*From the “Sentimental Journey.”*”]

THE STARLING — CAPTIVITY.

As for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. “Make the most of it you can,” said I to myself, “the Bastile is but another word for a tower; and a tower is but another word for a house you can’t get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can’t get out, he may do very well within, at least, for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and a wiser man than he went in.”

I had some occasion — I forget what — to step into the courtyard as I settled this account, and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. “Beshrew the sombre pencil!” said I, vauntingly, “for I envy

not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'T is true," said I, correcting the proposition "the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose it is some tyrant of a distemper, and not a man, which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint."

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling, hung in a little cage. "I can't get out; I can't get out," said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity — "I can't get out," said the starling. "God help thee!" said I, "but I'll let thee out, cost what it will!" So I turned about the cage, to get the door. It was twisted, and double-twisted, so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling; "I can't get out; I can't get out," said the starling. I vow I never had my affections so tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them. * * *

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began

to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body, half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was that arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time; nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door; then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh; I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears; I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

A FRENCH PEASANT'S SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postilion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as

well as we could ; but the postilion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on. He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest, and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of everything about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn, and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of everything which could make plenty in a French peasant's house ; and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when we got to the house ; so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could ; and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, with their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them. They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup ; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table ; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast ; — 't was a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me ; and with a respectful cordiality, would have me sit down to the table. My heart was set down the moment I entered the room ; so I sat down at once, like a son of the family ; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon ; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this, or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet ; and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour ? If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment, to tie up their hair; and the young men to the door, to wash their faces and change their sabots; and in three minutes, every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down on a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had, some fifty years ago, been no mean performer upon the vielle; and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung, now and then, a little to the tune; then intermitted, and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance; but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of our imaginations, which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that, all his life long, he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. "Or a learned prelate, either," said I.



WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714—1763.

Shenstone's most celebrated poem, *The Schoolmistress*, was written in commemoration of the venerable dame at whose school he was taught to read. This poet was educated at Oxford; but on the death of his parents, their estate fell into his hands, and he immediately began to devote a large part of his time and income to landscape gardening and ornamental agriculture. At length, having reared up a sort of rural paradise around him, he was obliged to live in a dilapidated house, unfit, as he said, to receive "polite friends," and pecuniary difficulties

troubled the latter days of his life. Added to this, an unfortunate attachment to a young lady rendered him querulous and dejected, and he died in solitude.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

AH me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise ;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise :
Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies ;
Such as I oft have chancéd to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name ;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame.
They grieved sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stow ;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low ;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display ;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights, of smaller size, should stray,

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
 The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
 Do learning's little tenement betray,
 Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
 Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
 As is the harebell that adorns the field ;
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious fear entwined,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled,
 And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
 And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;
 A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air ;
 'T was simple russet, but it was her own ;
 'T was her own country bred the flock so fair !
 'T was her own labor did the fleece prepare ;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
 Through pious awe, did term it passing rare ;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

* * * * *

In elbow-chair, — like that of Scottish stem,
 By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed, —
 The matron sat ; and some with rank she graced, —
 The source of children's and of courtier's pride, —
 Redressed affronts — for vile affronts there passed —
 And warned them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;

Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
And other some with baleful sprig she frays.
Even assent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo ! now with state she utters her command ;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger-wet the letters fair.
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare ;
On which each wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod — unpleasing sight, I ween.

Ah ! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write ;
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,*
Oft, as he told of deadly, dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite ;
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight ;
And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see ;
All playful as she sat, she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
She meditates a prayer to set him free ;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny —
If gentle pardon could with dames agree —
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

* Spenser.

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear, —
Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow ! —
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose, at last, to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
Or what device his hard laments explain —
The form uncouth of his disguiséd face —
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain —
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain ?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
He hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim !

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars her prison door ;
And, like a rushing torrent, out they fly ;
And now the grassy cirque have covered o'er
With boisterous revel, rout and wild uproar ;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore ;
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

THOMAS GRAY. 1716—1771.

Gray was educated at Cambridge, by the aid of his mother's exertions as a milliner, and on leaving college, he accompanied Horace Walpole, son of the premier, on a tour through France and Italy. After this, he returned to the university, and took his degree in civil law, but did not follow the profession. He fixed his residence at Cambridge, and there passed the greater part of his remaining life, in the enjoyment of its libraries and its cultivated society. His *Letters*, descriptive of occa-

sional excursions into the country, are remarkable for their elegance, precision, and humor. The *Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard* has been the most popular of his poems. Gray was offered the situation of poet-laureate, but did not accept the appointment.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ; —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vaul
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood, —
Some mute, inglorious Milton, — here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned ; —
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, —
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the ’customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he ;

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne ;
Approach and read — for thou canst read — the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to misery all he had — a tear,
He gained from Heaven — ’t was all he wished — a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
 There they alike in trembling hope repose, —
 The bosom of his Father and his God.



NATHANIEL COTTON. 1721—1788.

Cotton was a physician by profession, and was particularly distinguished for his treatment of insanity. The poet Cowper was, for a time, under his care, for this malady, and speaks in commendatory terms of his humanity and sweetness of temper. Cotton wrote *Visions in Verse*, for children, and a volume of poetical *Miscellanies*.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR CHLOE, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance,
 Though singularity and pride
 Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire,
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs ;
 No noisy neighbor enters here,
 Nor intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breasts this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam ;
 The world has nothing to bestow ;
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When, with impatient wing, she left
 That safe retreat — the ark.

Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutored right, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise.
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs.
They 'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys,—they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need !
For Nature's calls are few ;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given ;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is the incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go ;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious step we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.



DR. THOMAS PERCY. 1728—1811.

Percy is chiefly known as the compiler of *Reliques of English Poetry*, in which he has revived many old songs and ballads, and which have had an extensive influence in awakening a love of nature

and simplicity. They are said to have given the first impulse to Scott's genius, and to have affected the writings of Coleridge and Wordsworth. The *Friar of Orders Gray* was made from fragments of ancient ballads, with many additional stanzas, by Percy, and serves as a specimen of the olden song. Johnson and Goldsmith were friends of Percy, and, in his old age, he had the pleasure of seeing the early developments of his admirer, Walter Scott.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray

Walked forth to tell his beads,

And he met with a lady fair,

Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!

I pray thee tell to me,

If ever at yon holy shrine

My true love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true love,

From many another one?"

"O! by his cockle hat and staff,

And by his sandal shoon;

"But chiefly by his face and mien,

That were so fair to view,

His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,

And eyes of lovely blue."

"O, lady, he is dead and gone!

Lady, he's dead and gone!

At his head a grass-green turf,

And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long

He languished, and he died,

Lamenting of a lady's love,

And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him bare-faced on his bier

Six proper youths and tall;

And many a tear bedewed his grave

Within yon kirk-yard wall."

“And art thou dead, thou gentle youth,
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die of love for me? —
Break, cruel heart of stone!”

“O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.”

“O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e’er won lady’s love.

“And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I’ll ever weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die.”

“Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne’er make grow again.

“Our joys as wingéd dreams do fly;
Why, then, should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.”

“O, say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
’Tis meet my tears should flow.

“And will he never come again —
Will he ne’er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Forever to remain.

“ His cheek was redder than the rose —
The comeliest youth was he ;
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas ! and woe is me ! ”

“ Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot on sea, one foot on land,
To one thing constant never.

“ Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.”

“ Now, say not so, thou holy friar !
I pray thee, say not so ;
My love, he had the truest heart —
O, he was ever true !

“ And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth ?
And didst thou die for me ?
Then farewell home ; forevermore
A pilgrim I will be.

“ But first upon my true love’s grave
My weary limbs I’ll lay,
And thrice I’ll kiss the grass-green turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.”

“ Yet stay, fair lady ; rest, a while,
Beneath this cloister wall ;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall.”

“ O stay me not, thou holy friar !
O stay me not, I pray ;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.”

“ Yet stay, fair lady! turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears ;
 For see, beneath this gown of gray,
 Thy own true love appears !

“ Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I sought ;
 And here, amid these lonely walls,
 To end my days, I thought.

“ But haply, for my year of grace
 Is not yet passed away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.”

“ Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart ;
 For since I’ve found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part !”



EDMUND BURKE. 1730—1797.

“ As an orator, politician and author,” says an English writer, “ the name of Burke stood high with his contemporaries, and time has abated little of its lustre. He is still by far the most eloquent and imaginative of all our writers on public affairs, and the most philosophical of English statesmen.” Besides his writings on political subjects, he published *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. His works fill sixteen volumes. He distinguished himself in Parliament by his speeches on American affairs, in which he exerted himself to redress wrongs, and remove oppression. In his writings and speeches, there was a constant reference to *principle*. The power of his eloquence is shown by the following anecdote : It is stated that Warren Hastings said, “ When listening to Burke’s argument against me, I thought, for about half an hour, I was the greatest villain in the world.”

FROM THE SPEECH ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

MR. SPEAKER, — I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us,

however, before we descend this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within the short period of sixty-three years. There are those alive, whose memories might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him, in vision, that, when, in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, * * * he should see his son, lord-chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If, amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honor and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him, "Young man, there is America, which, at this day, serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements, in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America, in the course of a single life!" If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man! he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day!

* * * * *

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows

from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another,—that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break the sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your caquets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools, as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

* * * * *

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated, and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial evidence, are, in truth, everything, and all in all. Magnanimity, in politics, is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together.



WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE. 1734—1788.

Mickle was the author of a very fine translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens. He published several original works; but was more distinguished for taste and fancy than for inventive genius. The most popular of his poems is the ballad of *Cumnor Hall*, that suggested to Scott his romance of *Kenilworth*, to which he would have given the name of *Cumnor Hall*, had it not been for his publisher. His song of *The Mariner's Wife* is regarded one of almost unequalled beauty and pathos.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies —
The sounds of busy life were still —
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester!" she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?"

“No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see ;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern earl, 's the same to thee.

“Not so the usage I received,
When happy in my father's hall ;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

“I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay ;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung, the live-long day.

“If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful earl, it well was prized ?

“And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say !
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

“Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily 's dead ;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

“For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay ;
What floweret can endure the storm ?

“At court, I 'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady 's passing rare ;
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, nor so fair.

“Then, earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?

“’Mong rural beauties, I was one ;
Among the fields, wild-flowers are fair ;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

“But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
It is not beauty lures thy vows ;
Rather ambition’s gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

“Then, Leicester, why, again I plead —
The injured surely may repine —
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?

“Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the live-long day ?

“The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go ;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

“The simple nymphs ! they little know
How far more happy ’s their estate, —
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe ;
To be content, than to be great.

“How far less blessed am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care !
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

“Nor, cruel earl ! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude ;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

“Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear ;
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
‘ Countess, prepare — thy end is near !’

“And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel, on yonder thorn.

“My spirits flag, my hopes decay ;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear ;
And many a body seems to say,
‘ Countess, prepare — thy end is near.’ ”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear ;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green ;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless countess ere was seen.

And in that manor now no more
 Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball ;
 For ever since that dreary hour
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
 Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
 Nor ever lead the merry dance
 Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
 And pensive wept the countess' fall,
 As, wandering onwards, they 've espied
 The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true ?
 And are ye sure he 's weel ?
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel !
 For there 's nae luck about the house,
 There 's nae luck at a',
 There 's nae luck about the house,
 When our gudeman 's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin 's at the door ?
 Rax down my cloak ! — I 'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
 Put on the mickle pat ;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.

And make their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stockings white as snaw ;
 It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman —
 He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib
 Hae fed this month and mair,
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.

My Turkey slippers I 'll put on,
 My stockings pearl blue —
 It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he 's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath 's like caller air ;
 His very foot has music in 't,
 As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;
 In troth, I 'm like to greet.



EDWARD GIBBON. 1737—1794.

By birth, education and manners, Gibbon was a true English gentleman. He was, from early youth, a close student ; but his attention was more given to miscellaneous reading, especially of a historical kind, than to science. Educated a Protestant, he embraced the Roman Catholic religion, returned to the Protestant church, and afterwards died an infidel. *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is his great work, the success of which was almost unparalleled, successive editions being rapidly called for, and the work being soon found on every table, and almost on every toilette. He is considered equal to Hume and Robertson, in most of the essential qualifications of a historian, and in some superior. According to his own statement, his first rough manuscript, without an intermediate copy, was sent to the press, and not a sheet of it was seen by any person but himself and the printers. He had long been meditating some historical work, and whilst at Rome his choice was determined by the following incident, to which is subjoined his reflections on closing the work.

GIBBON'S ACCOUNT OF THE COMMENCEMENT AND
CONCLUSION OF HIS GREAT WORK.

IN Rome, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. * * * * It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house, in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy, on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

GIBBON'S FIRST LOVE.

I HESITATE, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love.

I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice ; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchad were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her talents were respectable. Her father lived, content with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Cressy. In the solitude of a sequestered village, he bestowed a liberal, and even learned education, on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes, by her proficiency in the sciences and languages ; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, the erudition of Mademoiselle Curchad were the theme of universal

applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved; I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits, at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, and her parents honorably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement, the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion; and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Cressy and Lausanne, I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that, without his consent, I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Cressy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, and a dignified behavior. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury, she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace, he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Curchad is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy.



THOMAS MOSS. — 1808.

Mr. Moss was a clergyman, and the author of a collection of miscellaneous poems, from which the following, that has been admired for its pathetic and natural sentiment, is taken.

THE BEGGAR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man !

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;

O ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,

These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek

Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,

With tempting aspect, drew me from my road ;
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !

Here, craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

O ! take me to your hospitable dome ;

Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,

If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes — why should we repine ?

'T is Heaven has brought me to the state you see ;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot ;

Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forced me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter — once the comfort of my age ! —
 Lured by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
 And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife — sweet soother of my care ! —
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell — lingering, fell — a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door ;
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
 O ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.



THOMAS HOLCROFT. 1745—1809.

Holcroft's father was a shoemaker, and his mother dealt in greens and oysters ; and he himself, at different times in his youth, acted as pedler, stable-boy, shoemaker, and strolling player. At the age of thirty-five, his first work, a novel, appeared. Soon after, he published other novels, of some celebrity in their time, but was most distinguished for his large number of dramatic pieces, of which, *The Road to Ruin* ranks among the most successful of modern plays. In his novels, a prominent object seems to have been, to paint the views and sufferings consequent upon the existent institutions of society. The following song of *Gaffer Gray* is from the novel, *Hugh Trevor*.

GAFFER GRAY.

Ho ! why dost thou shiver and shake,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And why does thy nose look so blue ?
 “ 'T is the weather that's cold,
 'T is I'm grown very old,
 And my doublet is not very new,
 Well-a-day ! ”

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And warm thy old heart with a glass.

“Nay, but credit I’ve none,
And my money’s all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!”

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray;
And knock at the jolly priest’s door.
“The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne’er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!”

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
“He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he evermore find me in want,
Well-a-day!”

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And the season will welcome you there.
“His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!”

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;
What then? while it lasts, man, we’ll live.
“The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel, a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!”

SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746—1794.

It is as “an oriental scholar and legislator, an enlightened lawyer and patriot,” that this author is distinguished. He was master of twenty-eight languages, and was considered the finest oriental scholar of his time. His father died when he was young, and he was indebted, in a great degree, to his excellent *mother*, a lady of extensive knowledge, for his education and love of learning. In his thirty-seventh year, he was appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court in Bengal, where he spent the remainder of his life. Here, when not engaged in professional duties, he gave his attention to literary and scientific pursuits. He began his studies with the dawn, and as to the division of his time, he had written on a scrap of paper the following lines :

“Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven.”

He wrote translations from the oriental and many other languages, both in prose and verse.

DESCRIPTION OF MILTON'S RESIDENCE.

I SET out in the morning, in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauty of his retreat in that fine passage of his *L'Allegro* :

“Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green.

* * * *

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe ;
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The laboring clouds do often rest ;

Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees,
 Bosomed high in tufted trees.

* * * *

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks," &c.

It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description ; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe ; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labor, and the milk-maid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images. It is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides : the distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds ; the villages and turrets, partly shaded by trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them ; the dark plains and meadows, of a grayish color, where the sheep were feeding at large ; in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's house was close to the church ; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains, belongs to an adjacent farm. * * *

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the *Penseroso*. Most of the cottage windows are over-grown with sweet-briars, vines, and honey-suckles ; and that Milton's habi-

tation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

“Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;”

for it is evident that he meant a sort of honey-suckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly used for the sweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet. If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford, in the summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends, in honor of Milton, the most perfect scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country ever produced.



LADY ANNE BARNARD. — 1825.

The following ballad of Lady Barnard, which Leigh Hunt says “must have suffused more eyes with tears of the first water than any other ballad that ever was written,” was composed in 1771, to the plaintive air of an old Scotch melody. Its authorship was long a secret. Lady Anne, in her account of its composition, given to Sir Walter Scott, says, “While writing it, I called to my little sister, and said, ‘I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father’s arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow, poor thing! Help me to one.’ ‘Steal the cow, sister Anne,’ said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed.”

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a’ the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa’ in showers frae my ee,
Unken’d by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo’d me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he’d naething else beside:
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, oh, they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, an’ the cow was stown away;

My mother she fell sick; my Jamie was at sea;
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting to me.

My father cou'dna work, my mother cou'dna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spared to cry out, woe is me!

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist; — I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair — I bade him gang awa;
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For oh, I am but young to cry out, woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best, a good wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me!



SAMUEL ROGERS. 1762—.

When only nine years old, Rogers was inspired with the determination of becoming a poet, by reading Beattie's *Minstrel*; but his appearance as an author was not until the age of twenty-four. The *Voyage of Columbus*, the *Pleasures of Memory*, *Human Life*, and *Italy*, are his chief works. For more than fifty years he has held a distinguished place in English literature. He has long been a partner in a banking

establishment, and has been enabled to enrich his fine house, in St. James' Place, with rare pictures, busts, books, and gems. Here his life has calmly passed, in the enjoyment of his favorite tastes, and in the entertainment of authors, orators and artists, who have been drawn to him no less by the wit and eloquence of his conversation, than by the geniality and benevolence of his character.

FROM THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

THE sails were furled ; with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose —
Rose to the Virgin. 'T was the hour of day,
When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory, opening in the West
To golden climes, and islands of the blest ;
And human voices, on the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there !

Chosen of men ! 'T was thine, at noon of night,
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light ; —
Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul and makes the darkness day ! —
“ Pedro ! Rodrigo ! there methought it shone !
There — in the west ! — and now, alas ! 't is gone ! —
'T was all a dream ! we gaze, and gaze in vain ! —
But mark, and speak not ! there it comes again !
It moves ! — what form unseen, what being there
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air ?
His instincts, passions, say, how like our own ?
O ! when will day reveal a world unknown ? ”
Long on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods ;
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of heaven, —
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous man, —
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies ?
“ Glory to God ! ” unnumbered voices sung,
“ Glory to God ! ” the vales and mountains rung, —

Voices that hailed creation's primal morn,
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.

Slowly, bareheaded, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross, and, kneeling, kissed the shore.
But what a scene was there ! Nymphs of romance,
Youths graceful as the fawn, with eager glance,
Spring from the glades, and down the alleys peep,
Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,
And clap their hands, exclaiming, as they run,
"Come, and behold the Children of the Sun !"
When, hark ! a signal shot ! The voice, it came
Over the sea in darkness and in flame !
They saw — they heard ; and up the highest hill,
As in a picture, all at once were still !
Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,
From citadels with heaven's own thunder fraught,
Checked their light footsteps — statue-like they stood,
As worshipped forms, the Genii of the Wood !

At length the spell dissolves ! The warrior's lance
Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance !
And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state !
Still where it moves the wise in council wait !
See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,
And ebon chair of many a serpent-fold ;
These now exchanged for gifts that twice surpass
The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.
What long-drawn tube transports the gazer home,
Kindling with stars at noon the ethereal dome !
'T is here ; and here circles of solid light
Charm with another self the cheated sight ;
As man to man another self disclose,
That now with terror starts, with triumph glows !
Then Cora came, the youngest of her race,
And in her hands she hid her lovely face ;
Yet oft by stealth a timid glance she cast,
And now with playful steps the mirror passed,
Each bright reflection brighter than the last !

And oft behind it flew, and oft before ;
The more she searched, pleased and perplexed the more !
And looked and laughed, and blushed with quick surprise !
Her lips all mirth, all ecstasy her eyes !

But soon the telescope attracts her view ;
And lo ! her lover, in his light canoe
Rocking, at noon-tide, on the silent sea,
Before her lies ! It cannot, cannot be.
Late, as he left the shore, she lingered there,
Till, less and less, he melted into air !
Sigh after sigh steals from her gentle frame,
And say — that murmur — was it not his name ?
She turns, and thinks, and, lost in wild amaze,
Gazes again, and could forever gaze.

REV. ROBERT HALL. 1764—1831.

From early life, Robert Hall was attached to the study of morals and metaphysics. He chose the ministry for his profession, and was connected with the Baptist denomination. He was first settled at Bristol, afterwards at Cambridge and Leicester, and then returned to Bristol, where he died. In consequence of severe study, operating upon a diseased physical state, and susceptible nervous temperament, he had two attacks of mental derangement, both of which were fortunately repulsed, and he continued to preach until within two weeks of his death. His published writings are chiefly *sermons*. “Those who listened to his pulpit ministrations were entranced by his fervid eloquence, which truly disclosed the ‘beauty of holiness,’ and melted by the awe and fervor with which he dwelt on the mysteries of death and eternity.” One of the most lofty and touching of his discourses is that from which the extract that follows is taken.

FROM THE FUNERAL SERMON OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

BORN to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed — what is not always the privilege of that rank — the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendor of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned,

in her every hope was centred; and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity, except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her royal birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement, where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her distinguished consort, the cottages of the poor; in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete in the prospect of the accession of such a princess; it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long wished-for moment at length arrived! but, alas! the event anticipated with such eagerness will form the most melancholy part of our history.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess, to suppose that in her early dawn, with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation, which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its preëminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of contending ecstasy, when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compass the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the

remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add, that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her, in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amidst the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room, but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both, like a cloud! O, the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity! ever doomed to grasp at shadows; to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands; to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind!



JOANNA BAILLIE. 1765—.

Miss Baillie has spent the greater part of her life at Hampstead, near London, in a very quiet, secluded manner. But from her first appearance as an author, she has commanded great respect and admiration. Scott calls her the Shakspeare of her sex. Her collection of *miscellaneous* poetry is quite large, but it is as a *dramatic writer* that she is most distinguished. A peculiarity of her dramas is, that one single passion of the human heart is the subject of each. Though written with great purity and dignity of style, they are wanting in those stirring incidents which render a play attractive, and with the exception of *De Montfort*, which was performed by John Kemble and by Kean, none of them have appeared upon the stage.

ADDRESS TO MISS AGNES BAILLIE, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

DEAR AGNES, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears,
 O'er us have glided almost sixty years,
 Since we on Bothwell's bonnie braes were seen,
 By those whose eyes long closed in death have been —
 Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
 The slender harebell on the purple heather ;

No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
The dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted, as it flew ;
And moth and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
Then, as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows or spotted parr, with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long prospective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years ;
And yet, through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom — changing, how soon,
To the expressive glow of woman's noon !
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment — whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plot thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlor hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way,
To gain, with hasty steps, some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighboring poor —
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief, and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art, and long to me hast been.

'T was thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book —
That thing by me abhorred — and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,

When all too old become with bootless haste
 In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
 Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
 At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
 And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
 Arose in sombre show, a motley train.
 This new-found path attempting, proud was I
 Lurking approval on thy face to spy ;
 Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
 " What ! is this story all thine own invention ? "

* * * * *

By daily use and circumstance endeared,
 Things are of value now that once appeared
 Of no account, and without notice passed,
 Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast ;
 To hear thy morning steps the stair descending,
 Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending ;
 After each stated nightly absence, met,
 To see thee by the morning table set,
 Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream
 Which sends from saucered cup its fragrant steam ;
 To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,
 On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand,
 For garden-work prepared ; in winter's gloom,
 From thy cold noon-day walk to see thee come,
 In furry garment lapt, with spattered feet,
 And by the fire resume thy wonted seat ;
 Ay, even o'er things like these, soothed age has thrown
 A sober charm they did not always own —
 As winter hoar-frost makes minutest spray
 Of bush or hedgewood sparkle to the day,
 In magnitude and beauty, which, bereaved
 Of such investment, eye had ne'er perceived.

The change of good and evil to abide,
 As partners linked, long have we, side by side,
 Our earthly journey held ; and who can say
 How near the end of our united way ?

By nature's course, not distant ; sad and reft
 Will she remain — the lonely pilgrim left.
 If thou art taken first, who can to me
 Like sister, friend and home-companion be ?
 Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
 Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn ?
 And if I should be fated first to leave
 This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve, —
 And he, above them all, so truly proved
 A friend and brother, long and justly loved, —
 There is no living wight, of woman born,
 Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit ! quickly feeling
 The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
 With sorrow or distress, forever sharing
 The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring —
 Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
 An unadorned, but not a careless lay ;
 Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
 From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed.
 Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
 The latest spoken still are deemed the best.
 Few are the measured rhymes I now may write ;
 These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

REV. JOHN FOSTER. 1770 — 1843.

Mr. Foster was a Baptist clergyman, and for a time was settled near Robert Hall, for whose talents he had the highest admiration. *Foster's Essays, in a Series of Letters*, published in 1805, were ranked among the most valuable productions of the day, and are regarded as “ models of vigorous thought and expression, uniting metaphysical nicety and acuteness with practical sagacity and common sense.” His life and correspondence, recently published, let us into the arcana of his character, and afford a high intellectual and moral treat.

FROM THE ESSAY ON A MAN'S WRITING MEMOIRS OF HIMSELF.

If a reflective aged man were to find, at the bottom of an old chest, where it had lain forgotten fifty years, a record which

he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would half lose the assurance of his identity, under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name. He would feel the young man thus introduced to him separated by so wide a distance of character as to render all congenial sociality impossible. At every sentence, he would be tempted to repeat, Foolish youth, I have no sympathy with your feelings; I can hold no converse with your understanding. Thus you see that in the course of a long life a man may be several moral persons, so various from one another, that if you could find a real individual that should nearly exemplify the character in one of these stages, and another that should exemplify it in the next, and so on to the last, and then bring these several persons together into one society, which would thus be a representation of the successive states of one man, they would feel themselves a most heterogeneous party, would oppose and probably despise one another, and soon after separate, not caring if they were never to meet again. If the dissimilarity in mind were as great as in person, there would, in both respects, be a most striking contrast—between the extremes, at least—between the youth of seventeen and the sage of seventy. The one of these contrasts an old man might contemplate, if he had a true portrait for which he sat in the bloom of his life, and should hold it beside a mirror, in which he looks at his present countenance; and the other would be more powerfully felt, if he had such a genuine and detailed memoir as I have supposed. Might it not be worth while for a self-observant person, in early life, to preserve, for the inspection of the old man, if he should live so long, such a mental likeness of the young one? If it be not drawn near the time, it can never be drawn with sufficient accuracy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770—1850.

After completing his studies at the University of Cambridge, Wordsworth made a pedestrian tour through France, Switzerland and Italy. He spent some time in Paris, then returned to England, and made a journey on foot through the most picturesque regions of his own country. He selected a residence in Somersetshire, where he became intimately acquainted with Coleridge, with whom he made a visit to Germany, which was repeated by the two after an interval of thirty years. But his permanent residence — that from which he has so lately passed away — was fixed at Rydal, under the shadow of the mountain of the same name, and by the side of one of the beautiful lakes of Westmoreland.

At the age of thirteen, he made his first attempt at poetry, which has been almost the sole business of his life. "Wordsworth was eminently the poet of the moral nature. To him, the most beautiful object in the world was a beautiful human soul. His favorite belief was the Divine adaptation of the universe to the growth and development of humanity. Hence, he watched the changing phases of nature, not only with the passion of a lover, but with the enthusiasm of a devotee. Everything to him was instinct with a spiritual life. Nature was glorified by its connection with Man; and Man was brought into a sublime ideal sphere by his relations with Nature."

Happy in his domestic connections, affluent in his circumstances, residing amidst some of the most beautiful scenery of England, numbering among his friends many of the most eminent men of his times, and honored, at length, with the distinction of poet laureate, this poet of nature and humanity passed a long life of dignified tranquillity, in enjoyments most worthy of a rational soul.

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

FIVE years have passed ; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters ; and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain springs,
 With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 Which on a wild, secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky. * *
 * * * Though absent long,
 These forms of beauty have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye ;
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration — feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure, such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened ; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul ;
While, with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft,
In darkness, and among the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
Oh sylvan Wye !—Thou wanderer through the woods
How often has my spirit turned to thee !
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again ;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts,
That in this moment there is life and food

For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills, — when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led, more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then —
The coarser pleasures of my joyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by —
To me was all in all; — I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things; all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay ;
For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river ; — thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, — and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting light
Of thy wild eyes. O ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister ! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall ere prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore, let the moon
Shine on thee, in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain wind be free
To blow against thee ; and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind

Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, — oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these, my exhortations !

POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus ! an Orpheus ! — yes, Faith may grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of old ; —
Near the stately Pantheon you 'll meet with the same,
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there ; — and he works on the crowd,
He sways them with harmony merry and loud ;
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim —
Was aught ever heard like his Fiddle and him !

What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest ;
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppressed.

As the moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,
So he, where he stands, is a centre of light ;
It gleams on the face, there, of dusty-browed Jack,
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste ;
What matter ! he 's caught — and his time runs to waste ;
The Newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret,
And the half-breathless lamp-lighter — he 's in the net !

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore ;
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store ; —
If a Thief could be here, he might pilfer at ease ;
She sees the Musician — 't is all that she sees !

He stands, backed by the Wall; — he abates not his din;
His hat gives him vigor, with boons dropping in,
From the Old and the Young, from the Poorest; and there!
The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare.

O blest be the Hearers, and proud be the Hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a Band;
I am glad for him, blind as he is! — all the while,
If they speak 't is to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a Giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? — oh, not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple, who leans on his Crutch; like a Tower
That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour! —
That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, Coaches and Chariots! roar on like a stream;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream;
They are deaf to your murmurs — they care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!



MUNGO PARK. 1771—1805.

This intrepid traveller — a physician and surgeon by profession — is distinguished for exploring Africa, and making discoveries respecting the course of the Niger. On returning from his first tour, he published a deeply interesting narrative of the incidents he met with, his captivity among the Moors, and a description of the manners, customs and so forth, of the inhabitants. He set off a second time, with the fixed determination of tracing the Niger to its termination, or perishing in the enterprise. He again reached the wide-rolling river, and, in company with the few remaining men he took with him, commenced the descent; but he was attacked by the natives, and drowned in the attempt to escape by swimming.

AN ADVENTURE OF PARK AT THE TOWN OF SEGO, THE CAPITAL OF BAMBARRA.

I SET off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was re-

garded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day, without victuals, in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, — for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, — and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned, in a short time, with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I could sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while, in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: “The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, — no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.* — Let us pity the white man — no mother has he to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.” Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation, the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented

my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772—1834.

Coleridge was the son of a clergyman, and the youngest of eleven children. In boyhood he was famous for his great acquirements, and for remarkable powers in conversation. He read extensively, but did not apply himself to systematic study. At one time in his boyhood, he thought of apprenticing himself to a shoemaker. He quitted college abruptly, and enlisted as a soldier, but made a poor dragoon; and his captain, on finding out his talents, discharged him, and sent him to his friends. He married a sister of Southey's wife, officiated a while as a clergyman, and then, through the generosity of friends, went to Germany, where he spent some time in making himself familiar with German literature and science. On his return, he went to live with Southey, and for the last nineteen years of his life he resided with his friend, Mr. Gilman.

His mind had wonderful power, but it lacked system. The unfortunate habit he had of taking opium exerted a very unhappy influence upon him. His remarkable powers of conversation, his musical voice and attractive manner, drew around him great numbers of friends and admirers, eager to catch every word that fell from his lips. Charles Lamb was a schoolfellow of his, and an intimate friend. Washington Allston, when in England, was also in habits of intimacy with him. His poems contain passages of exquisite beauty, and his prose writings are full of thought, — of noble and philosophical principles.

[From the "*Table Talk*."]

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

A STRANGER came recommended to a merchant's house, at Lubec. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room, when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture, which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke, from time to time, with the head glaring on him.

In the morning, his host saw, by his looks, that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed ; that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed, when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was indeed terrible to every one ; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or destroy it. The story of it was this : — “My father,” said he, “was at Hamburg, on business ; and whilst dining at a coffee-house, he observed a young man, of a remarkable appearance, enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he would turn his head quickly round, as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal, after an effort, as before. My father saw this same man, at the same place, for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort from the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased ; and at length the Italian, seeing my father’s involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation, from time to time, told him his story.

“He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronized by, a young nobleman ; but, upon some slight occasion, they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank ; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course, he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburg. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him ; he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him, with a fixed eye.

From that moment, he had no peace : at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round ; and whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face, staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him ; and this was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could now no longer bear ; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown him."

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

THE frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud — and hark, again ! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude that suits
Abstruser musings ; save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'T is calm, indeed ! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill and wood,
This populous village ! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams ! — the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not ;
Only that film, that fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion, in this hush of nature,
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks, the idling Spirit,
By its own moods, interprets everywhere,

Echo or mirror, seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But oh ! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger* ! and as oft,
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot fair day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come !
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams !
And so I brooded, all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with much study on my swimming book ;
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My playmate, when we both were clothed alike !

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the intersperséd vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought !
My babe, so beautiful ! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes ! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe ! shalt wander, like a breeze,
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,

Which image, in their bulk, both lakes and shores
 And mountain crags ; so shalt thou see and hear
 The lovely shapes, and sounds intelligible,
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher ! he shall mould
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the red-breast sit and sing,
 Betwixt the tufts of snow, on the bare branch
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the eave-drops fall,
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.



CHARLES LAMB. 1775—1834.

It is said that Lamb was a nervous, timid, and thoughtful boy, and “ while others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a monk.” For thirty-five years, he was a clerk in the East India Company, at the end of which he retired on a generous pension. A peculiar attachment existed between him and his “ gentle sister Mary,” and the last part of his life they lived together, neither of them ever having married. Her occasional attacks of insanity, on the approach of which they were sometime seen walking and weeping to the place of her confinement, was the only thing which marred their happiness with each other. His sufferings from this source do much to palliate the only infirmity of his character of which we hear. Some of his most intimate friends, besides Coleridge, were Wordsworth, Southey, Talfourd, and Hazlitt. The most celebrated prose writings of this author are the *Essays of Elia*. He wrote some poems, but none of any great note.

FROM LETTERS TO COLERIDGE.

MY DEAREST FRIEND : —

White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time, may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have

fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines : — My poor, dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother ! I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house, from whence I fear she must be removed to a hospital. God has preserved me my senses, — I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me “the former things have passed away,” and I have something more to do than to feel. God Almighty have us well in his keeping ! * * *

Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet, to your dear wife. You look after your family, — I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you don't think of coming to see me — write. I will not see you, if you come. God Almighty love you, and all of us !

MY DEAREST FRIEND : —

Your letter was an inestimable treasure to me. It will be a comfort to you, I know, to know that our prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor, dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgment to our house, is restored to her senses ; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has past, awful to her mind and impressive, as it must be to the end of life, but tempered with religious resignation, and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murderer. I have seen her. I found her, this morning, calm and serene ; far, very far, from an indecent, forgetful serenity ; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. * * God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm ; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tran-

quillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference — a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance, like one dying, — my father, with his poor forehead plastered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly, — my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room — yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. * * *

One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue, which we had had salted, for some weeks, in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me; — this tongue poor Mary got for me, and I can partake of it now, when she is far away! A thought occurred, and relieved me, — if I give in to this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. * * *

The good lady of the mad-house, and her daughter, an elegant, sweet-behaved young lady, love Mary, and are taken with her amazingly; and I know, from her own mouth, she loves them, and longs to be with them as much. Poor thing! they say she was but the other morning saying, she knew she must go to Bethlem for life — that she had often, as she passed Bethlem, thought it likely, “here it may be my fate to end my days,” conscious of a certain flightiness in her poor head oftentimes, and mindful of more than one severe illness of that nature before.

* * * * * *

Mary will, I fancy, if she stays, make one of the family, rather than of the patients; and the old and young ladies I like exceedingly, and she loves dearly; and they, as the saying is, take to her very extraordinarily, if it is extraordinary that people, who see my sister, should love her. Of all the people I ever saw in the world, my poor sister was most thoroughly devoid of the least tincture of selfishness. I will enlarge upon her qualities, poor, dear, dearest soul, in a future letter, for my own comfort, for I

understand her thoroughly; and, if I mistake not, in the most trying situation that a human being can be found in, she will be found, — I speak not with sufficient humility, I fear, but humanly and foolishly speaking, — she will be found, I trust, uniformly great and amiable. God keep her in her present mind, to whom be thanks and praise for all his dispensations to mankind!

THOMAS PRINGLE. 1788—1834.

Thomas Pringle was engaged in the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and for some time was editor of *Friendship's Offering*. He was the author of several poems, distinguished for fine feeling and cultivated taste.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead —
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon —
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon —
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft —
Companions of early days lost or left —
And my native land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood — the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All — all now forsaken, forgotten or gone;
And I a lone exile, remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone —
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert, afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife,
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh —
O there ! there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride !
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand —
The only law of the desert land ;
But 't is not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen,
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnoo, the gazelle and the hartbeest graze,
And the gemsbok and eland, unhunted, recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine,
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the *Vley* where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain ;

And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagha's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds, like a horseman that travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away — away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Koranna, or Bechuan,
Hath rarely crossed, with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub, takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot,
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides,
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Are found, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is — Nature's Solitude.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
 And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
 That spread the heavens and heaved the land —
 A "still small voice" comes through the wild,
 Like a father consoling his fretful child,
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear —
 Saying, "MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR."

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

This interesting couple seem to go hand in hand in all their intellectual pursuits, — their union appearing to be that of spirit to spirit, and not limited by the mere conventionality of the wedded state. In the preface to a volume of poetry published under their united names, they say, "Poetry has been our youthful amusement, and our increasing daily enjoyment, in happy, and our solace in sorrowful, hours." Mary Howitt is distinguished for her successful imitations of the old ballad, for the attractiveness of her miscellaneous writings for young people, and for her translations from the Swedish of Miss Bremer's tales. The *Book of the Seasons*, *Rural Life in England* and *Social and Rural Life in Germany*, are the most prominent works of Mr. Howitt. The latter was written in Germany, after a three years' residence there. This worthy pair belong to the society of Friends.

[From the "*Book of the Seasons*."]]

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

If I could but arouse in other minds that ardent and ever-growing love of the beautiful works of God in the creation, which I feel myself — if I could but make it in others what it has been to me —

"The nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being" —

if I could open to any the mental eye which can never be again closed, but which finds more and more clearly recorded before it beauty, wisdom and peace, in the splendors of the heavens, in the majesty of seas and mountains, in the freshness of winds,

the ever-changing lights and shadows of fair landscapes, the solitude of heaths, the radiant face of bright lakes, and the solemn depths of woods—then indeed should I rejoice. O, that I could but touch a thousand bosoms with that melancholy which often visits mine, when I behold little children endeavoring to extract amusement from the very dust, and straws, and pebbles, of squalid alleys, shut out from the free and glorious countenance of nature, and think how differently the children of the peasantry are passing the golden hours of childhood; wandering, with bare heads and unshod feet, perhaps, but singing a “childish, wordless melody,” through vernal lanes, or prying into a thousand sylvan, leafy nooks, by the liquid music of sunny waters, amidst the fragrant heath, or on the flowery lap of the meadow, occupied with winged wonders without end! O, that I could but baptize every heart with the sympathetic feeling of what the city-pent child is condemned to lose; how blank, and poor, and joyless, must be the images which fill its infant bosom, to that of the country one, whose mind

“Will be a mansion for all lovely forms,
His memory be a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies!”

I feel, however, an animating assurance, that nature will exert a perpetually increasing influence, not only as a most fertile source of pure and substantial pleasures—pleasures which, unlike many others, produce, instead of satiety, desire—but also as a great moral agent; and what effects I anticipate from this growing taste may be readily inferred, when I avow it as one of the most fearless articles of my creed, that it is scarcely possible for a man in whom its power is once firmly established to become utterly debased in sentiment, or abandoned in principle. His soul may be said to be brought into habitual union with the Author of Nature—

“Haunted forever by the Eternal Mind.”

THE FAIRIES OF CALDON-LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

- “AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?”
- “I’ve been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see!”
- “And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?”
- “I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”
- “And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?”
- “I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn-ears to fill.”
- “O, tell me all, my Mary, —
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night, on the Caldon-Low.”
- “Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine; —
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.
- “And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!”
- “And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?”
- “I’ll tell you all, my mother, —
But let me have my way!
- “And some, they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill: —
‘And this,’ they said, ‘shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill;

“ ‘For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day !

“ ‘O, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes !’

“ ‘And some, they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill : —

“ ‘ ‘And there,’ said they, ‘ the merry winds go,
Away from every horn ;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn !

“ ‘ ‘O, the poor, blind old widow, —
Though she has been blind so long,
She ’ll be merry enough when the mildew ’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong !’

“ ‘And some, they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low : —
‘And this,’ said they, ‘ by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow !

“ ‘ ‘O, the poor, lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night !’

“ ‘And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin : —
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another, —
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother!’

“ And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldun-Low
There was no one left but me.

“ And all on the top of the Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“ But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go.

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high ;
But I saw the weaver at his gate,
With the good news in his eye !

“ Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be !”



REV. HENRY HART MILMAN. 1791—.

Mr. Milman is the author of a *History of the Jews*, and of several dramatic poems, among which are *The Fall of Jerusalem*, *The Martyr of*

Antioch, and *Belshazzar*. *Samor, the Lord of the Bright City*, is an epic, in twelve books. This author has held the office of Professor of Poetry, at Oxford.

SUMMONS OF THE DESTROYING ANGEL TO THE CITY OF BABYLON.

THE hour is come ! the hour is come ! With voice
Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee,
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed ! And thou river,
That flowest exulting in thy proud approach
To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls,
And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
And groves that gleam with marble obelisks,
Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens ;
I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
By Him that poured thee from thine ancient fountain,
And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,
One of his holy streams, to lave the mounts
Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me ; thou dost check
Abrupt thy waters, as the Arab chief
His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved
Yet toiling Persian breaks the ruining mound,
I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength ;
And, through the deep and roaring Nahormalcha,
Roll on, as proudly conscious of fulfilling
The Omnipotent command ! While, far away,
The lake that slept but now so calm, nor moved,
Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high
Its foaming surface, like a whirlpool-gulf,
And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.

But silent as thy billows used to flow,
And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,
Winding their darksome way profound, where man
Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor air from heaven
Breathed. O ! ye secret and unfathomed depths,
How are ye now a smooth and royal way
For the army of God's vengeance ! Fellow-slaves,
And ministers of the eternal purpose,

Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons
 Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,
 Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
 Your glittering arms, as ye advance, all white
 Beneath the admiring moon. Come on! the gates
 Are open — not for banqueters in blood,
 Like you! I see on either side o'erflow
 The living deluge of armed men, and cry,
 Begin! begin! with fire and sword begin
 The work of wrath! Upon my shadowy wings
 I pause, and float, a little while, to see
 Mine human instruments fulfil my task
 Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
 And sing my proud song as I ride the clouds,
 That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
 That live along the interminable space,
 Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph!



FELICIA HEMANS. 1793—1835.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, but passed her childhood amid the wild mountainous scenery of Wales, where she imbibed that love of nature which is seen in all her works. Before she was thirteen years of age, a volume of her poems was published. At the age of nineteen, she was married to Captain Hemans; but after living together unhappily for six years, he went to Italy for his health, and they never met again. Mrs. Hemans continued to reside with her mother and sister, in Wales, devoting her time to literature, and the education of her five sons, to whom she was fondly attached. On the death of her mother, she lived some time near Liverpool, but finally went to reside with a brother at Dublin, where her life was closed. Within the last few years of her life, she visited Walter Scott and Wordsworth at their own homes. Her works are too well known to need further remark here.

FROM THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

[Scene between Gonzalez, Elmina and Ximena.]

Elmina. Gonzalez, *who* must die?

Gonzalez. They on whose lives a fearful price is set,
 But to be paid by treason! Is't enough?
 Or must I yet seek words?

Elm. That look saith more! —

Thou canst not mean —

Gon. I do! Why dwells there not
Power in a glance to speak it? — They must die!
They — must their names be told? — *our sons* must die,
Unless I yield the city!

Ximena. O! look up!

My mother, sink not thus! — Until the grave
Shut from our sight its victims, there is hope.

Elm. Whose knell was in the breeze? —

No, no, — not *theirs*!

Whose was the blessed voice that spoke of hope? —

And there is hope! I will not be subdued —

I will not hear a whisper of despair!

For nature is all-powerful, and her breath

Moves like a quickening spirit o'er the depths

Within a father's heart. — Thou, too, Gonzalez,

Wilt tell me there is hope!

Gon. Hope but in Him

Who bade the patriarch lay his fair young son

Bound on the shrine, for sacrifice, and when

The bright steel quivered in the father's hand,

Just raised to strike, sent forth his awful voice,

Through the still clouds, and on the breathless air,

Commanding to withhold! — Earth has no hope;

It rests with Him.

Elm. *Thou* canst not tell me this!

Thou father of my sons, within whose hands

Doth lie thy children's fate!

Gon. If there have been

Men in whose bosoms Nature's voice hath made

Its accents as the solitary sound

Of an o'erpowering torrent, silencing

The austere and yet Divine remonstrances

Whispered by faith and honor, lift thy hands,

And to that Heaven which arms the brave with strength

Pray, that the father of thy sons may ne'er

Be thus found wanting!

Elm. Then their doom is sealed! —
Thou wilt not save thy children!

Gon. Hast thou cause,
Wife of my youth! to deem it lies within
The bounds of possible things, that I should link
My name to that word — *traitor*? They that sleep
On their proud battle-fields, thy sires and mine,
Died not for this!

Elm. O, cold and hard of heart!
Thou shouldst be born for empire, since thy soul
Thus lightly from all human bonds can free
Its haughty flight! — Men! men! too much is yours
Of vantage, ye that with a sound, a breath,
A shadow, thus can fill the desolate space
Of rooted up affections, o'er whose void
Our young hearts must wither! — So it is
Dominion must be won! Nay, leave me not —
My heart is bursting, and I *must* be heard!
Heaven hath given power to mortal agony,
As to the elements in their hour of might,
And mastery o'er creation! Who shall dare
To mock that fearful strength? I *must* be heard! —
Give me my sons!

Gon. That they may live to hide,
With covering hands, the indignant flush of shame
On their young brows, when men shall speak of him
They called their father! — Was the oath, whereby,
On the altar of my faith, I bound myself,
With an unswerving spirit to maintain
This free and Christian city for my God,
And for my king, a writing traced in sand,
That passionate tears should wash it from the earth,
Or e'en the life-drops of a bleeding heart
Efface it, as a billow sweeps away
The last light vessel's wake? — Then never more
Let man's deep vows be trusted! — though enforced
By all the appeals of high remembrances,
And silent claims o' the sepulchres wherein

His fathers, with their stainless glories, sleep,
On their good swords! Think'st thou *I* feel no pangs?
He that hath given me sons doth know the heart
Whose treasure he recalls. — Of this no more.
'T is vain. I tell thee that the inviolate cross
Still, from our ancient temples, must look up
Through the blue heavens of Spain, though at its foot
I perish, with my race! Thou *darest* not ask
That I, the son of warriors — men who died
To fix it on that proud supremacy —
Should tear the sign of our victorious faith
From its high place of sunbeams, for the Moor
In impious joy to trample!

Elm. Scorn me not,
In mine extreme of misery! — Thou art strong —
Thy heart is not as mine. — My brain grows wild;
I know not what I ask! And yet, 't were but
Anticipating fate — since it must fall,
That cross *must* fall, at last! There is no power,
No hope, within this city of the grave,
To keep its place on high. Her sultry air
Breathes heavily of death; her warriors sink
Beneath their ancient banners, ere the Moor
Hath bent his bow against them; for the shaft
Of pestilence flies more swiftly to its mark
Than the arrow of the desert. Even the skies
O'erhang the desolate splendor of her domes
With an ill omen's aspect, shaping forth,
From the dull clouds, wild menacing forms and signs,
Foreboding ruin. *Man* might be withstood;
But who shall cope with famine and disease,
When leagued with arméd foes? — Where now the aid,
Where the long-promised lances of Castile?
We are forsaken in our utmost need —
By Heaven and earth forsaken!

Gon. If this be —
And yet I will not deem it — we must fall
As men that in severe devotedness

Have chosen their part ; and bound themselves to death,
Through high conviction that their suffering land,
By the free blood of martyrdom alone,
Shall call deliverance down.

Elm. O ! I have stood
Beside thee through the beating storms of life,
With the true heart of unrepining love,
As the poor peasant's mate doth cheerily,
In the parched vineyard, or the harvest-field,
Bearing her part, sustain with him the heat
And burden of the day ; but now, the hour,
The heavy hour, is come, when human strength
Sinks down, a toil-worn pilgrim, in the dust,
Owning that woe is mightier ! Spare me yet
This bitter cup, my husband ! Let not her,
The mother of the lovely, sit and mourn,
In her unpeopled home, a broken stem,
O'er its fallen roses dying !

Gon. Urge me not,
Thou that through all sharp conflicts hast been found
Worthy a brave man's love ! O, urge me not
To guilt, which, through the midst of blinding tears,
In its own hues thou seest not ! Death may scarce
Bring aught like this !

Elm. All, all thy gentle race,
The beautiful beings that around thee grew,
Creatures of sunshine ! Wilt thou doom them all ?
She, too, thy daughter — doth her smile unmarked
Pass from thee, with its radiance, day by day ?
Shadows are gathering round her — seest thou not
The misty dimness of the spoiler's breath
Hangs o'er her beauty, and the face which made
The summer of our hearts now doth but send,
With every glance, deep bodings through the soul,
Telling of early fate ?

Gon. I see a change
Far nobler on her brow ! — She is as one,
Who, at the trumpet's sudden call, hath risen

From the gay banquet, and in scorn cast down
The wine-cup, and the garland, and the lute
Of festal hours, for the good spear and helm,
Beseeming sterner tasks. — Her eye hath lost
The beam which laughed upon the awakening heart,
E'en as morn breaks o'er earth. But, far within
Its full dark orb, a light hath sprung, whose source
Lies deeper in the soul. And let the torch,
Which but illumed the glittering pageant, fade !
The altar-flame, i' the sanctuary's recess,
Burns quenchless, being of heaven ! She hath put on
Courage, and faith, and generous constancy,
Even as a breastplate. — Ay, men look on her,
As she goes forth, serenely, to her tasks,
Binding the warrior's wounds, and bearing fresh,
Cool draughts to fevered lips ; they look on her,
Thus moving in her beautiful array
Of gentle fortitude, and bless the fair,
Majestic vision, and unmurmuring turn
Unto their heavy toils.

Elm. And seest thou not,
In that high faith and strong collectedness,
A fearful inspiration ? *They* have cause
To tremble, who behold the unearthly light
Of high, and, it may be, prophetic thought,
Investing youth with grandeur ! — From the grave
It rises, on whose shadowy brink thy child
Waits but a father's hand to snatch her back
Into the laughing sunshine. — Kneel with me ;
Ximena, kneel beside me, and implore
That which a deeper, more prevailing voice
Than ours doth ask, and will not be denied ; —
His children's lives !

Xim. Alas ! this may not be.
Mother ! I cannot.

Gon. My heroic child !
A terrible sacrifice thou claim'st, oh God !
From creatures in whose agonizing hearts
Nature is strong as death !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797—1835.

Motherwell was born in Glasgow, and was several years the editor of a paper in that city. He had a great fondness for the old ballads and other poetry of Scotland and England, and published a selection entitled *Minstrelsy, both Ancient and Modern*. In 1832, he published a volume of his own poems, which contains some that are exceedingly beautiful. This poet was very popular among his townsmen and friends, but unfortunately, from embarrassed circumstances, he was led to seek relief from stimulants. He died suddenly, of apoplexy, at an early age.

WOOING SONG OF JARL EGILL SKALLAGRIM.

BRIGHT maiden of Orkney,
 Star of the blue sea !
 I 've swept o'er the waters
 To gaze upon thee ;
 I 've left spoil and slaughter,
 I 've left a far strand,
 To sing how I love thee,
 To kiss thy small hand !
 Fair daughter of Einar,
 Golden-haired maid !
 The lord of yon brown bark,
 And lord of this blade, —
 The joy of the ocean,
 Of warfare and wind, —
 Hath bound him to woo thee,
 And thou must be kind.

So stoutly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's daughter.

In Jutland, — in Iceland, —
 On Neustria's shore,
 Where'er the dark billow
 My gallant bark bore,
 Songs spoke of thy beauty,
 Harps sounded thy praise,
 And my heart loved thee long ere
 It thrilled in thy gaze ;
 Ay, daughter of Einar,
 Right tall mayest thou stand,

It is a Vikingir
Who kisses thy hand ;
It is a Vikingir
That bends his proud knee,
And swears, by great Freya,
His bride thou must be !

So Jarl Egill swore when his great heart was fullest.

Thy white arms are locked in
Broad bracelets of gold ;
Thy girdle-stead 's gleaming
With treasures untold ;
The circlet that binds up
Thy long yellow hair
Is starred thick with jewels,
That bright are and rare.
But gifts yet more princely
Jarl Egill bestows :
For girdle, his great arm
Around thee he throws ;
The bark of a sea-king,
For palace, gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall
Thy true subjects be.

So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus,
Nor toss so thy head ;
'T is a Vikingir asks thee,
Land-maiden, to wed !
He skills not to woo thee,
In trembling and fear,
Though lords of the land may
Thus troop with the deer.
The cradle he rocked in
So sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart
And a hand that are strong ;

He comes, then, as Jarl should,
 Sword belted to side,
 To win thee and wear thee,
 With glory and pride.
 So sternly Jarl Egill wooed, and smote his long brand.

Thy father, thy brethren,
 Thy kin, keep from me,
 The maiden I 've sworn shall
 Be Queen of the Sea !
 A truce with that folly—
 Yon sea-strand can show,
 If this eye missed its aim,
 Or this arm failed its blow ;
 I had not well taken
 Three strides on this land,
 Ere a Jarl and his six sons
 In death bit the sand.
 Nay, weep not, pale maid, though
 In battle should fall
 The Kemps, who would keep thy
 Bridegroom from the hall.
 So carped Jarl Egill, and kissed the bright weeper.

* * * * *

The curl of that proud lip,
 The flash of that eye,
 The swell of that bosom,
 So full and so high,
 Like-foam of sea billow
 Thy white bosom shows,
 Like flash of red levin
 Thine eagle eye glows ;
 Ha ! firmly and boldly,
 So stately and free,
 Thy foot treads this chamber,
 As bark rides the sea ;
 This likes me — this likes me,
 Stout maiden of mould,

Thou wooest to purpose ;
Bold hearts love the bold.
So shouted Jarl Egill, and clutched the proud maiden.

Away and away, then !
I have thy small hand ;
Joy with me, — our tall bark
Now bears toward the strand ;
I call it the Raven,
The wing of black night,
That shadows forth ruin
O'er islands of light ;
Once more on its long deck,
Behind us the gale,
Thou shalt see how before it
Great kingdoms do quail ;
Thou shalt see then how truly,
My noble-souled maid,
The ransom of kings can
Be won by this blade.

So bravely Jarl Egill did soothe the pale trembler.

Ay, gaze on its large hilt,
One wedge of red gold ;
But doat on its blade, gilt
With blood of the bold.
The hilt is right seemly,
But nobler the blade,
That swart Velint's hammer
With cunning spells made ;
I call it the Adder,
Death lurks in its bite,
Through bone and proof-harness
It scatters pale light.
Fair daughter of Einar,
Deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade,
Proud Egill's loved mate !

So Jarl Egill bore off Torf Einar's bright daughter.

T O M A S H O O D . 1798 — 1845.

Hood is chiefly distinguished as a comic poet and humorist, though he has, in some of his writings, evinced a talent for the grave and pathetic. He was a native of London, and for a time editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and also of the *Comic Almanac*. *Whims and Oddities*, *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, and the *Song of the Shirt*, are among his most popular pieces.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS
AND FIVE MONTHS.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop — first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear !)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good Heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little, tricky Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door ! the door ! he 'll tumble down the stair !)
Thou darling of thy sire !
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore afire !)
Thou imp of mirth and joy !
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents ! — (Drat the boy !
There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub — but of earth ;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail !)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble — that 's his precious nose !)
Thy father's pride and hope !
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)

With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !

(He 'll have that jug off, with another shove !)

Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !

(Are those torn clothes his best ?)

Little epitome of man !

(He 'll climb upon the table — that 's his plan !)

Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,

(He 's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,

Play on, play on,

My elfin John !

Toss the light ball — bestride the stick,

(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,

Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,

With many a lamb-like frisk,

(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !

(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)

Balmy and breathing music like the south,

(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)

Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,

(I wish that window had an iron bar !)

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,

(I 'll tell you what, my love,

I cannot write, unless he 's sent above !)



THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 1796—.

Talfourd's early compositions secured for him the friendship of Lord Brougham, through whose influence he was led to make his way to the bar. He was for a number of years a member of Parliament. Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt and Hunt, are reckoned among his particular friends. The tragedy of *Ion*, which resembles the old Greek drama, is his most distinguished work, though he has produced many others, in poetry and prose, of great purity of thought and tenderness of feeling.

EXTRACTS FROM "ION."

[Ion, being declared the rightful heir of the throne, is waited upon by Clemanthe, daughter of the high priest of the temple, wherein Ion had been reared in obscurity.]

Ion. What wouldst thou with me, lady?

Clemanthe. Is it so?

Nothing, my lord, save to implore thy pardon,
That the departing gleams of a bright dream,
From which I scarce had wakened, made me bold
To crave a word with thee; but all are fled —

Ion. 'T was indeed a goodly dream;
But thou art right to think it was no more,
And study to forget it.

Clem. To forget it!

Indeed, my lord, I will not wish to lose
What, being past, is all my future hath,
All I shall live for; do not grudge me this,
The brief space I shall need it.

Ion. Speak not, fair one,
In tone so mournful, for it makes me feel
Too sensibly the hapless wretch I am,
That trouble the deep quiet of thy soul,
In that pure fountain which reflected heaven,
For a brief taste of rapture.

Clem. Dost thou yet
Esteem it rapture, then? My foolish heart,
Be still! Yet wherefore should a crown divide us
O, my dear Ion! — let me call thee so,
This once, at least — it could not in my thoughts
Increase the distance that there was between us
When, rich in spirit, thou, to stranger's eyes,
Seemed a poor foundling.

Ion. It must separate us!
Think it no harmless bauble; but a curse
Will freeze the current in the veins of youth,
And from familiar touch of genial hand,
From household pleasures, from sweet daily tasks,
From airy thought, free wanderer of the heavens,
Forever banish me!

Clem. Thou dost accuse

Thy state too harshly ; it may give some room ,
Some little room, amidst its radiant cares,
For love and joy to breathe in.

Ion. Not for me ;

My pomp must be most lonesome, far removed
From the sweet fellowship of human kind
The slave rejoices in ; my solemn robes
Shall wrap me in a panoply of ice,
And the attendants who may throng around me
Shall want the flattering which may barely warm
The sceptral thing they circle. Dark and cold
Stretches the path which, when I wear the crown,
I needs must enter ; the great gods forbid
That thou shouldst follow in it !

Clem. O unkind !

And shall we never see each other ?

Ion (after a pause.) Yes !

I have asked that dreadful question of the hills,
That look eternal ; of the flowing streams,
That lucid flow forever ; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory : all were dumb ; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish ; we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe !

Clem. Bless thee for that name !

Pray, call me so again ; thy words sound strangely,
Yet they breathe kindness, and I 'll drink them in,
Though they destroy me. Shall we meet, indeed ?
Think not I would intrude upon thy cares,
Thy councils, or thy pomps ; to sit at distance,
To weave, with the nice labor which preserves
The rebel pulses even, from gay threads,
Faint record of thy deeds, and sometimes catch
The falling music of a gracious word,
Or the stray sunshine of a smile, will be
Comfort enough ; — do not deny me this !

Or if stern fate compel thee to deny,
Kill me at once !

Ion. No ; thou must live, my fair one ;
There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded, in a life of joy,
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it ; and daily duties, paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Thou dost not mark me.

Clem. O, I do ! I do !

Ion. If, for thy brother's and thy father's sake,
Thou art content to live, the healer Time
Will reconcile thee to the lovely things
Of this delightful world ; — and if another,
A happier — no, I cannot bid thee love
Another ! — I did think I could have said it,
But 't is in vain !

Clem. Thou art my own, then, still ?

Ion. I am thine own ! thus let me clasp thee nearer ;
O, joy too thrilling and too short !

D. M. MOIR.

Mr. Moir is a physician, and one of the principal poetical contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the signature of Delta. He has published one or two volumes of poems, and some prose works. He was born about the beginning of the present century.

CASA WAPPY.

[Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the poet, who died after a very brief illness.]

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy ! —
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy ?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint of earth ;
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy !

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye ;
Tears of our anguish may not tell,
When thou didst die ;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy !

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given ;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven ;
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less than thine own self a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy !

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,
'T was cloudless joy ;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy !
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay ;
That, found thee prostrate in decay ;
And e'er a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled ;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child !
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight ;
There dost thou glide before me still,
A form of light !

I feel thy breath upon my cheek —
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak —
 Till, oh ! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth ;
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow,
In buoyant health ;
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
 Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
 Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
 Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball ;
But where art thou ?
 A corner holds thy empty chair,
 Thy playthings idly scattered there
 But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy !

Even to the last, thy very word —
To glad, to grieve —
 Was sweet as sweetest song of bird,
On summer's eve ;
 In outward beauty undecayed,
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
 And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy !

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
The chamber fills ;
 We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills ;
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
 All, to the wall-flower and wild pea,
 Are changed — we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy !

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam,
 Of casual mirth,
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
 An inward birth ;
 We miss thy small step on the stair ;
 We miss thee at our evening prayer ;
 All day we miss thee, everywhere,
 Casa Wappy !

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
 In life's spring bloom,
 Down to the appointed house below,
 The silent tomb.
 But now the green leaves of the tree,
 The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
 Return — but with them bring not thee,
 Casa Wappy !



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Mr. Macaulay is a son of one of the leading men in the movement which resulted in the abolition of the slave trade in England. He was, for some years, a member of Parliament for Edinburgh, in which position he held a distinguished place as a speaker. He is a man of great erudition, in almost every department of knowledge. His *Critical and Historical Essays*, written originally for the *Edinburgh Review*, and since published in three volumes, as well as his *History of England*, have enjoyed great popularity. He has also a high reputation as a poet, his *Lays of Ancient Rome* holding a good rank among other poems of the day.

REVIEW OF BUNYAN.

THE "Pilgrim's Progress," that wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics, and the most bigoted of tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland, the

"Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant Killer." Every reader knows the strait and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things that are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the city of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the interpreter's house, and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulchre; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor; the stately front of the house Beautiful, by the way-side, the chained lions crouching in the porch; the low, green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass, and covered with flocks, — all are as well known to us as the sights of our own streets. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up, to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather over-head. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pit-falls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long, dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller;

and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows; there are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river, which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left, branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the court-yard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheep-folds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briars of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor. And beyond, is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds, never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and the streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river, over which there is no bridge.



THOMAS CARLYLE,

One of the most remarkable writers of the present time, is a native of Scotland. His principal works are a *Life of Schiller*; *Sartor Resartus*; *The French Revolution*; *Chartism*; *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*; *Hero Worship*; and *The Past and Present*. The first of these was published in 1836. Mr. Carlyle is a great admirer of German literature, and has done much to introduce a knowledge of it to the readers of the English language. "He has added to our stock of original ideas, and helped to foster a more liberal and penetrative style of criticism. The opinions and writings of Carlyle tend to enlarge our sympathies and feelings — to stir the heart with benevolence and affection — to unite man to man — and to build upon this love of our fellow-beings a system of mental energy and purity, far removed from the operations of sense, and pregnant with high hopes and aspirations."

FROM THE REVIEW OF LOCKHART'S LIFE OF BURNS.

SUCH a gift had Nature, in her bounty, bestowed on us, in Robert Burns; but, with queen-like indifference, she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and

torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable ; but that of wisely guiding his own, was not given. Destiny — for so, in our ignorance, we must speak — his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him ; and that spirit which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul — so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things ! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature ; and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning ! The “ Daisy ” falls not unheeded under his ploughshare ; nor the ruined nest of that “ wee, cowering, timorous beastie,” cast forth, after all its provident pains, to “ thole the sleety dribble, and cranreuch cauld.” The “ hoar visage ” of Winter delights him ; he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness in these scenes of solemn desolation : but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears ; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for “ it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*” A true poet-soul ; for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music ! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling ! what trustful, boundless love ! what generous exaggeration of the object loved ! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil, of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him. Poverty is, indeed, his companion, but love also, and courage ; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart ; and thus, over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul ; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest.

He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride : yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence ;

no cold, suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The peasant poet bears himself, we might say, like a king in exile : he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest ; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue ; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him ; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the insolence of condescension cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of Poetry and Manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests ; nay, throws himself into their arms ; and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship ; unbosoms himself often to the unworthy ; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet, he was "quick to learn," a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through even accomplished deceivers ; but there was a generous credulity in his heart.

And so did our peasant show himself among us ; "a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels ! In such toil was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted : and a hundred years may pass on, before another such is given us to waste.

* * * * *

By far the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns, are, without dispute, to be found among his *songs*. * * * They do not *affect* to be set to music, but they actually, and in themselves, are music ; they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of Harmony, as Venus rose from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested : not *said*, or spouted, in rhetorical completeness and coherence ; but *sung*, in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in *warblings*, not of

the voice only, but of the whole mind. * * * With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness ! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy ; he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest or slyest mirth ; and yet he is sweet and soft, “sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear !” If we further take into account the immense variety of his subjects ; how, from the loud-flowing revel in *Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut*, to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for *Mary in Heaven* ; from the glad, kind greetings of *Auld Lang Syne*, or the comic archness of *Duncan Gray*, to the fire-eyed fury of *Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled*, he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart, — it will seem a small praise, if we rank him as the first of all our song-writers ; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him.

[From a Critique upon “ *Wilhelm Meister*.”]

DESCRIPTION OF MIGNON.

THIS mysterious child, at first neglected by the reader, at length overpowers him with an emotion more deep and thrilling than any poet since the days of Shakspeare has succeeded in producing. The daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion and despair, she is of the earth, but not earthly. When she glides before us through the light mazes of her fairy dance, or twangs her cithern to the notes of her home-sick verses, or whirls her tambourine and hurries round us like an antique Moenad, we could almost fancy her a spirit, so pure is she, so full of fervor, so disengaged from the clay of this world. And when all the fearful particulars of her story are at length laid together, and we behold, in connected order, the image of her hapless existence, there is, in those dim recollections, those feelings, so simple, so impassioned and unspeakable, consuming the already shrouded, woe-struck, yet ethereal spirit of the poor creature, something which reaches into the inmost recesses of the soul. It is not tears which her fate calls forth ; but a feeling far too deep for tears. The very fire of heaven seems miserably quenched

among the obstructions of this earth. Her little heart, so noble and so helpless, perishes before the smallest of its many beauties is unfolded ; and all its loves, and thoughts, and longings, do but add another pang to death, and sink to silence, utter and eternal. The history of Mignon runs like a thread of gold through the tissue of the narrative, connecting with the heart much that were else addressed to the head.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The work by which this popular writer was first made known to the world was entitled *Sketches by Boz* ; it was written in numbers, for a periodical, and published about 1836, at which time the author was about twenty-six years of age. Afterwards appeared, in succession, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Master Humphrey's Clock*. After writing these tales, Mr. Dickens made a visit to America, of which he published an account, in 1842, under the title of *American Notes, for General Circulation*. He has written several works since, and is now engaged in publishing a literary periodical. His power as a graphic delineator of human character, and the warm current of humanity which flows through all his works, are too well known to require a notice here.

[From the "*American Notes*."]

INCIDENT ON BOARD A CANAL-BOAT.

THERE was a little woman on board, with a little baby ; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother, in New York. The baby was born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband, — to whom she was now returning, — for twelve months, having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was ; and all day long she wondered whether "he" would be at the wharf ; and whether "he" had got her letter ; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, "he" would know it, meeting in the street ; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very like in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She

was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all the matter clinging closely about her heart so freely, that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain, who heard all about it from his wife, was wondrous sly, I promise you, inquiring, every time we met at table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it, — but he supposed she would n't, — and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen, dried-apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands, in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady, with a lap-dog, old enough to moralize on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest, when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him, in the joy of her heart.

It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good humor, tied a handkerchief round her head, and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became, in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies, and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones, and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself — who would just as soon have cried — greeted every jest with! At last, there were the lights of St. Louis, and here was the wharf, and those were the steps; and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing, or seeming to laugh, more than ever, ran into her own cabin, and shut herself up. I have no doubt, but, in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear “him” asking for her; but I did not see her do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about among the other boats, to find a landing-place; and everybody looked for the husband, and nobody saw him, when, in the

midst of us all, — Heaven knows how she ever got there, — there was the little woman, clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow; and clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin, to look at the baby, as he lay asleep.

[From "*Master Humphrey's Clock*."] .

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

For she was dead! There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead! No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from tears of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead! Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell, was dead! Her little bird — a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed — was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. His was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster, on the summer evening; before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night; at the still bedside of the dying boy; there had been the same mild, lovely

look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or needing it! The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday—will know her no more.

* * * * *

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after day-break. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first. * * * *

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and bloom-

ing youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of strengthened health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim, and senses failing; grandmothers who might have died ten years ago, and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still would crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, had brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath. Many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing, with her pensive face, upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and

when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place — when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave — in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them — then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.



ROBERT NICOLL. 1814—1837.

Nicoll was a Scottish poet, of high promise and amiable character. His exertions as editor of the *Leeds Times* were too severe for his weak constitution, and he sunk under consumption, at an early age, much regretted by those who knew him. His poems consist of short occasional pieces and songs.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

HIGH thoughts !

They come and go,

Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,

While round me flow

The winds, from woods and fields, with gladness laden ;

When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come —

When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum —

When the stars, dew-drops of the summer sky,

Watch over all, with soft and loving eye —

While the leaves quiver

By the lone river,

And the quiet heart

From depths dost call,

And garners all —

Earth grows a shadow
 Forgotten whole,
 And Heaven lives
 In the blessed soul !

High thoughts !

They are with me,
 When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
 Thy morning melody,
 Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest.
 When the young sunbeams glance among the trees —
 When on the ear comes the soft song of bees —
 When every branch has its own favorite bird,
 And songs of summer, from each thicket heard —
 Where the owl flitteth,
 Where the roe sitteth,
 And holiness
 Seems sleeping there ;
 While Nature's prayer
 Goes up to Heaven
 In purity,
 Till all is glory
 And joy to me !

High thoughts !

They are my own,
 When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
 And see below me strewn
 The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom ;
 When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow —
 When I can follow every fitful shadow —
 When I can watch the winds among the corn,
 And see the waves along the forest borne ;
 Where blue-bell and heather
 Are blooming together,
 And far doth come
 The Sabbath bell,
 O'er wood and fell ;

I hear the beating
Of Nature's heart ;
Heaven is before me —
God ! Thou art !

High thoughts !
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darkened ;
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearkened ;
When weariness hath come upon the spirit —
Those hours of darkness which we all inherit —
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A wingéd thought, which bids us not repine ?
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens ;
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep —
Those thoughts of heaven
So pure and deep.

II. AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 1706—1790.

Franklin was born in Boston, of poor parents, and was early apprenticed to the printing business. While thus engaged, he stole hours from sleep, for the purpose of reading, and soon composed and printed ballads, which he sold in the streets. When about sixteen years of age, he dispensed with the use of animal food, that he might save money to buy books; and went on studying nights, and digesting what he had read while working at the press the next day. He began to write anonymously for the *New England Courant*, pieces which were much thought of, and ascribed to some of the ablest men. At seventeen, he went to Philadelphia, with scarcely money enough to buy a penny roll, after he got there. Soon, under false pretences of being set up in business, he went to London, but accomplished nothing by it. On his return to Philadelphia, through his industry, integrity, and business talent, he succeeded in establishing himself in a printing-office. His future history, as a statesman and philosopher, is too well known, and would require too much space, to be noticed here.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

It would be thought a hard government, that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes us much more — sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. “Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright,” as Poor Richard says. “But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,” as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that “The sleeping fox catches no poultry,” and that “There will be sleeping enough in the grave,” as Poor Richard says.

“If time be, of all things, the most precious, wasting time must be,” as Poor Richard says, “the greatest prodigality;” since, as he elsewhere tells us, “Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.” Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by

diligence shall we do more, with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult; but industry, all easy;" and "He that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;" while "Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him." "Drive thy business; let not that drive thee;" and "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," as Poor Richard says. "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day; for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and further, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day." It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Constant dropping wears away stones;" and "By diligence and patience, the mouse ate in two the cable;" and "Little strokes fell great oaks."

Methinks I hear some of you say, Must a man afford himself no leisure? I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man, never; for "A life of leisure, and a life of laziness, are two things."

But with our industry, we must likewise be steady, settled and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removéd tree,
Nor yet an oft-removéd family,
That throve so well as those that settled be."

And again, "Three removes are as bad as a fire;" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." "A little neglect may breed to great mischief: for want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; and for want of a horse, the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail."

JOEL BARLOW. 1755—1812.

Joel Barlow was a native of Connecticut, and was graduated at Yale College. After completing his studies, he was a while chaplain in the army. He was a lawyer by profession. A considerable portion of his life was spent in Europe, and he was, at one time, minister plenipotentiary to the French government. At Paris, he was honored with receiving the rights of citizenship. He died at an obscure village, near Cracow, while on a journey to confer with Napoleon, at Wilna, in Poland. He belonged to the first class of writers of his time. *The Columbiad*, an epic poem, is the principal of his works, though *The Hasty Pudding* is the most popular of his poetical writings. Barlow was a man much respected for his ardent patriotism, and for the purity of his life.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

I SING the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal —
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul !

* * * * *

Assist me first with pious toil to trace,
Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race ;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore,
First gave thee to the world ; her works of fame
Have lived, indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learned with stones to crack the well-dried maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour ;
The yellow flour, bestrewed and stirred with haste,
Swells in the flood, and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim ;
The knobs, at last, the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

* * * * *

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy !
Doomed o'er the world through devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,

My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end ;
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.

* * * * *

But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee, we meet and laugh once more.
The same ! — I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air ;
For endless years, through every wild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.
But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
In different realms, to give thee different names.
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polanta call ; the French, of course, *Polante*.
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush* !
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn*.
All spurious appellations, void of truth ;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth ;
Thy name is *Hasty Pudding* ! — thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee, fuming from the fires ;
And while they argued in thy just defence
With logic clear, they thus explained the sense :

“ In *haste* the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powdered maize ;
In *haste* 't is served, and then in equal haste,
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done — no knife to grate
The tender ear, and wound the stony plate ;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the *hasty* honors of the board.”
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound, to every Yankee dear,

But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
 Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

* * * * *

My song, resounding in its grateful glee,
 No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.
 My father loved thee through his length of days!
 For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
 From thee what health, what vigor, he possessed,
 Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
 Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
 And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
 Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
 To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
 In every dish 't is welcome still to me,
 But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee!

* * * * *

And now, the corn-house filled, the harvest home,
 The invited neighbors to the *husking* come;
 A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
 Unite their charms, to chase the hours away.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, the housewife urges all her care,
 The well-earned feast to hasten and prepare.
 The sifted meal already waits her hand,
 The milk is strained, the bowls in order stand,
 The fire flames high; and as a pool, that takes
 The headlong stream that o'er the mill-dam breaks,
 Foams, roars and rages, with incessant toils,
 So the vexed cauldron rages, roars and boils.

First, with clean salt she seasons well the food,
 Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.
 Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand;
 To stir it well, demands a stronger hand;
 The husband takes his turn; and round and round
 The ladle flies; at last the toil is crowned;
 When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
 And take their seats as at the corn before.

I leave them to their feast. There still belong
 More copious matters to my faithful song.
 For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,
 Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
 And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.

* * * * *

Milk, then, with pudding, I would always choose ;
 To this in future I confine my muse.

First, in your bowl, the milk abundant take,
 Then drop with care, along the silver lake,
 Your flakes of pudding ; these, at first, will hide
 Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide ;
 But when their growing mass no more can sink,
 When the soft island looms above the brink,
 Then check your hand ; you 've got the portion due ;
 So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.

There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
 The nice distinction, yet to me 't is clear.
 These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
 With just precision could the point decide,
 Though not in song ; the muse but poorly shines
 In curves, and cubes, and geometric lines :
 Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
 Is that small section of a goose-egg shell
 Which in two equal portions shall divide
 The distance from the centre to the side.

Fear not to slaver ; 't is no deadly sin ;
 Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
 Suspend the ready napkin ; or, like me,
 Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee ;
 Just in the zenith your wise head project ;
 Your full spoon rising in a line direct,
 Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall, —
 The wide-mouthed bowl will surely catch them all.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. 1757—1804.

Alexander Hamilton was born on one of the West India Islands. His father was a Scotch gentleman, and his mother a descendant of a French Huguenot. At the age of fifteen, he so distinguished himself by a written account of a hurricane, that he was sent to the United States to be educated. He entered King's College, New York. Here he was conspicuous for his acuteness and eloquence, and particularly for the part he took, when only seventeen, in resisting the oppressions of England. As an officer under Washington, he attracted the admiration of his general, and became his most confidential aid. After the war, he with great rapidity prepared himself for the bar. He became a member of Congress, where he had great influence, by his profound political essays, his eloquence, sagacity, and love of justice. He was Secretary of the Treasury, under Washington. On resigning this office, he was thronged with clients, but, at Washington's request, became his first officer in the provisional army. There were few incidents in his history after this. He was killed in a duel, by Aaron Burr, at Weehawken. His death occasioned deep and universal mourning throughout the country, and Burr, from this time, became a fugitive and a vagabond.

[*From a Letter to Colonel Laurens.*]

THE FATE OF ANDRÉ.

NEVER, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took, after his capture, was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character, for treacherous or interested purposes: asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor; that, contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise; soliciting only, that, to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed, due to a person, who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable. His request was granted in its full extent; for, in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. The board of officers were not more impressed with the candor and firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity

of the behavior towards him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude.

In one of the visits I made to him, said he, "There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or that others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged, by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not, for the world, leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears, in spite of his efforts to suppress them; and with difficulty collected himself enough afterward to add: "I wish to be permitted to assure him I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders."

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, there was still a choice in the mode which would make a material difference in his feelings; and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined, in both cases, to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the mode would inflict.

In going to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly, as he went along, to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion, "Must I, then, die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added, "It will be but a momentary pang;" and, springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders.

Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if

he had anything to say, he answered, "Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world, that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed, and universally regretted.

WILLIAM WIRT. 1772—1834.

Mr. Wirt was a native of Maryland. He was a friend of Jefferson and Madison, and was familiar with other celebrated men of his time. He chose the profession of law, and at the trial of Aaron Burr, for treason, was engaged by President Jefferson to assist the Attorney-General of the United States. His speech, on that occasion, which occupied four hours, is considered the most eloquent of any one made during the trial. He resided for many years in Richmond, Va.; but on being appointed Attorney-General of the United States, he removed to Washington, after which he went to Baltimore, where he ended his days. He had a great fondness for literature, and was the author of *Essays* contained in *The British Spy* and *The Old Bachelor*, and also of a *Life of Patrick Henry*.

[From the Speech on the Trial of Burr.]

WHO IS BLANNERHASSET?

Who is Blannerhasset? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms in his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhasset's character, that, on his arrival in America, he retired even from the Atlantic states, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secret mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity and innocence, shed their mingled

delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment which can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, — this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, — the destroyer comes; he comes, to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door, and portal, and avenue, is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The poisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; and ardor panting for great enterprises, — for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubby blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which

hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled with visions of diadems, of stars and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another, — this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, — this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged into misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and, having already ruined Blannerhasset in fortune, character, and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment!

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING. 1779—.

Mr. Paulding was born upon the Hudson, but he has resided mostly in the city of New York. Affluent circumstances rendered it unnecessary that he should apply himself to any professional business, and left him at leisure for literary pursuits. Under President Van Buren he held the office of Secretary of the Navy. His writings are of a highly national character, and are also distinguished for their satire and quaint humor. They consist of *Essays*, *Novels*, *Stories* and other writings, and in all amount to about thirty volumes.

[From "*John Bull and Brother Jonathan.*"]

THE QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON.

JOHN BULL was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called Bullock Island. Bull was an ingenious man—an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker, besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale and small beer, and was, in fact, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle companion, and passably honest, as times go.

But what tarnished all these qualities was a quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors, but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of them; so that he hardly ever was seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The squire was as tight a hand to deal with in doors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day, he got into a dispute with his youngest son, Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, about whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses, and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction, I can't tell which, fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle. So he went to some of his doctors, and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of thirty-nine different articles, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding he made villanous wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him, and beat him like fury. After this, he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jona-

than, though as hard as a pine knot, and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in a boat, and paddled over the mill-pond to some new land, to which the squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle there, and build a meeting-house without a steeple, as soon as he grew rich enough. When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But, being a lad of metal, he took his axe on one shoulder, and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he, in a few years, cleared the land, which he laid out into *thirteen good farms*; and building himself a fine frame-house, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and, besides, was in great want of money, on account of his having lately to pay swinging damages for assaulting his neighbors, and breaking their heads — the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well to do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains: in fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and, had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But, for all this, in a little time, Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait, and simple in his appearance, but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength, when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and swore he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy; but in the main was a peaceable sort of

careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody, if you would only let him alone. He always wore a linsey-woolsey coat, the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton; all which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he out-grew his clothes.

While Jonathan was out-growing his strength in this way, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till, at last, one day, when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up, in a furious passion, and threw the TEA-KETTLE at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged, and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up, made him sign a paper, giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee simple to be in Jonathan forever.



WASHINGTON ALLSTON. 1779—1843.

Allston was born in South Carolina, passed his boyhood in Newport, R. I., and was educated at Harvard College. He was nearly connected by marriage with Dr. Channing and the poet Dana. At the age of twenty-two, he went abroad, for the purpose of improving himself in the art of painting. He spent a good deal of time in England, Paris and Italy. In Rome, he became acquainted with Thorwaldsen and Coleridge, to the latter of whom, he said, he owed more intellectually than to any other man. He wrote a few poems, and a beautiful story, entitled *Monaldi*. Allston's great distinction is as a painter. *The Dead Man raised by Elijah's Bones*, and *Belshazzar's Feast*, are the largest of his paintings. *Rosalie*, which the following lines illustrate, was, by many, considered the most beautiful of his large collection exhibited in Boston a few years since.

ROSALIE.

O POUR upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain;

Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

No — never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before ; that with it brings
This nameless light — if light it be —
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres ;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this —
So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last, lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play —
So thought the gentle Rosalie,
As on her maiden revery
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. 1780—1842.

Dr. Channing was born in Newport, R. I., and educated at Harvard College, where he received the highest honors of his class. He chose theology for his profession, and became pastor of the Federal-street Church, in Boston, which connection he retained as long as he lived. The personal appearance of Dr. Channing was very attractive. He was an ardent lover of Nature, a devout worshipper of the God of Nature ; his heart was permeated with love to his kind, and “ he proposed to himself, as the mission of his life, the elevation of men to his own kindness, serenity and dignity, and the bringing of them into the same converse with nature and God.” He was eloquent as a preacher, beloved as a companion and friend. With Allston and Dana, he was

intimately connected, from childhood. His *Sermons, Reviews* and *Essays*, are before the public, in six or eight volumes ; and for a high moral treat, in a knowledge of the excellence and loveliness of his character, the reader is referred to his Life, by his nephew, Wm. H. Channing.

[*From an Address on Temperance.*]

DANCING.

DANCING is an amusement which has been discouraged in our country by many of the best people, and not without reason. Dancing is associated, in their minds, with balls ; and this is one of the worst forms of social pleasure. The time consumed in preparation for a ball, the waste of thought upon it, the extravagance of dress, the late hours, the exhaustion of strength, the exposure of health, and the languor of the succeeding day, — these, and other evils connected with this amusement, are strong reasons for banishing it from the community. But dancing ought not therefore to be proscribed. On the contrary, balls should be discouraged for this among other reasons, that dancing, instead of being a rare pleasure, requiring elaborate preparation, may become an every-day amusement, and may mix with our common intercourse. This exercise is among the most healthful. The body, as well as the mind, feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth overflows spontaneously in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favor. Its end is to realize perfect grace in motion ; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the highest faculties of our nature ?

It is to be desired that dancing should become too common among us to be made the object of special preparation, as in the ball ; that members of the same family, when confined by unfavorable weather, should recur to it for exercise and exhilaration ; that branches of the same family should enliven in this way their occasional meetings ; that it should fill up an hour in all the assemblages for relaxation in which the young form a part. It is to be desired that this accomplishment should be extended to the laboring classes of society, not only as an innocent pleasure, but as a means of improving the manners.

[From "*Self Culture*."]

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees, and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone.

And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship; and that I were to learn that neither man, woman nor child, ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, — how should I feel their privation! how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature; but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature! The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged, if not linked with beauty; and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul, when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now, no man receives the true culture

of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.

[*From the same.*]

BOOKS.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the hands of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter, and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold, to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare, to open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin, to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782—.

Mr. Webster is the son of a respectable farmer of New Hampshire. He graduated at the age of about twenty, and established himself in the practice of law, first in Boscawen, and afterwards in Portsmouth, N. H. At the age of thirty, he became a member of Congress, in which office he has continued, with few interruptions, ever since, holding the first rank as an orator, and an expounder and supporter of the constitution of the Union.

[*From a Speech at laying the Corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument.*]

TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

VENERABLE MEN! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out

your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country. Behold how altered ! The same heavens are indeed over your heads ; the same ocean rolls at your feet ; but all else, how changed ! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon ; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown ; the ground strewn with the dead and the dying ; the impetuous charge ; the steady and successful repulse ; the loud call to repeated assault ; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance ; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant, to whatever of terror there may be in war or death ; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace ; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the rewards of your patriotic toils ; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you !

But, alas ! you are not all here ! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Reed, Pomeroy, Bridge ! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and in your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully

accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty, you saw arise the light of Peace, like

“ Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon ;” —

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But — ah ! Him ! the first great martyr in this great cause ! Him ! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart ! Him ! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands ; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit ; him ! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom ; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise ; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage ! — how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name ? — Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure ! This monument may moulder away ; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea ; but thy memory shall not fail ! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit ! * * *

Veterans ! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century ! when, in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this. At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, — at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, — you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances, and your heaving breasts, inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The

images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them ! And when you shall have exchanged your embraces, — when you shall have once more pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory, — then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled ; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom ; and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

[*From a Speech on Mr. Foot's Resolution.*]

IMPORTANCE OF PRESERVING THE UNION.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings ; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might be hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not

accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind !

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on states dis-severed, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood ! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, — bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, “What is all this worth ?” nor those other words of delusion and folly, — “Liberty first, and union afterward,” — but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable !



WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783—.

Mr. Irving was born in the city of New York, but a large portion of his time has been spent in Europe. Early in life, he was engaged in business — was in affluent circumstances, and employed himself in literary pursuits only as an amusement ; but meeting with a reverse of fortune, he made literature his profession. His reputation as one of the first of American authors is well understood, and his charming works are too well known to require enumeration here. Mr. Irving

has never married ; but some years since, he purchased and fitted up an old Dutch mansion on the Hudson, in a quiet place, near Sleepy Hollow, where, attended by the daughters of a brother, who bear to him the love of children, he spends a considerable part of his time in the enjoyment of all the delights of family and home.

[*From "Knickerbocker's History of New York."*]

THE FATNESS OF ALDERMEN.

THE ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time, no less in form, magnitude and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight ; and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain-thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat — and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is, in some measure, an image of the mind, or, rather, that the mind is moulded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers who have made human nature their peculiar study ; for, as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, "There is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures and their physical constitution — between their habits and the structure of their bodies." Thus we see that a lean, spare, diminutive body is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind ; either the mind wears down the body by its continual motion, or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house-room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about, from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery, is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease ; and we may always observe that your well-fed, robustious burghers, are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort ; being great enemies to noise, discord and disturbance ; and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs ? No — no ! It is your lean, hungry men who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

[From the same.]

PRIMITIVE HABITS IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

IN those happy days, a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burgher showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness, at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or *noblesse*; that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark.

The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in lanching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks, — a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs; with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat

merely to look at. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced, by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth — an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties, the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting; no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say “Yaw, Mynheer,” or, “Yah, yah, vrouw,” to any question which was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles, with which the fireplaces were decorated, wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed; — Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman hung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like a harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages; that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack, at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor

should it at the present ; — if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.



LEVI FRISBEE. 1784—1822.

Professor Frisbee was the son of a clergyman of Ipswich, Mass. He was educated at Harvard, and did much to defray his own expenses, by teaching. After finishing his course, he was successively Latin tutor, Professor of Latin, and Professor of Moral Philosophy. A volume containing some of his philosophical writings and a few poems has been published.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I 'LL tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
 Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
 Inspires my waking schemes,
 And when I sleep, with form so light,
 Dances before my ravished sight,
 In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
 Nor yet the lily with them blend,
 To captivate my eyes.
 Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
 And, sweetly mutable, displays
 Its feelings as they rise ;

Features, where pensive, more than gay,
 Save when a rising smile doth play,
 The sober thought you see ;
 Eyes that all soft and tender seem,
 And kind affections round them beam,
 But most of all on me ;

A form, though not of finest mould,
 Where yet a something you behold
 Unconsciously doth please ;
 Manners all graceful, without art,
 That to each look and word impart
 A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm,
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
And mind inform the whole ;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye, must show
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah ! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all, I 'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious care oppressed,
On the soft pillow of her breast
My aching head I 'd lay ;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I 'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling, share ;
Should sickness e'er invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply ;
I 'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm ;
And, were its fury hurled,
My bosom to its bolts I 'd bare,
In her defence undaunted dare
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend ;
Together would we humbly bend
To praise the Almighty name ;

And when I saw her kindling eye
 Beam upwards in her native sky,
 My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
 But on our years serenely glide,
 And all to love be given ;
 And, when life's little scene was o'er,
 We 'd part to meet and part no more,
 But live and love in heaven.



JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER. 1784—1812.

Mr. Buckminster was born in Portsmouth, N. H. At five years of age, he began to study Greek and Latin, and at twelve, was ready to enter college. After finishing his collegiate course, he taught a while in Exeter Academy, but made the ministry his profession, and was settled in Boston while yet very young. Here he was a most devoted pastor, and an eloquent preacher ; his people were bound to him by the most ardent affection. Successive attacks of epilepsy filled him with apprehensions that he would lose his powers of mind, and become useless to the world ; but a fatal attack of this disease secured him from that fearful result, and set his blessed spirit free from all the impediments of the body. His life, together with that of his father, recently published by his sister, Mrs. Lee, affords the particulars of his interesting character.

[*From "Sermons."*]

FAITH TO THE DYING.

COME now, and follow me to the bed of the dying believer. Would you see in what peace a Christian can die ? Watch the last gleams of thought which stream from his dying eyes. Do you see anything like apprehension ? The world, it is true, begins to shut in. The shadows of evening collect around his senses. A dark mist thickens, and rests upon the objects which have hitherto engaged his observation. The countenances of his friends become more and more indistinct. The sweet expressions of love and friendship are no longer intelligible. His ear wakes no more at the well-known voice of his children, and the soothing accents of tender affection die away unheard, upon his decaying senses. To him the spectacle of human life is drawing to its close, and the curtain is descending, which shuts out

this earth, its actors and its scenes. He is no longer interested in all that is done under the sun. O! that I could now open to you the recesses of his soul—that I could reveal to you the light which darts into the chambers of his understanding! He approaches that world which he has so long seen in faith. The imagination now collects its diminished strength, and the eye of faith opens wide. Friends, do not stand, thus fixed in sorrow, around this bed of death! Why are you so still and silent? Fear not to move—you cannot disturb the last visions which enchant this holy spirit. Your lamentations break not in upon the songs of seraphs, which inwrap his hearing in ecstasy. Crowd, if you choose, around his couch; he heeds you not—already he sees the spirits of the just advancing together to receive a kindred soul. Press him not with importunities; urge him not with alleviations. Think you he wants now these tones of mortal voices—these material, these gross consolations? No! he is going to add another to the myriads of the just, that are every moment crowding into the portals of heaven! He is entering on a nobler life. He leaves you, he leaves *you*, weeping children of mortality, to grope about a little longer among the miseries and sensualities of a worldly life. Already he cries to you from the regions of bliss. Will you not join him there? Will you not taste the sublime joys of faith? There are your predecessors in virtue; there, too, are places left for your contemporaries. There are seats for you in the assembly of the just made perfect, in the innumerable company of angels, where is Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and God, the Judge of all!

JOHN PIERPONT. 1785—.

Mr. Pierpont is a native of Connecticut; was educated at Yale College—was private tutor some time in South Carolina—practised law a while in Newburyport—studied theology, and was settled in the ministry in Boston, in which profession he still continues. He has written *Airs of Palestine*, *Hymns*, *Odes*, and other poems, distinguished for melody of verse, energy of thought, and for the author's love of right, of freedom and of humanity.

PASSING AWAY.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear, —
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens, and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore? —
Hark! the notes on my ear that play
Are set to words; — as they float, they say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

But no! it was not a fairy's shell
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung;
(As you 've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

O, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed; — in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she dancing swung

In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride : —
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed, — as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face ; — yet one could n't but love her,
For she looked like a mother, whose first babe lay,
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day ; —
And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,
“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

While yet I looked, what a change there came !
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan :
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on ;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone, —
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay !)
“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

RICHARD H. DANA. 1787—.

Mr. Dana is a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was educated at Harvard. He spent a considerable part of his boyhood in

Newport, Rhode Island, where, "an inspired boy, he wandered on the rocky coast, listening to the roar and dashing of the waters of that ocean, which he was to describe with such effect in his noble poetry." He became a member of the bar; but feeble health and delicate sensibilities rendered the practice of law disagreeable to him, and it was not long continued. From some discouragements in his early publications, Mr. Dana has not given so many works to the world as could be wished; but by those best fitted to appreciate his writings, whether in prose or poetry, they are ranked among the first productions of the age. He has recently repeated, to full houses, a course of lectures upon Shakspeare, which he first delivered about ten years since.

[From "*Paul Felton*."]

THE MURDER.

PAUL drew near the house, and watched till the last light was put out. "The innocent and guilty both sleep—all but Paul! Not even the grave will be a resting-place for me! They hunt and drive me to the deed; and when 't is done, will snatch the abhorred soul to fires and tortures! Why should I rest more? The bosom I slept sweetly on,—blissful dreams stealing over me,—the bosom that to my delighted soul seemed all fond and faithful,—why, what harbored in it? Lust and deceit, and sly, plotting thoughts, showing love where they most loathed. They stung me,—ay, in my sleep, crept out upon me, and stung me,—poisoned my very soul,—hot, burning poisons!—Peace, peace, your promptings, ye that put me to this deed!—drive me not mad! Am I not about it?"

He walked up cautiously to the door, and taking a key from his pocket, unlocked it, and went in. There was now a suspense of all feeling in him. He entered the parlor. His wife's shawl was hanging on the back of a chair; books, in which he had read to her, were lying on the table, and her work-table near it open. His eye passed over them, but there was no emotion. He left the room, and ascended the stairs with a slow, soft step, stealing through his own house cautiously as a thief. He unlocked the door of his dressing-room, and passed on without noticing any part of it. His hand shook as he partly opened his wife's chamber door. He listened;—all was still. He cast his eye round; then entered, and shut the door after him. He walked up by the side of her bed without turning his eyes towards it, and seated himself down upon it by her. Then it

was he dared to look on her, as she lay in all her beauty, wrapt in a sleep so gentle he could not hear her breathing. She looked as if an angel talked with her in her dreams. Her dark, glossy hair had fallen over her bright, fair neck and bosom; and the moonlight, striking through it, pencilled it in beautiful, thready shadows on her.

Paul sat for a while with folded arms, looking down on her. His eye moved not, and his dark face was the unchanging hardness of stone. His mind appeared elsewhere. There was no longer feeling in him. He seemed waiting the order of some stern power. The command at last came. He laid his hand upon her heart, and felt its regular beat; then drew the knife from his bosom. Once more he laid his hand upon her heart; then put the point there. He pressed his eyes close with one hand—and the knife sunk to the handle. There was a convulsive start, and a groan. He looked on her. A slight flutter passed over her frame, and her filmy eyes opened on him once; but he looked as senseless as the body that lay before him. The moon shone fully on the corpse, and on him that sat by it; and the silent night went on. By and by, up came the sun in the hot, flushed sky, and sent his rays over them. Paul moved not, nor heeded the change. There was no noise nor motion;—there were they two together, like two of the dead.

At last, Esther's attendant, entering suddenly, saw the gloomy figure of Paul before her. She ran out with a cry of terror, and in a moment the room was filled with servants. The old man came in, trembling and weak; no tear was wrung from him, nor a groan. He bowed his head, as saying, It is done!

The alarm was given, and Frank, with the neighbors, went up to the chamber. Though the room was nearly full, not a sound was heard. This stillness seemed to spread from Paul and the dead over them all. Frank and some others came near him, and stood before him; but he continued looking on his wife, as he sat, with his crossed hands resting on his thigh, while the one that had done the murder still held the bloody knife.

No one moved. At last they looked at each other, and one of them took Paul by the wrist. He turned his slow, heavy eye on them, as if asking who they were, and what they wanted.

They instinctively shrunk back, letting go their hold ; and his arm fell like a dead man's.

There was a movement near the door ; and presently Abel stood directly before Paul, his hands drawn between his knees, his body distorted and writhing as with pain. * * * * There was a gleam and glitter, and something of a laugh and anguish, too, in his crazed eye, as it flitted back and forth from Esther to Paul. At last Paul glanced upon him. At the sight of Abel, he gave a shuddering start that shook the room. He looked once more on his wife ; his hair rose up, and his eye became wild. " Esther ! " he gasped out, tossing up his arms, as he threw himself forward. He struck the bed, and fell to the floor. Abel looked, and saw his face black with the rush of blood to the head ; then giving a leap, at which he nearly touched the ceiling, with a deafening shriek that rang through the house, darted out of the chamber, and, at a spring, reached the outer door.

They felt of Paul. — Life had left him.

THE OCEAN.

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made
To cleanse the air, and bear the world's great trade,
To rise and wet the mountains near the sun,
Then back into themselves in rivers run,
Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean tide.

Ho ! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
And flings to break his strong and viewless chains ;
Foams in his wrath ; and at his prison doors,
Hark ! hear him ! how he beats and tugs and roars,
As if he would break forth again, and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the Infinite ! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break ;

But on r y spirit stretches, till it 's pain
To thinκ ; then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell ; and on thy beach
I feel all soul ; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And, oh ! how old
Thou art to me ! For countless years, thou hast rolled.
Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sorrows ! o'er a race unborn ;
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely, thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well ! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land ;
And then once more unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is thronged again, oh Sea !
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
Share thy own spirit ; it is sadness all !
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yonder tall cliff — he with the iron crown !
And see ! those sable pines along the steep
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep !
Like stoléd monks they stand, and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low, beating surge.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

O, LISTEN, man !

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls ; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality !
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song ;

O, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in
 From all the air! 'T is in the gentle moonlight;
 'T is floating in day's setting glories; night,
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step,
 Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears;
 Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy, in this great jubilee.

The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls,
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. 1789—.

Mr. Cooper was born in Burlington, N. Y. His father, Judge Cooper, resided alternately at this place and at Cooperstown. Mr. Cooper's fellow-students at Yale were Calhoun, Hillhouse, and other distinguished men. On quitting college, he entered the navy; but after six years, resigned his office, and began his career as an author. His numerous romances have been re-published in Europe, and he is considered, at home and abroad, one of the greatest novelists of the day. He is now proprietor of the old family mansion at Cooperstown.

[From "*The Pilot*."]

ESCAPE OF THE ARIEL FROM THE SHOALS.

"GENTLEMEN, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail." "'T is a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain. "It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without!" "It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seeming to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the

ship to her centre ; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and, bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul. "She feels it! she springs her luff!" said he ; "if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward. "'T is the jib blown from the bolt-ropes!" said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet."—"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant ; "but that mast springs like a piece of steel."—"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can!"

This warning effectually closed all discourse ; and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water ; but it was soon lost to the eye, amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate, to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean ; and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger ; but breaker after breaker would still rise before them, following each

other into the general mass, to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant, the voice of the pilot was heard shouting—"Square away the yards!—in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the open sea.



CHARLES SPRAGUE. 1791—.

Mr. Sprague was born in Boston, and was a son of one of those veterans who assisted in making "one great tea-pot of Boston harbor." He was educated in the Boston schools, but left them at an early age, and entered a commercial house, as clerk. At twenty-one, he commenced business for himself; but he has been for many years occupied as cashier of the Globe Bank. But during the intervals of business, he has found leisure for extensive reading, and for writing several admirable poems. Some of these are *Curiosity*, *Shakspeare Ode*, *Centennial Ode*, *The Winged Worshippers*, and several beautiful ones of a domestic character.

[From the "Centennial Ode."]

TRIBUTE TO THE ABORIGINES OF OUR COUNTRY.

ALAS! alas! for them — those fated bands,
Whose monarch tread was on these broad, green lands;
Our fathers called them savage, — them, whose bread,
In the dark hour, those famished fathers fed;

* * * * *

We call them savage; — oh, be just!
Their outraged feelings scan;

A voice comes forth — 't is from the dust —
The savage was a man !

Think ye he loved not ? Who stood by,
And in his toils took part ?

Woman was there to bless his eye —
The savage had a heart !

Think ye he prayed not ? When on high
He heard the thunders roll,

What bade him look beyond the sky ?
The savage had a soul !

I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead —

We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
He turned to nature for a creed ;

Beneath the pillared dome,

We sought our God in prayer ;

Through boundless woods he loved to roam,

And the Great Spirit worshipped there.

But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt ;

To one divinity with us he knelt ;

Freedom, the self-same freedom we adore,

Bade him defend his violated shore.

He saw the cloud, ordained to grow,

And burst upon his hills in woe ;

He saw his people withering by,

Beneath the invader's evil eye ;

Strange feet were trampling on his father's bones ;

At midnight hour he woke to gaze

Upon his happy cabin's blaze,

And listen to his children's dying groans.

He saw — and, maddening at the sight,

Gave his bold bosom to the fight ;

To tiger rage his soul was driven ;

Mercy was not — nor sought nor given ;

The pale man from his lands must fly ;

He would be free — or he would die.

*

*

*

*

Alas! for them — their day is o'er,
 Their fires are out from hill and shore;
 No more for them the wild deer bounds;
 The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
 The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
 The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
 Their pleasant springs are dry;
 Their children — look, by power oppressed,
 Beyond the mountains of the west,
 Their children go — to die.

* * * *

But the doomed Indian leaves behind no trace,
 To save his own, or serve another race;
 With his frail breath his power has passed away,
 His deeds, his thoughts, are buried with his clay;
 Nor lofty pile, nor glowing page,
 Shall link him to a future age,
 Or give him with the past a rank;
 His heraldry is but a broken bow,
 His history, but a tale of wrong and woe,
 His very name must be a blank.



HANNAH F. GOULD. 1792—.

Miss Gould is a native of Lancashire, Vermont, but her life has been mostly spent in Newburyport, Massachusetts. She did not appear before the public as a writer at an early age, but her poems occupy three duodecimo volumes.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
 To be cast in some lone and lowly spot,
 To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot?
 And there will my course be ended?"
 'T was this a feathery snow-flake said,
 As down through measureless space it strayed;
 Or as, half by dalliance, half afraid,
 It seemed in mid-air suspended.

“O, no!” said the Earth; “thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky;
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form —
Thou wilt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!

“And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness; —
To melt, and be cast, in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

“I’ll let thee awake from thy transient sleep,
When Viola’s mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear; or, a diamond, leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers and all beneath,
Go up, and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

“Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris, I’ll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending!
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I’ll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!”

“Then I will drop,” said the trusting flake;
“But, bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to wake,

Nor the mist, that shall pass with the morning :
 For, things of thyself, they will die with thee ;
 But those that are lent from on high, like me,
 Must rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
 To the regions above returning.

“ And, if true to thy word and just thou art,
 Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
 Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
 And return to my native heaven.
 For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
 From time to time in thy sight to glow,
 So thou mayst remember the Flake of Snow,
 By the promise that God hath given ! ”



ORVILLE DEWEY. 1794—.

Mr. Dewey is a native of Sheffield, Mass. He supplied Dr. Channing's pulpit, in Boston, while the latter was in Europe ; was pastor of a church in New Bedford, for about ten years ; and was afterwards settled over the Church of the Messiah, in New York, which situation he has recently resigned. He has been one of the most popular preachers in the country, pleasing by the finish of his style, and his eloquence in behalf of humanity. Besides several volumes of *Discourses*, Mr. Dewey has published a very interesting *Journal of Observations and Reflections made on a Visit to Europe*.

[From “*Moral Views of Society*.”]

MORAL DANGER OF BUSINESS.

I ASK, if there is not good ground for the admonitions, on this point, of every moral and holy teacher of the age ? What means, if there is not, that eternal disingenuity of trade, that is ever putting on fair appearances and false pretences, — of “ the buyer that says, It is nought, it is nought, but when he is gone his way then boasteth,” — of the seller, who is always exhibiting the best samples — not fair, but false samples — of what he has to sell ; of the seller, I say, who, to use the language of another, if he is tying up a bundle of quills, will place several in the centre, of not half the value of the rest, and thus sends

forth a hundred liars, with a fair outside, to proclaim as many falsehoods to the world? These practices, alas! have fallen into the regular course of the business of many. All men expect them; and, therefore, you may say that nobody is deceived. But deception is intended; else, why are these things done? What if nobody is deceived? The seller himself is corrupted. He may stand acquitted of dishonesty, in the moral code of worldly traffic; no man may charge him with dishonesty; and yet, to himself, he is a dishonest man. Did I say that nobody is deceived? Nay; but somebody is deceived. The man, the seller, is grossly, wofully deceived. He thinks to make a little profit by his contrivances; and he is selling, by pennyworths, the very integrity of his soul. Yes, the pettiest shop where these things are done may be, to the spiritual vision, a place of more than tragic interest. It is the stage on which the great action of life is performed. There stands a man, who, in the sharp collisions of daily traffic, might have polished his mind to the bright and beautiful image of truth,—who might have put on the noble brow of candor, and cherished the very soul of uprightness. I have known such a man. I have looked into his humble shop. I have seen the mean and soiled articles with which he is dealing. And yet, the process of things going on there was as beautiful as if it had been done in heaven! But now, what is this man—the man who always turns up to you the better side of everything he sells—the man of unceasing contrivances and expedients, his life long, to make things appear better than they are? Be he the greatest merchant, or the poorest huckster, he is a mean, a knavish, and, were I not awed by the thoughts of his immortality, I should say, a contemptible creature; whom nobody that knows him can love, whom nobody can trust, whom nobody can reverence. Not one thing, in the dusty repository of things, great or small, which he deals with, is so vile as he. What *is this thing*, then, which is done, or may be done, in the house of traffic? I tell you,—though you may have thought not so of it,—I tell you that *there*, even *there*, a soul may be lost!—that very structure, built for the gain of earth, may be the gate of hell! Say not that this fearful appellation should be applied to worse

places than that. A man may as certainly corrupt all the integrity and virtue of his soul in a warehouse or shop, as in a gambling-house or a brothel.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 1794—.

Mr. Bryant is a native of Cumington, Massachusetts, and a son of the distinguished Dr. Bryant, of that place. The father, early perceiving in his son indications of superior talents, carefully instructed him, and gave direction to his literary taste. At the age of thirteen, Bryant gave evidence of great precocity, in the production of the *Embargo*, and the *Spanish Revolution*. His *Thanatopsis* was written in his eighteenth year. He was educated at Williams College, and followed the profession of law, in Massachusetts, until 1825, when he came to New York, where he has since resided, most of the time officiating as editor of the *New York Evening Post*. Mr. Bryant's rank as a poet is among the very first in our country.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou

That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!

Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;

Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,

Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,

Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee

To the parched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone; — a thousand bosoms round

Inhale thee, in the fulness of delight;

And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound

Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;

And, languishing to hear thy welcome sound,

Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.

Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth, —

God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,

Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse

The wide old wood from his majestic rest,

Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,

The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast ;
Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone ;
That they who near the church-yard willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that passed away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee ; thou shall kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains, to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go — but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more ;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves ;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home ;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side ;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief ;
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.



EDWARD EVERETT. 1794—.

Mr. Everett was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts. At the age of seventeen, he graduated at Harvard, with great reputation for talent and scholarship. He succeeded Mr. Buckminster, in the Brattle-street Church, Boston, when only nineteen years of age ; but his success in this difficult situation answered the highest expectations of his friends. In about two years, he was appointed Professor of Greek, at Harvard, with permission to travel. After an absence of about four years and a half, in which he visited all the most important places in Europe, and became acquainted with many persons of distinction, in literature and the arts, he returned, and entered upon the duties of his office. He was, after this, successively editor and contributor of the *North American Review*, Representative to Congress ten years, Governor of Massachusetts four years, Minister to the Court of London five years, and finally President of Harvard University, the last of which offices he has recently resigned. His published writings consist chiefly of *Essays*, *Orations* and *Speeches*, upon literary and political subjects.

[*From an Address at Amherst College.*]

THE DEATH OF COPERNICUS.

It is plain that Copernicus, like his great contemporary, Columbus, though fully conscious of the boldness and the novelty of his doctrine, saw but a part of the changes it was to effect in science. After harboring in his bosom, for long, long years, that pernicious heresy, the solar system, he died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years, he has revolved and matured in his mind his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press, and make known his system but to a few confidential disciples and friends. At length, he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on the "Revolutions of the Heavenly Orbs" to his friends for publication. The day at last has come, on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the twenty-fourth of May, 1543. On that day — the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame — an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise, in his apartment of the Canonry, at Frauenburg, East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere, which he has contrived, to represent his theory of the heavens; his picture, painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it are his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens; — the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters; it is a friend, who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world

had acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovation; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; but he knows that his book is true. He is dying; but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once more, before his eyes grow dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no; he is not wholly gone. A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the friend, who leans over him, can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiment which the Christian lyricist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse:

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night;
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my Divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God."

So died the great Columbus of the heavens!



JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795—1820.

It is as the author of *The Culprit Fay* that Drake is best known. Of the composition of this delicate fairy tale, the following history is given. "The author was walking, with some friends, among the highlands of the Hudson, on a warm, moonlit evening, when one of the party remarked, that 'it would be difficult to write a fairy poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters!' When the friends were reassembled, two or three days afterwards, *The Culprit Fay* was read to them, nearly as it is now printed." Mr. Drake was a native of the city of New York, and was about entering upon medical practice, when consumption laid him low. His poetical talents were early developed; but he had a very modest estimate of his productions, and it is supposed he destroyed a great number of his poems. Few, besides *The Culprit Fay*, have been published.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night —
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Nought is seen, in the vault on high,
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood that rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon lies down on old Cronest;
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw,
In a silver cone, on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark —
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break,
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam,
In an eel-like spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And nought is heard on the lonely hill,
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'T is the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all, with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,

And he has awakened the sentry elfe
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry ;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
'T was made of the white snail's pearly shell —
"Midnight comes, and all is well !
Hither, hither, wing your way !
'T is the dawn of the fairy-day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ;
Some on the backs of beetles fly,
From the silver-tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze ;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest —
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour ;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above — below — on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride !

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the butter-cup ; —
A scene of sorrow waits them, now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow ;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade ;

He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away ; —
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras ;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy,
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimsoned drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone ;
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around, and calmly spoke ;
His brow was grave, and eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke :

“Fairy ! fairy ! list and mark :
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain ;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain :
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye ;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high ; —
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love ;

Fairy ! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment.
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings ;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings ;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut shell ;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede ;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailor a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
Of the worm, and the bug, or the murdered fly ; —
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree —
Fairy, this your doom must be :

“Thou shalt seek the beach of sand,
Where the water bounds the elfin land ;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright sunshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms,
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirit's charms —
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might ;
If thy heart be pure, and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

“If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away ;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye ;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must reillumine its spark.
Mount thy steed, and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy ;

And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far —
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay ;
Hence ! to the water-side away !”

FRANCIS WAYLAND. 1796—.

Dr. Wayland was born in the city of New York, and graduated at Schenectady. He studied medicine three years ; was a member of Andover Theological Seminary one year ; was some time tutor in Union College ; five years he was pastor of a church in Boston ; was for less than a year Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, at Union, and then, in 1827, became President of Brown University, where he remains at the present time. Besides publishing many *Discourses*, *The Elements of Moral Science*, and other works on moral subjects, he has written largely for the public journals.

[From a “ *Discourse on N. Brown.*”]

GLORY.

THE crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness of the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer ! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis, in indiscriminate ruin. The ploughshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiseled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva. But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have created them. And, were it otherwise,—could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our existence,—it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit in the effort to make it known to other times that a being whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet once lived, and flourished, and died. Neither sculptured marble nor

stately column can reveal to other eyes the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed from every object around him is the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. * * * * The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness. The aged crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisle and chapel, utters, with measured cadence and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honored dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers-by. Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. * * * It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.



CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK. 17—.

Miss Sedgwick is a native of the beautiful village of Stockbridge, Massachusetts; and there she has resided, with the exception of the last ten years, which have mostly been passed in Lenox. From the publication of her first work, in 1822, she has held a distinguished rank among the writers of our country. Her style is entirely her own, and her object in writing is to improve, rather than to amuse, her readers. She draws from every-day experience, and selects her characters from among the virtuous poor. Her delineations of New England manners are considered the best that have been given to the public.

[From "*Hope Leslie*."]

THE PURITAN SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal affairs were suspended; and so zealously did our fathers maintain the letter, as well as the spirit, of the law, that, according to a vulgar tradition in Connecticut, no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to *work* on Sunday. * * * *

On Saturday afternoon, an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week. The good mothers, like Burns' matron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or *help*, — we prefer the national distinctive term, — are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and *mops*, to make all *tidy* for the Sabbath.

As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away; and, after the sun is set, perfect stillness reigns in every well-ordered household, and not a footfall is heard in the village street. It cannot be denied, that even the most scriptural, missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate their usual bed-time. * * * *

The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwelling; and, but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till, at the bidding of the church-going bell, the old and young issue from their habitations, and, with solemn demeanor, bend their measured steps to the meeting-house; — the families of the minister, the squire, the doctor, the merchant, the modish gentry of the village, and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality which breaks down the pride of the rich, and rescues the poor from servility, envy and discontent. If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed

voice ; and if, perchance, Nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter — “ My dear, you forget it’s Sunday ! ” is the ever-ready reproof.

Though every face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon’s muscles relaxed by the wit of a neighbor, and heard him allege, in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, “ She is so droll, that a body must laugh, though it be Sabbath-day ! ”

The farmer’s ample wagon, and the little one-horse vehicle, bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance, — that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasing sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers’ daughters, blooming, intelligent, well-bred, pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice, white gowns, prunella shoes, Leghorn hats, fans and parasols ; and the spruce young men, with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there is an outlaw from the society, — a luckless wight, whose vagrant taste has never been subdued, — he may be seen stealing along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonition of his fellows.

Towards the close of the day, — or, to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings who first used it, — “ when the Sabbath begins to *abate*,” the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky, and, though it seems to them as though the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind the mountain ; and, while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, many voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk ; the boys gather on “ the green ; ” the lads and girls throng to the “ singing-school ; ” while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor ; and all enter upon the pleasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Mr. Moore is a Professor in the Episcopal Theological Seminary, in New York. The following story of *Santa Claus* is in imitation of the old legends of England and other European countries.

CHRISTMAS TIMES.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap ;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash, —
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below, —
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name : —
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer ! now, Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Dunder and Blixen !
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away, all ! ”
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and Saint Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof ;

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came, with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of his pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He said not a word, but went straight to his work,
And *filled all the stockings*, — then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”

LYDIA M. CHILD. 18—.

Mrs. Child first became an author in consequence of reading an article in the *North American Review*, in which was described “the adaptation of early New England history to the purposes of fiction.” This led to her writing, the same hour, the first chapter of her first tale, entitled *Hobomok*. Her *Philothea* is a classical romance, depicting life in Athens in the days of Pericles. Her other works are numerous, but all breathe a spirit of freedom and humanity. Some of Mrs. Child’s early days were spent in Maine; a part of her life she has resided in Massachusetts, and for several years she was one of the editors of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York.

[From "*Fact and Fiction.*"]

THE BELOVED TUNE.

IN a pleasant English garden, on a rustic chair of intertwined boughs, are seated two happy human beings. Beds of violets perfume the air, and the verdant hedge-rows stand sleepily in the moonlight. A guitar lies on the green sward, but it is silent now, for all is hushed in the deep stillness of the heart. That youthful pair are whispering their first acknowledgment of mutual love. With them is now unfolding life's best and brightest blossom, so beautiful and so transient, but leaving, as it passes into fruit, a fragrance through all the paths of memory.

And now the garden is alone in the moonlight. The rustic bench and the whispering foliage of the tree tell each other no tales of those still kisses, those gentle claspings, and all the fervent language of the heart. But the young man has carried them away in his soul; and as he sits alone at his chamber window, gazing in the mild face of the moon, he feels, as all do, who love and are beloved, that he is a better man, and will henceforth be a wiser and a purer one. The worlds within and without are veiled in transfigured glory, and breathe together in perfect harmony. For all these high aspirations, this deep tide of tenderness, this fulness of beauty, there is but one utterance; the yearning heart must overflow in music. Faint and uncertain come the first tones of the guitar, breathing as softly as if they responded to the mere touch of the moonbeams. But now the rich, manly voice has united with them, and a clear, spiritual melody flows forth, plaintive and impassioned, the modulated breath of indwelling life and love. All the secrets of the garden, secrets that painting and poetry had no power to reveal, have passed into the song.

* * * * *

But two years of patient effort secures his prize. The loved one has come to his humble home, with her bridal wreath of jessamine and orange-buds. He sits at the same window, and the same moon shines on him; but he is no longer alone. A beautiful head leans on his breast, and a loving voice says,

"Dearest Alessandro, sing me a song of thine own composing!" He was at that moment thinking of that rustic seat in her father's garden, of violets breathing to the moonlight, of Dora's first bashful confession of love; and, smiling with a happy consciousness, he sought for the written voice of that blissful hour. But he will not tell her when it was composed, lest it should not say so much to her heart as it does to his. He begins by singing other songs, which drawing-room misses love for their tinkling sweetness. Dora listens, well pleased, and sometimes says, "That is pretty, Alessandro; play it again." But now comes the voice of melting, mingling souls. That melody, so like sunshine, and rainbows, and bird-warbling, after a summer shower, with rain-drops from the guitar at intervals, and all subsiding into blissful, dreamy moonlight. Dora leans forward, gazing earnestly into his face, and, with beaming, tearful eyes, exclaims, "O, that is very beautiful! That is *my* tune." "Yes, it is indeed thy tune," replied the happy husband; and when she had heard its history, she knew why it had seemed like echoes from her own deepest heart.

Time has passed, and Alessandro sits by Dora's bedside, their eyes looking at each other through happy tears. Their love is crowned with life's deepest, purest joy, its most heavenly emotion. Their united lives have reappeared in a new existence; and they feel that without this rich experience the human heart can never know one half its wealth of love. Long sat the father in that happy stillness, and wist not that angels near by smiled when he touched the soft down of the infant's arm, or twined its little finger over his, and looked his joyful tenderness into the mother's eyes. The tear-dew glistened on those long, dark fringes, when he took up the guitar, and played the beloved tune. He had spoken no word to his child. These tones were the first sounds with which he welcomed her into the world.

A few months glide away, and the little Fioretta knows the tune for herself. She claps her hands and crows at sight of the guitar, and all changing emotions show themselves in her dark, melancholy eyes, and on her little tremulous lips.

* * * * And when her father touches the first notes he

ever played to her, she smiles and listens seriously, as if she heard her own being prophesied in music.

* * * * *

Three years pass away, and the scene is changed. * * *
 One day Alessandro came home as twilight was passing into evening. Fioretta had eaten her supper, and sat on her mother's lap, chatting merrily; but the little clear voice hushed as soon as father's step was heard approaching. He entered, with flushed cheek and unsteady motions, and threw himself full length upon the sofa, grumbling that it was shocking dismal there. Dora answered hastily, "When a man has made his home dismal, if he don't like it, he had better stay where he finds more pleasure!" The next moment, she would have given worlds if she had not spoken those words. * * *
 There sat they silently in the twilight, and Dora's tears fell on the little head that rested on her bosom. I know not what spirit guided the child; perhaps she remembered how her favorite sounds used to heighten all love, and cheer all sorrow; perhaps angels came and took her by the hand. But so it was. She slipped down from her mother's lap, and scrambling up on the music-stool, began to play the tune which had been taught her in private hours, and which the father had not heard for many months. Wonderfully the little creature touched the keys with her tiny fingers, and ever and anon her weak but flexible voice chimed in, with a pleasant harmony. Alessandro raised his head, and looked, and listened. "God bless her dear little soul!" he exclaimed; "can *she* play it? God bless her! God bless her!" He clasped the darling to his breast, and kissed her again and again, and burst into a flood of tears. Dora threw her arms round him, and said, softly, "Dear Alessandro! forgive me that I spoke so unkindly." He pressed her hand, and answered, in a stifled voice, "Forgive *me*, Dora."
 * * * * * As they stood weeping on each other's necks, two little soft arms encircle their knees, and a small voice says, "Kiss Fietta!" They raise her up, and fold her in long embraces. Alessandro carries her to her bed, as in times of old, and says, cheerfully, "No more wine, dear Dora! no more wine! Our child has saved me."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 1803—.

Mr. Emerson holds the most prominent place among those of our country to whom the name *Transcendentalist* is applied. He was born in Boston, graduated at Harvard, and for a few years was settled as a clergyman in Boston. But, from some peculiar views, he gave up this profession, and removed to Concord. Here, living in a retired, quiet way, he takes the liberty of *thinking for himself*; and occasionally puts forth his thoughts to the world. His published works consist of *Poems, Essays, Orationes, Lectures, &c.*

[From an "Essay on Compensation."]

THE COMPENSATIONS OF CALAMITY.

THE changes which break up, at short intervals, the prosperity of men, are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow; and every soul is, by this intrinsic necessity, quitting its whole system of things, — its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, — as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but strong case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual, these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant, and all worldly relations hang very loose about him, becoming, as it were, a transparent fluid membrane, through which the form is always seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates, and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, — a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed state, resting, not advancing, — resisting, not coöperating with the Divine expansion, — this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, — in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day, to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread, and shelter, and organs,

nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward, forevermore." We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet, the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones, more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences, that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots, and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banyan of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.



MRS. SEBA SMITH. 1806—.

Mrs. Smith was born in Maine, near Portland, and at the age of sixteen married Mr. Seba Smith, a lawyer, who then resided in Portland, but who has since removed to New York. Mrs. Smith began to write for periodicals when quite young. Her longest poem is *The Sinless Child*, from which an extract is here given, as abridged by Griswold.

FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD."

[Eva, the heroine, is a widow's fair-haired child, of dove-like gentleness:]

* * EVERY insect dwelt secure,
Where little Eva played;
And piped for her its blithest song,
When she in greenwood strayed,

The widow's cot was rude and low —
 The sloping roof moss-grown;
 And it would seem its quietude
 To every bird were known.
 The winding vine its tendrils wove
 Round roof and oaken door,
 And, by the flickering light, the leaves
 Were painted on the floor.

[Here the daughter, as]

* * She turned the wheel,
 Or toiled in humble guise,
 With buoyant heart was all abroad,
 Beneath the pleasant skies;
 And sang all day from joy of heart,
 For joy that in her dwelt,
 That unconfined the soul went forth —
 Such blessedness she felt.

[As the widow and child walk in the twilight, the first sees, in the jagged limbs
 spreading above her,]

Spectres and distorted shapes,
 That frown upon her path,
 And mock her with their hideous eyes;
 For when the soul is blind
 To freedom, truth and inward light,
 Vague fears debase the mind.

But Eva, like a dreamer waked,
 Looked off upon the hill,
 And muttered words of strange, sweet sound,
 As if there lingered still
 Ethereal forms, with whom she talked,
 Unseen by all beside;
 And she, with earnest looks, besought
 The vision to abide.

[She says to her mother —]

E'en now, I marked a radiant throng,
 On pinions sailing by,

To cheer with hope the trembling heart,
And cheer the dying eye ;
They smiling passed the lesser sprites,
Each on his work intent ;
And love, and holy joy, I saw
In every face were blent.

The meek-eyed violets smiling bowed —
For angels sported by —
Rolling in balls the fragrant dew
To scent the evening sky.
They kissed the rose in love and mirth,
And its petals fairer grew ;
A shower of pearly dust they brought,
And o'er the lily threw.

A host flew o'er the mowing field,
And they were showering down
The little drops on the tender grass,
Like diamonds o'er it thrown.
They gemmed each leaf and quivering spear
With pearls of liquid dew,
And bathed the stately forest tree,
Till its robe was fresh and new.

I saw a meek-eyed angel curve
The tulip's painted cup,
And bless with one soft kiss the urn,
Then fold its petals up.
Another rocked the young bird's nest,
As high on a branch it hung,
And the tinkling dew-drops rattled down
Where the old dry leaf was flung.

Each, and all, as its task is done,
Soars up with a joyous eye,
Bearing aloft some treasured gift,
An offering to God on high.

They bear the breath of the odorous flower,
 The sound of the pearly shell;
 And thus they add to the holy joys
 Of the home where spirits dwell.

[At length, the child fulfils her destiny. The widow, alarmed by her long absence, one morning, seeks her, and finds her dead.]

Why raises she the small pale hand,
 And holds it to the light?
 There is no clear, transparent hue
 To meet her dizzy sight.
 She holds the mirror to her lips
 To catch the moistened air;—
 The widowed mother stands alone
 With her dead daughter there!

And yet, so placid is the face,
 So sweet its lingering smile,
 That one might deem the sleep to be
 The maiden's playful wile.

* * * *

The sinless child, with mission high,
 A while to earth was given,
 To show us that our world should be
 The vestibule of heaven.
 Did we but in the holy light
 Of truth and goodness rise,
 We might communion hold with God,
 And spirits from the skies.



NATHANIEL P. WILLIS. 1807—.

Mr. Willis was born in Portland, but early removed to Boston. While a student at Yale College, he wrote his *Scripture Sketches*. His poetical and prose works are numerous and well known. He has, for a number of years, resided in New York; and has been editor of several periodicals.

APRIL.

I HAVE found violets. April hath come on,
 And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain

Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
You may hear birds at morning ; and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful, bright neck ; and, from the hills,
A murmur, like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass ; and so I know
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.
Take of my violets ! I found them where
The liquid South stole o'er them, on a bank
That leaned to running water. There 's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That teaches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their hues so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go, in the capricious days
Of April, and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deemed too idle, but the young
Read Nature like the manuscript of heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out,
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it, when "the fever of the world"
Hath made your hearts impatient ; and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoisoned, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April time.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. 1807—.

Longfellow was born in Portland, and entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen. Soon after graduating, he was offered a professorship of modern languages in the same college; after spending three and a half years in the principal countries of southern Europe, he returned, and entered upon the duties of that office. At the end of six years, he was appointed to a professorship of the same kind in Harvard University, and again went abroad, with the design of becoming better acquainted with the languages of northern Europe. In 1836, after an absence of a year, and while yet short of thirty years of age, he commenced his professorship at Cambridge, where he has since resided. His writings, and his reputation as a writer, are well known.

[From "*Hyperion*."]

PAUL FLEMMING RESOLVES.

AND now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter, and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak — weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And, oh! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read, on a marble tablet, in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription: —

"Look not mournfully into the past: it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of the grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment, the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright morning heaven, he said: —

"I will be strong!"

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings, to

behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and, as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully, with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend, for the last time, into the great tomb of the past, with painful longings, to behold once more the faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away, and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far sounding, he heard the great gate of the past shut behind him, as the Divine poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the holy mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and, from that hour forth, he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward, not to lean on others, but to walk self-confident and self-possessed: no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes, nor indiscreet desires; but to live in the present wisely, alike forgetful of the past, and careless of what the mysterious future might bring. And, from that moment, he was calm, and strong; he was reconciled with himself! His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling, rose within him.

"Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he, "and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth, be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life."

PROEM TO "THE WAIF."

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs as have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that invest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809—.

Dr. Holmes was born at Cambridge, educated at Harvard, and has been in the practice of medicine, in Boston, for fifteen years, with the exception of two years that he was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, in Dartmouth College. He holds a distinguished place in his profession; and, as a poet, his comic humor and originality have secured him a reputation which promises to be enduring.

THE DILEMMA.

Now, by the blessed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;
By every name I cut on bark,
Before my morning star grew dark;
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue,—
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams:
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I asked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die;—

Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue,
And ten accused a darker hue.

I asked a matron which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed ;
She answered, some thought both were fair —
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But, as she spake, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in — their eyes were blue !

I asked a maiden ; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye — a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun —
On me, until, beneath its rays,
I felt as if my hair would blaze ;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green :
She looked at me ; what could she mean ?

Ah ! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen ;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set ;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well, both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake,
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away.
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam ;
But that is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

DEPARTED DAYS.

YES, dear, departed, cherished days,
 Could Memory's hand restore
 Your morning light, your evening rays,
 From Time's gray urn once more, —
 Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close;
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
 Each moment further from the shore,
 Where life's young fountains gleam —
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,
 And wilder rolls the sea;
 The mist grows dark — the sun goes down —
 Day breaks, and where are we?



EDGAR A. POE. 1811—1849.

Mr. Poe belonged to one of the oldest and most respectable families in Baltimore. When he was about two years of age, his father and mother both died. He was adopted by a Mr. Allan, of Richmond, Va., with whom he visited Great Britain, where he passed four or five years at a school near London. On returning to this country, he went to Jefferson University, and took the highest honors, though dissipated in his habits. He joined an expedition in aid of Greece, but went to St. Petersburg, where he was involved in many difficulties. On coming back to this country, he entered the Military Academy, at West Point. Dissatisfied with this, he left, and determined to devote himself to authorship. His poems are few, but some of them evince high poetic genius. His prose writings are more numerous. He married his cousin, whose mother seems to have loved him as her own son, and who, in all his erratic courses, followed him with the tenderest interest, and the most touching devotedness.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels,
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon !
 O, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling
 How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
 Of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !
 Hear the tolling of the bells —
 Iron bells !
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people ! —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
 They are Ghouls :
And their king it is who tolls ;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells !
And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells !
And he dances, and he yells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells —
 Of the bells :
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells ;
 To the tolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells !

SYLVESTER JUDD, JR. 1813—.

Mr. Judd is a native of Westhampton, Massachusetts. He was graduated at Yale College, and immediately on completing his theological course at the University at Cambridge, he was settled as pastor of a church in Augusta, Maine, where he resides at the present time. Besides a number of *Sermons* which have been made public by request, he has published *Margaret, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal*, and *Philo, an Evangeliad*; the former in prose, the latter in blank verse, and dramatic in form. Of "*Margaret*,"—that "remarkable" book, as almost all its reviewers term it,—it may be said, that it is highly *national* in its character; but the elements which enter into its composition, and the various objects at which it aims, are too many to be enumerated here. In the author's own words, "'*Philo*' is a treatment of elevated Christian topics, designed to be full of hope to mankind. It looks on the brighter side of nature, man, death; it is reformatory and improving in its spirit; it is believed to be pervaded with love and good will."

[From the Introduction of "*Margaret*."]

PHANTASMAGORICAL.

WE behold a child eight or ten months old; it has brown, curly hair, dark eyes, fair-conditioned features, a health-glowing cheek, and well-shaped limbs. Who is it? Whose is it? What is it? Where is it? It is in the centre of fantastic light, and only a dimly revealed form appears. It may be Queen Victoria's, or Sally Twig's. It is God's own child, as all children are. The blood of Adam and Eve, through how many channels soever diverging, runs in its veins, and the spirit of the Eternal, that blows everywhere, has animated its soul. It opens its eyes upon us, stretches out its hands to us, as all children do. Can you love it? It may be the heir of a throne; does it interest you? or of a milking-stool; do not despise it. It is a miracle of the All-working; it is endowed by the All-gifted. Smile upon it, and it will smile you back again; prick it, and it will cry. Where does it belong? in what zone or climate? on what hill? in what plain? It may have been born on the Thames or the Amazon, the Hoang Ho or the Mississippi.

The vision deepens. Green grass appears beneath the child. It may, after all, be Queen Victoria's, in Windsor Park, or Sally Twig's, on Little Pucker Island. The sun now shines upon it, a blue sky breaks over, and the wind rustles its hair. Sun, sky

and wind are common to Arctic and Antarctic regions, and belong to each of the three hundred and sixty terrestrial divisions. A black-cap is seen to fly over it; and this bird is said, by naturalists, to be found in every part of the globe. A dog, or the whelp of a dog, or young pup, crouches near it, makes a caracol backwards, frisks away, and returns again. The child is pleased, throws out his arms, and laughs right merrily.

As we now look at the child, we can hardly tell to which of the five races it belongs; whether it be a Caucasian, Mongolian, American, Ethiopian or Malay. Each child on this terra-queous ball, — whether its nose be aquiline, its eyes black and small, its cheek-bones prominent, its lips large, or its head narrow, — whether its hue be white, olive or jet, — is of God's creating, and is delighted with the bright summer light, a bed of grass, the wind, birds and puppies; and smiles in the eyes of all beholders. It is God's child still, and its mother's. It is curiously and wonderfully made; the inspiration of the Almighty hath given it understanding. It will look after God, its Maker, by how many soever names he may be called; it will aspire to the Infinite, whether that Infinite be expressed in Bengalee or Arabic, English or Chinese; it will seek to know truth; it will long to be loved; it will sin and be miserable, if it has none to care for it; it will die. Let us give it to Queen Victoria. "No," says Sally Twig, "it is mine." — "No," says the Empress Isabella, "it is destined to the crown of Castile." — "Not so sure of that, me hearty; it is Teddy O'Rourke's own Phelim." — "Nay," says a Tahitian, "I left it playing under the palm-trees." — "What presumption!" exclaims Mrs. Morris; "it is our Frances Maria, whom the servant has taken to the common." — "I just bore it in my own arms through the cypresses," says Osceola. * * * *

The scene advances. Two hands are seen thrust down towards it, and now it smiles again. Near by, discovers itself a peach-tree. Where does that belong? Not, like the black-cap, everywhere. In the grass shows the yellow disk of a dandelion; the skin of the child settles into a Caucasian whiteness, and its fat fingers are making for the flower. Be not disap-

pointed, my friends! your children still live and smile; let this one live and smile, too. Go, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American or Malay, and take your child in your arms, and it will remind you of this, since all are so much alike!

Now the child crawls towards the peach-tree. Those two hands, that may belong to its brother, set the child on its feet by the side of the tree, as it were measuring their heights, which are found to be the same. Yellow and brown chickens appear on the grass, and run under the low mallows and smart-weed. A sheet of water is seen in the distance, spotted with green islands. Forest trees burst forth in the rim of the picture — butter-nuts, beeches, maples, pines. A sober-faced boy, seven or eight years old, to whom the two hands are seen to belong, sits down, and, with a fife, pipes to the child, who manifests strong joy at the sound. A man in a three-cornered hat and wig, with nankeen small-clothes, and paste buckles, takes the child in his arms. Where is the child? A log cabin appears; a woman in a blue-striped longshort, and yellow skirt, comes to the door. An Anglo-Saxon voice is heard. If you were to look into the cabin or house, you would discover a loom and spinning-wheels, and, behind it, a large boy making shingles, and, somewhere about, a jolly-faced man, drinking rum. The woman, addressing the first boy as Chilion, tells him to bring the child into the house.

This child, we will inform you, is Margaret, of whom we have many things to say, and hope to reveal more perfectly to you. She is in the town of Livingston, in that section of the United States of America known as New England. And yet, so far as this book is concerned, she is for you all as much as if she were your own child; and if you cared anything about her when you did not know her, we desire that your regards may not abate when you do know her, even if she be not your own child; and we dedicate this memoir to ALL who are interested in her, and care to read about her. In the mean time, if you are willing, we will lose sight of her for seven or eight years, and present her in a more tangible form, as she appeared at the end of that period.

[From "*Philo.*"]

WOMAN'S MISSION.

Annie. What shall

I do? Expound me, — what is woman's mission?

Philo. To be herself, to grow her natural size,
Nor take a thought to add a cubit more.

* * * * *

Man does his mission; woman is herself
 A mission, like the landscape. Her effect
 Lies not in voting, warring, clerical oil,
 But germinating grace, forth-putting virtue,
 The Demosthenic force of secret worth,
 The Pantheism of truth and holiness.
 She gives withdrawing, draws by her rebuffs;
 Her figure is canorous, and her will
 A hammer. Need she push, when through all crowds
 She melts like quicksilver? The Amazons,
 Outwent they the blue-eyed Saxonides?
 The fairest smile that woman ever smiled,
 The softest word she ever gave her lover,
 The dimple in the cheek, the eyes enchanting,
 The goodly-favoredness of hand or neck,
 The emphasis of nerves, the shuddering pulse,
 The Psyche veiled beneath the skin, the might
 Of gentleness, the sovereignty of good,
 Are all apostles, by God's right; their office,
 To guide, reprove, enlighten and to save;
 Their field, the world, now ripe for harvesting.
 Her mission works with her development;
 Her scope, to beautify whate'er she touches;
 Her action is not running, nor her forte
 To nod like Jove, and set the earth a shaking.
 Silent she speaks, and motionless she moves,
 As rocks are split by wedges of pure water.
 'T is man's undoing that makes all man's doing;
 And in undoing lies whate'er we do.
 Woman, undone, is unprobational.

Woman in pureness still 's in Paradise.
 Woman is poetry to man's dull prose,
 The hopeful Christian to his Heathenism,
 And Unity to his malign Dissent.
 When she the apple plucked, she kept the juice,
 And is the savoriness of all life's fruit.
 If men were what they should be, woman then
 Would be consorted ; now she reigns alone.

* * * *

If woman feels the sacred fire of genius,
 Give her the liberty to genius owed.
 But the world's greatness is diminutive,
 And what is small the true magnificence,
 And a good mother greater than a queen.
 Woman is the heart of the family,
 If man the head.

[*From the same.*]

RESURRECTION HYMN.

Chorus of People.

RESURRECTION'S morn has come ;
 Souls emerge from night profound,
 Ages burst their silent tomb,
 Years of God begin their round.

Prophecy fulfils its moons,
 Earth in Christ transfigured lies,
 Nature all her winds attunes,
 Human modes accordant rise.

Heroes come from battles won,
 Shades of martyrs o'er us bend,
 Zion gleameth as the sun,
 Empires Virtue's heights ascend.

Crowd the chorus, swell the lay,
 Lift the shout of jubilee !
 Hail, exultant hail the day !
 Shake the hills with ecstasy !

J. T. HEADLEY. 1814—.

Mr. Headley was born in Holton, N. Y. He graduated at Union College, and after a course of theological study, received a license to preach ; but ill health has prevented him from devoting himself to his profession. He went to Italy in 1842, and spent about two years abroad ; and has since published *Letters from Italy, The Alps and the Rhine, Napoleon and his Marshals*, and *The Sacred Mountains*.

[From "*Letters from Italy*."]]

THE MISERERE AT ROME.

THE night on which our Saviour is supposed to have died is selected for this service. The Sistine Chapel is dimly lighted, to correspond with the gloom of the scene shadowed forth. * * * The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished, as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one, at the top, representing *Christ*, was put out. As they, one by one, slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But, as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock too great, to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest woe. Stunned and stupefied, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure upon my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door, far back into the ample hall ; and yet, not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed, half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, "Christ is gone ; we are orphans — all orphans !" The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate, and yet so sweet, so despairing, and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the dis-

tant darkness, and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child, in sympathy. It then died away, as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away, as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill, that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart, in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to it, like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment, the whole choir joined their lament, and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes, they paused again, and that sweet, melancholy voice, mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. O! how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem, that swept through the same chapel, on the morning that symbolized the resurrection!



E. P. WHIPPLE. 1819—.

Mr. Whipple's youth was spent in Salem, Mass.; but since his eighteenth year, he has resided in Boston, engaged chiefly in commercial pursuits. When quite young, he began to write for the press; but it is not until within the last few years, that he has been much known as a writer. His writings, consisting mostly of *Critical Essays* and *Reviews*, are of a high order; and they have appeared as contributions to the leading periodicals of the country.

[From an "*Essay on Words.*"]

THE POWER OF WORDS.

WORDS are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order that they may bear at once on all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particu-

lar weapon. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or mail-clad warrior. He is fond of levelling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practising the broad-sword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbuthnot "plays his weapon like a tongue of flame." Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his ranks disordered, or his line broken. Luther is different. His words are "half-battle;" his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter. Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped; but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are sutlers in his camp who lie, cog and talk gross obscenity. Macaulay, brisk, lively, keen and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of his way every word that obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity, that he is nearly thrown backwards by the suddenness of his stoppage. Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that waylay innocent travellers, and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine "lance," with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye, before he has time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effectual service under better discipline; but who, under his lead, are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray. Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unerring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliot's are gifted with huge fists, to pummel and bruise. Chat-ham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponent's magazines. Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phæbus; and the hard, harsh-featured battalions of Maginn are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's word-infantry can do much execution, when they are

not in each other's way. Pope's phrases are either daggers or rapiers. Willis' words are often tipsy with the champagne of the fancy; but even when they reel and stagger, they keep the line of grace and beauty, and though scattered at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, soon reünite, without wound or loss. John Neal's forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at everything. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground. Everett's weapons are ever kept in good order, and shine well in the sun; but they are little calculated for warfare, and rarely kill when they strike. Webster's words are thunderbolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike. Hazlitt's verbal army is sometimes drunk and surly, sometimes foaming with passion, sometimes cool and malignant; but, drunk or sober, are ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to ragged, undisciplined militia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and which are apt to fire into each other's faces.

III. EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

MARTIN LUTHER. 1483—1546.

This great reformer was born in Saxony, and was the son of a poor miner. He was educated at the University of Erfurth, and became a monk of the Augustine order. His labors as a reformer, he began in 1517. To him is Germany indebted for the language now written and spoken by her educated men, and for the first impulse given to her present intellectual life.

[*Translated from the German, by Mr. Hedge.*]

LETTER OF LUTHER TO HIS SON JOHN.

GRACE and peace in Christ, my dear little son! I see, with pleasure, that thou learnest well, and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home, I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

I know a pretty, merry garden, wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums and wheat-plums;—they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children they were. And he said, "They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good." Then I said, "Dear man, I have a son, too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden, and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses?" Then the man said, "If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost too; and when they all come together, they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows."

And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children

had not yet eaten ; therefore, I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man, “ Ah, dear sir ! I will immediately go and write all this to my son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he may also come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lehne ; he must bring her with him.” Then the man said, “ It shall be so ; go and write him so.”

Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away ! and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith, I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss, for my sake.

Thy dear father,

Anno, 1530.

MARTINUS LUTHER.



JOHANN GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING. 1729—1781.

Lessing was born in Upper Lusatia, and was the son of a Lutheran clergyman. So early was his love of letters, that, at the age of five, he was unwilling to have his picture taken without a great pile of books by his side. He began his literary career by writing for the stage ; but there is scarcely any province of literature which his genius and learning did not illustrate. “ He was one of those ill-starred geniuses who fail to find an equal and congenial sphere for the exercise of their faculties, and are never at one with their destiny.”

[*Translated from the German, by Mr. Hedge.*]

FABLES.

ZEUS AND THE HORSE.

“ FATHER of beasts and of men ! ” — so spake the horse, approaching the throne of Zeus, — “ I am said to be one of the most beautiful animals with which thou hast adorned the world ; and my self-love leads me to believe it. Nevertheless, might not some things in me be improved ? ”

“ And what, in thee, thinkest thou, admits of improvement ? Speak ! I am open to instruction,” said the indulgent god, with a smile.

“ Perhaps,” returned the horse, “ I should be fleetier, if my legs were taller and thinner. A long swan-neck would not disfigure me. A broader breast would add to my strength. And, since

thou hast once for all destined me to bear thy favorite, man, the saddle which the well-meaning rider puts upon me might be created a part of me."

"Good!" replied Zeus,—"wait a moment." Zeus, with earnest countenance, pronounced the creative word. Then flowed life into the dust; then organized matter combined; and suddenly stood before the throne, the ugly *camel*.

The horse saw, shuddered, shuddered and trembled, with fear and abhorrence.

"Here," said Zeus, "are taller and thinner legs; here is a long swan-neck; here is a broader breast; here is the created saddle! Wilt thou, horse, that I should transform thee after this fashion?"

The horse still trembled.

"Go!" continued Zeus. "Be instructed, for this once, without being punished. But, to remind thee, with occasional compunction, of thy presumption,—do thou, new creation, continue!"—Zeus cast a preserving glance on the camel,—“and never shall the horse behold thee without shuddering.”

THE SPIRIT OF SOLOMON.

AN honest old man still bore the burden and heat of the day. With his own hands he ploughed his field; with his own hand he cast the pure seed into the loosened bosom of the willing earth.

Suddenly, under the broad shadow of a linden-tree, there stood before him a godlike apparition. The old man was astounded. "I am Solomon," said the phantom, with a voice which inspired confidence. "What dost thou here, old man?"

"If thou art Solomon," replied the old man, "how canst thou ask? In my youth, thou sentest me to the ant; I considered her ways,—I learned from her to be diligent and to hoard. What I then learned, I still practise."

"Thou hast learned thy lesson but half," returned the spirit. "Go to the ant again! And now learn from her, also, to rest in the winter of thy days, and to enjoy what thou hast gathered!"

THE SHEEP.

WHEN Jupiter celebrated his nuptials, and all the animals brought him gifts, Juno missed the sheep.

"Where is the sheep?" asked the goddess. "Why does the good sheep delay to bring us her well-meant offering?"

The dog took upon himself to reply, and said, "Be not angry, goddess! It is but to-day that I saw the sheep. She was very sad, and lamented aloud."

"And why grieved the sheep?" asked the goddess, beginning to be moved.

"Ah, wretched me!" she said; "I have at present neither wool nor milk. What shall I bring to Jupiter? Shall I, — I alone, — appear empty before him? Rather will I go and beg the shepherd to make an offering of me!"

At this moment, together with the prayer of the shepherd, the smoke of the offered sheep ascended to Jupiter through the clouds, — a sweet-smelling savor. And now had Juno wept the first tear, if ever tears bedewed immortal eyes.



JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER. 1744—1803.

Herder was a native of East Prussia, and his father was very poor. Fortunately, his talents were discovered by the clergyman of the place, who instructed him with his own children. He gained other friends, and, partly through their aid, made great attainments in various departments of science. He was offered a professorship in Göttingen; but accepted the appointment of Court Preacher, and several other offices, at Weimar, where he became a prominent member of the brilliant literary circle which adorned the court of the Grand Duke, and was at length ennobled.

[*Translated from the German, by Mary Howitt.*]

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

AMONG green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and her child.

There, oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

“And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate’er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say.”

Thus spake the tender mother ;
And, on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended
’Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
“O beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me !

“I ’ll find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown ;
I ’ll get thee ripe, red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down !

“O, holy, holy Mother,
Put him down from off thy knee !
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me !”

Thus spake the boy so lovely ;
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spake to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy ;
She thought she saw young Jesus
There, playing with her boy.

“ And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousand fold to thee.

“ For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill !”

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke,
And, full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished : —
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy so gentle
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying : —
“ O, mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A coming down to me !

“ And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries, —
Dear mother, let me go !”

He died, — and that fond mother
Her tears could not restrain ;
But she knew he was with Jesus,
And she did not weep again.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER. 1748—1794.

Bürger, from his youth, was irregular in his habits, and suffered much misfortune through life. He was unhappy in *three* marriages, and finally died in circumstances of great wretchedness. He was extensively acquainted with the literature of other countries, and devoted himself to the cultivation of poetry. His *Ballads* rank among the first in the German language. *Ellenore* is considered the best of them.

[*Translated from the German, by W. Taylor.*]

ELLENORE.

AT break of day, from frightful dreams,
Upstart Ellenore ;
“My William, art thou slain?” she said,
“Or dost thou love no more?”

He went abroad, with Richard’s host,
The Paynim foes to quell ;
But he no word to her had writ,
An he were sick or well.

With blare of trump, and thump of drum,
His fellow-soldiers come ;
Their helms bedeckt with oaken boughs,
They seek their longed-for home.

* * * *

“Thank God!” their wives and children said ;
“Welcome!” the brides did say ;
But greet or kiss gave Ellenore
To none, upon that day.

And when the soldiers all were by,
She tore her raven hair,
And cast herself upon the ground,
In furious despair.

Her mother ran and lift her up,
And claspéd in her arm ;
“My child! my child! what dost thou ail ?
God shield thy life from harm !”

“ O mother, mother ! William ’s gone !

What ’s all beside to me ?

There is no mercy, sure, above ! —

All, all were spared but he !

* * * *

“ O mother, mother ! gone is gone,

My hope is all forlorn ;

The grave my only safeguard is, —

O, had I ne’er been born !

“ Go out, go out, my lamp of life !

In grizzly darkness die !

There is no mercy, sure, above !

Forever let me lie ! ”

* * * *

And so despair did rave and rage

Athwart her boiling veins ;

Against the providence of God

She hurled her impious strains.

She beat her breast, and wrung her hands,

And rolled her tearless eye,

From rise of morn till the pale stars

Again o’erspread the sky.

When, hark ! abroad she heard the tramp

Of nimble-footed steed ;

She heard a knight with clank alight,

And climb the stair with speed.

And soon she heard a tinkling hand,

That twirléd at the pin ;

And through her door, that opened not,

These words were breathéd in : —

“ What ho ! what ho ! thy door undo !

Art watching, or asleep ?

My love, dost yet remember me ?

And dost thou laugh or weep ? ”

"Ah! William, here so late at night?
O, I have watched and waked!
Whence art thou come? For thy return
My heart has sorely ached."

"At midnight only we may ride;
I come o'er land and sea:
I mounted late, but soon I go —
Arise, and come with me.

* * * *

"All as thou liest upon thy couch,
Arise and mount behind;
To-night we'll ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to find!"

* * * *

"And where is, then, thy house and home,
And bridal bed so neat?"

"'T is narrow, silent, chilly, low, —
Six planks, one shrouding sheet."

* * * *

All in her sarke as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung;
And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

And, hurry-scurry, off they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

* * * *

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed;
Splash, splash, across the sea:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with me?"

How swift the hill, how swift the dale,
 Aright, aleft, are gone !
 By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,
 They gallop, gallop on.

* * * *

And brush, brush, brush, a ghostly crew
 Came wheeling o'er their heads,
 All rustling, like the withered leaves
 That wide the whirlwind spreads.

* * * *

"I ween the cock prepares to crow ;
 The sand will soon be run ;
 I snuff the early morning air ; —
 Down, down ! — our work is done.

"The dead, the dead can ride apace ;
 Our wed-bed here is fit ;
 Our race is rid, our journey o'er,
 Our endless union knit !"

And, lo ! an iron-grated gate
 Soon biggins to their view ; —
 He cracked his whip ; the locks, the bolts,
 Cling, clang ! asunder flew.

They pass, — and 't was on graves they trod ;
 " 'T is hither we are bound :"
 And many a tombstone ghastly white
 Lay in the moonshine round.

And when he from his steed alight,
 His armor, black as cinder,
 Did moulder, moulder all away,
 As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull ;
 Nor hair, nor eye had he ;
 His body grew a skeleton,
 Whilom so blithe of ble.

And at his dry and bony heel
 No spur was left to be ;
 And in his withered hand you might
 The scythe and hour-glass see !

And, lo ! his steed did thin to smoke,
 And charnel-fires outbreathe ;
 And paled, and bleached, then vanished quite
 The maid from underneath !

And hollow howlings hung in air,
 And shrieks from vaults arose ;
 Then knew the maid she might no more
 Her living eyes unclose !

But onward to the judgment-seat,
 Through mist and moonlight drear,
 The ghostly crew their flight pursue,
 And halloo in her ear :

“Be patient ; though thine heart should break,
 Arraign not Heaven’s decree ;
 Thou now art of thy body reft, —
 Thy soul forgiven be !”



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. 1749—1832.

From a child, Goethe was favorably situated for the development of his talents ; his love of art was cultivated by the pictures and engravings with which his father’s house was filled. “His works embrace almost every department of literature, and many of the sciences. They have exercised an immense influence, not only in Germany, but over the whole civilized world. His countrymen are fond of calling him the Many-sided.” He was born in Frankfort-on-the-Mayn ; but the greater part of his life was spent at Weimar, at the Court of the Grand Duke.

[*Translated from the German.*]

THE ERL KING.

Who rideth so late through the night-wind wild ?
 It is the father with his child :
 He has the little one well in his arm ;
 He holds him safe, and he folds him warm.

"My son, why hidest thy face so shy?"

"Seest thou not, father, the Erl King nigh?"

The Erl King, with train and crown?"

"It is a wreath of mist, my son."

"Come, lovely boy, come, go with me;

Such merry plays I will play with thee;

Many a bright flower grows on the strand,

And my mother has many a gay garment at hand."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear

What the Erl King whispers in my ear?"

"Be quiet, my darling, — be quiet my child;

Through withered leaves the wind howls wild."

"Come, lovely boy, wilt go with me?

My daughters fair shall wait on thee;

My daughters their nightly revels keep;

They'll sing, and they'll dance, and they'll rock thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not

The Erl King's daughters in yon dim spot?"

"My son, my son, I see and I know

'Tis the old gray willow that shimmers so."

"I love thee; thy beauty has ravished my sense;

And, willing or not, I will carry thee hence."

"O father! the Erl King now puts forth his arm!

O father! the Erl King has done me harm!"

The father shudders; he hurries on;

And faster he holds his moaning son;

He reaches his home with fear and dread,

And, lo! in his arms the child was dead!

[*Translated from the German.*]

THE FISHER.

THE water rolled, the water swelled ;
A fisher sat thereby,
And quietly his angle held ;
Chilled to his heart was he.
The water in dreamy motion kept,
As he sat in dreamy mood ;
A wave hove up, and a damsel stepped,
All dripping from the flood.

She sung to him, she spoke to him :
“ Why wilt thou lure away
My sweet brood, by thy human art,
To the deadly light of day ?
Ah ! knewest thou how light of heart
The little fishes live,
Thou wouldst come down, all as thou art,
And thy true life receive !

“ Bathes not the sun with all his skies,
Bathes not the moon by night,
To breathe my dew a while, and rise
All smiling, doubly bright ?
And tempt thee not the deep, deep skies,
Here spread in watery blue ?
And tempt thee not thine own dark eyes,
Down through the eternal blue ? ”

The water rolled, the water swelled ;
It wetted his bare feet ;
A something through his bosom thrilled ;
He seemed his love to meet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him ;
With him 't was quickly o'er :
Half drew she him, half sunk he in,
And never was seen more.

[From "*Wilhelm Meister*;" translated from the German, by Carlyle.]

MIGNON PERSONATING AN ANGEL.

It chanced that the birthday of two twin-sisters, whose behavior had been always very good, was near. I promised that, on this occasion, the little present they had so well deserved should be delivered to them by an angel. They were on the stretch of curiosity regarding this phenomenon. I had chosen Mignon for the part; and accordingly, at the appointed day, I had her suitably equipped, in a long, light, snow-white dress. She was, of course, provided with a golden girdle round her waist, and a golden fillet on her hair. I at first proposed to omit the wings; but the young ladies who were decking her insisted on a pair of large golden pinions, in preparing which they meant to show their highest art. Thus did the strange apparition, with a lily in the one hand, and a little basket in the other, glide in among the girls;—she surprised even me. "There comes the angel!" said I. The children all shrunk back; at last they cried, "It is Mignon!" yet they durst not venture to approach the wondrous figure.

"Here are your gifts," said she, putting down the basket. They gathered around her, they viewed, they felt, they question her:—

"Art thou an angel?" asked one of them.

"I wish I were," said Mignon.

"Why dost thou bear a lily?"

"So pure and so open should my heart be; then were I happy."

"What wings are these? Let us see them!"

"They represent far finer ones, which are not yet unfolded."

And thus significantly did she answer all their other child-like, innocent inquiries. The little party having satisfied their curiosity, and the impression of the show beginning to abate, we were for proceeding to undress the little angel. This, however, she resisted. She took her cithern; she seated herself here on this high writing-table, and sung a little song with touching grace:—

“Such let me seem, till such I be;
Take not my snow-white dress away!
Soon from this dusk of earth I flee
Up to the glittering lands of day.”

[*From the same.*]

DEATH AND EXEQUIES OF MIGNON.

THEY were about to leave the Hall of the Past, when they heard the children running hastily along the passage, and Felix crying, “No, — I! No, — I!”

Mignon rushed in at the open door; she was foremost, but out of breath, and could not speak a word. Felix, still at some distance, shouted out, “Mamma Theresa is come!” The children had run a race, as it seemed, to bring the news. Mignon was lying in Natalia’s arms; her heart was beating fiercely.

“Naughty child!” said Natalia; “art thou not forbidden violent motions? See how thy heart is beating!”

“Let it break!” said Mignon, with a deep sigh; “it has beat too long.”

They had scarcely composed themselves from this surprise, this sort of consternation, when Theresa entered. She flew to Natalia, clasped her and Mignon in her arms. Then turning round to Wilhelm, she looked at him with her clear eyes, and said, “Well, my friend, how is it with you? You have not let them cheat you?” He made a step towards her; she sprang to him, and hung upon his neck. “O, my Theresa!” cried he. — “My friend, my love, my husband! Yes, forever thine!” cried she, amid the warmest kisses.

Felix pulled her by the gown, and cried, “Mamma Theresa, I am here too!” Natalia stood and looked before her; Mignon, on a sudden, clapped her left hand on her heart; and, stretching out the right arm violently, fell, with a shriek, at Natalia’s feet, as dead.

The fright was great; no motion of the heart or pulse was to be traced. Wilhelm took her on his arm, and hastily carried her away; the body hung lax over his shoulders. The presence of the doctor was of small avail; he and the young surgeon

strove in vain. The dear little creature could not be recalled to life.

* * * * *

"Keep away from this mournful object," said the doctor, "and allow me, so far as I am able, to give some continuance to these remains. On this dear and singular being, I will now display the beautiful art, not only of embalming bodies, but of retaining in them a look of life. As I foresaw her death, the preparations are already made; with these helps, I shall undoubtedly succeed. Give me but a few days, and ask not to see the child again till I have brought her to the Hall of the Past."

* * * * *

The Abbé called them, in the evening, to attend the exequies of Mignon. The company proceeded to the Hall of the Past; they found it magnificently ornamented and illuminated. The walls were hung with azure tapestry almost from ceiling to floor, so that nothing but the friezes and socles above and below were visible. On the four candelabras, in the corners, large wax lights were burning; smaller lights were in the four smaller candelabras, placed by the sarcophagus in the middle. Near this stood four boys, dressed in azure with silver; they had broad fans of ostrich feathers, which they waved above a figure which was resting upon the sarcophagus. The company sat down; two invisible choruses began, in a soft, musical recitative, to ask, "Whom bring ye us to the still dwelling?" The four boys replied, with lovely voices, "'T is a tired playmate whom we bring you; let her rest in your still dwelling, till the songs of her heavenly sisters once more awaken her."

Chorus. "Firstling of youth in our circle, we welcome thee! With sadness welcome thee! May no boy, no maiden follow! Let age only, willing and composed, approach the silent Hall, and in the solemn company repose this one dear child!"

Boys. "Ah, reluctantly we brought her hither! Ah, and she is to remain here! Let us too remain; let us weep, let us weep upon her bier!"

Chorus. "Yet look at the strong wings; look at the light,

clear robe! How glitters the golden band upon her head! Look at the beautiful, the noble repose!"

Boys. "Ah! the wings do not raise her; in the frolic game, her robe flutters to and fro no more; when we bound her head with roses, her looks on us were kind and friendly!"

Chorus. "Cast forward the eye of the spirit! Awake in your souls the imaginative power, which carries forth what is fairest, what is highest, Life, away beyond the stars!"

Boys. "But, ah! we find her not here; in the garden she wanders not; the flowers of the meadow she plucks no longer! Let us weep, we are leaving her here! Let us weep, and remain with her!"

Chorus. "Children, turn back into life! Your tears let the fresh air dry, which plays upon the rushing water! Fly from Night! Day and Pleasure and Continuance are the lot of the living!"

Boys. "Up! Turn back into life! Let the day give us labor and pleasure, till the evening brings us rest, and the nightly sleep refreshes us."

Chorus. "Children! hasten into life! In the pure garments of beauty, may love meet you with heavenly looks, and with the wreath of immortality!"

The boys had retired; the Abbé rose from his seat, and went behind the bier. "It is the appointment," said he, "of the man who prepared this silent abode, that each new tenant of it shall be introduced with a solemnity. After him, the builder of this mansion, the founder of this establishment, we have next brought a young stranger hither; and thus already does this little space contain two altogether different victims of the rigorous, arbitrary and inexorable Death-goddess. By appointed laws we enter into life; the days are numbered which make us ripe to see the light; but for the duration of our life there is no law. The weakest thread will spin itself to unexpected length; and the strongest is cut suddenly asunder by the scissors of the Fates, delighting, as it seems, in contradictions. Of the child whom we have here committed to her final rest, we can say but little. It is still uncertain whence she came; her parents we know not; the years of her life we can only conjecture. Her

deep and closely-shrouded soul allowed us scarce to guess at its interior movements; there was nothing clear in her, nothing open, but her affection for the man who had snatched her from the hands of a barbarian. This impassioned tenderness, this vivid gratitude, appeared to be the flame which consumed the oil of her life; the skill of the physician could not save that fair life, the most anxious friendship could not lengthen it. But if art could not stay the departing spirit, it has done its most to preserve the body, and withdraw it from decay. A balsamic substance has been forced through all the veins, and now tinges, in place of blood, these cheeks too early faded. Come near, my friends, and view this wonder of art and care!"

He raised the veil; the child was lying in her angel's dress, as if asleep, in the most soft and graceful posture. They approached, and admired this show of life. * * *

The Abbé thus proceeded: "With a holy confidence, this kind heart, shut up to men, was continually turned to its God. Humility, nay, an inclination to abase herself externally, seemed natural to her. She clave with great zeal to the Catholic religion, in which she had been born and educated. Often she expressed a still wish to sleep on consecrated ground; and, according to the usage of the Church, we have therefore consecrated this marble coffin, and the little earth which is hidden in the cushion that supports her head." * * *

By the pressure of a spring, the Abbé sank the body into the cavity of the marble. Four youths, dressed as the boys had been, came out from behind the tapestry; and lifting the heavy, beautifully ornamented lid upon the coffin, thus began their song:—

The Youths. "Well is the treasure now laid up; the fair image of the past! Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying; in your hearts, too, it lives, it works. Travel, travel back into life! Take along with you this holy Earnestness; for Earnestness alone makes life eternity!"

The invisible Chorus joined in with the last words.

LUDWIG THEOBUL ROSEGARTEN. 1758—1818.

Rosegarten was a poet of deep feeling and lively imagination. He was, for a time, a preacher, and occupied his leisure hours with literature. At length he was appointed Professor of History, at Griefswold.

[Translated from the German, by C. T. Brooks.]

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

BLIND with old age, the venerable Bede
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth
The news from heaven, — the tidings of great joy.
From town to town, — through all the villages, —
With trusty guidance, roamed the aged saint,
And preached the word with all the fire of youth.

One day, his boy had led him to a vale
That lay all thickly sowed with mighty rocks.
In mischief, more than malice, spake the boy :
“Most reverend father, there are many men
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice.”
The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied ;
Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted,
So fervently, that soon the gushing tears
Streamed thick and fast down to his hoary beard.

When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,
He prayed “Our Father,” and pronounced aloud,
“Thine is the kingdom and the power, thine
The glory now, and through eternity,”
At once there rang, through all that echoing vale,
A sound of many voices, crying,
“Amen ! most reverend Sire, Amen ! Amen !”

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
Knelt down before the saint, and owned his sin ;
“Son,” said the old man, “hast thou, then, ne’er read,
‘When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud’ ? —
Henceforward, mock not, son, the word of God !

Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,
 Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
 Of flesh grows hard and stubborn like the stone,
 A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves."



JOHANN C. F. VON SCHILLER. 1759—1805.

Schiller is considered the greatest tragic poet of Germany. The reading of Shakspeare, it is said, first inclined him to dramatic writing. His lyrics also hold a high rank; and as a historian and philosopher, he is very much distinguished. He was, for a time, military physician, and afterwards professor, at Jena. At Weimar, he was acquainted with Herder, Wieland and Goethe, with the last of whom he was on terms of the strictest friendship.

[*Translated from the German.*]

FROM THE SONG OF THE BELL.

For when the Manly and the Fair,
 When Strength and Beauty, form a pair,
 Then rings out a merry song.
 Who binds himself in love must prove
 If heart with heart in concord move;
 For short the dream, the sorrow long.
 Lovely in the young bride's hair
 Shines the bridal coronal;
 While the church-bell chimes, so fair,
 Summon to the festival.
 Ah! life's fairest holiday
 Tells us that life's May is flown;
 The girdle loosed, the veil away,
 All the sweet illusion's gone.

The passion is fled,
 Yet love must endure;
 The blossom is dead,
 The fruit must mature;
 The husband must forth
 32*

Into bustling life,
 Into labor and strife;
 He must plant, he must reap,
 He must gather and keep;
 Must dare all, and bear all,
 And let no drop fall;
 Must plot and contrive,
 A fortune to hive.

So rivers of plenty flow into his hand;
 His barns are o'er-crammed with the fruits of the land;
 His rooms are made wide, his dwellings expand.

And busily moving,
 The modest young wife,
 The mother so loving,
 With her children, all life,
 Looks round over all
 In her circle so small,
 Teaching the girls,
 And warning the boys,
 The quarrelsome churls,
 While her hand she employs,
 Increasing the gains
 With her orderly pains.

Neat, savory chests with her treasures are full,
 The snowy white cotton, the soft glossy wool;
 And she smooths the bright skeins, while the spindle is turning,
 Thus with taste and with beauty her labor adorning.

* * * * *

- An instrument of good is fire,
 With man to watch and tame its ire;
 And all he forges, all he makes,
 The virtue of the flame partakes;
 But frightfully it rages, when
 It breaks away from every chain,
 And sweeps along its own wild way,
 Child of Nature, stern and free.

Woe, if once, with deafening roar,
 Nought its fury to withstand,
 Through the peopled streets it pour,
 Hurling wide the deadly brand!
 Eager the elements devour
 Every work of human hand.

* * * * *

Hark! what tumult now
 Rends the sky!
 Lo! the smoke up-rolling high!
 Flickering mount the fiery shafts;—
 Where the wind its wild wave wafts,
 Onward through the streets' long course,
 Rolls the flame with gathering force;
 As in an oven's jaws, the air,
 Heated, glows with ruddy glare;
 Falling fast, the rafters shatter,
 Pillars clash and windows clatter,
 Children scream and mothers scatter;
 Beasts, to perish, left alone,
 Mid the ruins groan.
 All is hurry, rescue, flight;
 Clear as noon-day is the night;
 Through the hands, in lengthened rows,
 Buckets fly;
 Through the air, in graceful bows,
 Shoots the watery stream on high.
 Fierce the howling tempest grows;
 Swiftly, borne upon the blast,
 Rides the flame, devouring fast;
 Roaring, crackling, it consumes
 All the crowded granary rooms;
 All the rafters blaze on high;
 And, as if 't would tear away
 Earth's foundations in its flight,
 On it mounts to heaven's height,
 Giant tall!
 Hope hath all

Man forsaken ; helpless now,
 He to heavenly might must bow,
 Idly musing o'er his fall,
 Wondering at his work laid low.

Burnt to ashes
 Lies the town,
 Like a desert spread
 For the wild storm's bed.
 Through the dreary window holes
 Darkness lurks, and boding owls ;
 Through bare walls the clouds look down.
 Lingering yet,
 One look he casts
 O'er the tomb,
 Where his hopes were wont to bloom .
 Then takes up the wanderer's staff ; —
 Now at fortune he may laugh ;
 For one, his sweetest, purest joy,
 The cruel flame could not destroy ;
 Where are those lives, than life more dear !
 His little innocents ? — Are they here ?
 He numbers o'er his little band,
 And all his dear ones round him stand.

[*Translated from the German.*]

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

“ HERE, take the world ! ” cried Jove, from his high heaven,
 To mortals. — “ Take it ; it is yours, ye elves ;
 ’T is yours, for an eternal heirdom given ;
 Share it like brothers ’mongst yourselves.”

Then hastened every one himself to suit,
 And busily were stirring old and young : —
 The Farmer seized upon the harvest fruit ;
 The Squire's horn through the woodland rung.

The Merchant grasped his costly warehouse loads;
 The Abbot chose him noble pipes of wine;
 The King closed up the bridges and the roads,
 And said, "The tenth of all is mine."

Quite late, long after all had been divided,
 The Poet came, from distant wandering;
 Alas! the thing was everywhere decided,—
 Proprietors for everything!

"Ah, woe is me! shall I alone, of all,
 Forgotten be? — I, thy most faithful son?"
 In loud lament he thus began to bawl,
 And threw himself before Jove's throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou hast delayed,"
 Replied the god, "then quarrel not with me;
 Where wast thou when division here was made?"
 "I was," the poet said, "with thee; —

"Mine eyes hung on thy countenance so bright,
 Mine ear drank in thy heaven's harmony;
 Forgive the soul, which, drunken with thy light,
 Forgot the earth had aught for me."

"What shall I do?" said Zeus; "the world's all given;
 The harvest, chase or market, no more mine;
 If thou wilt come and live with me in heaven,
 As often as thou comest, my home is thine."



ELIZABETH C. GOETHE.—CAROLINE GÜNDERODE.—
 BETTINA BRENTANO.

The *mother of Goethe* was a woman of strong intellectual powers, and fully capable of appreciating the greatness of her son. In old age, she retained all the warmth, freshness and taste of youth, as is evident in her intercourse with the young girl Bettina. — "The subtle harmonies, and soft aerial grace of *Günderode*, can only be described through multiplied traits." The extracts which follow will give a slight idea of her. — *Bettina* — a girl of wild genius and strange fancies — is best known by "*Goethe's Correspondence with a Child*." While yet a young girl, though having never seen him, she was filled

with the most enthusiastic admiration of Goethe, then advanced in years. This led to the "Correspondence," which, after his death, was published in aid of funds for the erection of a monument to his memory.

[*Translated from the German, by Miss E. P. Peabody.*]

LETTER FROM GÜNDERODE TO BETTINE.

I HAVE had many thoughts of thee, dear Bettine. Some nights ago, I dreamed thou wast dead; I wept bitterly at it, and the dream left, for many days, a mournful echo in my soul. When I came home at evening, I found thy letter; I felt both joy and surprise to find such a correspondence between my dream and thy thoughts. * * If you come not soon, write of your life to her who loves you. * * *

Many new insights are brought me by thy opinions, and by thy divinations, in which I confide; and since thou art so loving as to name thyself my scholar, I may sometimes marvel to see over what a bird I have been brooding. * * *

Yet always do one thing at a time; — do not begin so many, all confusedly. In thy chamber, it looked like a shore, where a fleet lies wrecked. Schlosser wanted two great folios, that he lent you three months ago, from the city library, and which you have never read. Homer lay open on the ground; and thy canary-bird had not spared it. Thy fairly designed map of Odysseus lay near, as well as the shell-box with all the Sepia saucers and shells of colors; they have made a brown spot on thy pretty straw carpet, but I have tried to put all once more into order. Thy flageolet, which thou couldst not find to take with thee — guess where I found it! In the orange-tree box on the balcony! — it was buried in the earth, up to the mouth-piece; probably thou hast desired, on thy return, to find a tree of flageolets sprouting up. Liesbet has bountifully watered the tree, and the instrument has been all drenched. I have laid it in a cool place, that it may dry gradually, and not burst; but what to do with thy music, that lay near by, I cannot tell; — I put it in the sun, but before human eyes canst thou never show it again. The blue ribbon of thy guitar has been fluttering out of the window, to the great delight of the school children opposite, ever since thy departure. I chid Liesbet a little, for not having shut the window; she excused herself, because it was hid by the green

silk curtain, — yet, whenever the door is open, there is a draught. The sedge upon the glass is still green. I have given it fresh water. In thy box, where are sowed oats, and I know not what else, all has grown up together; I think there are many weeds, but, as I cannot be sure, I have not ventured to pull anything up. Of books, I have found on the floor, Ossian, Sacontala, the Frankfort Chronicle, the second volume of Hemsterhuis.

* * Siegwart, a romance of the olden day, I found on the harpsichord, with the inkstand lying on it; luckily, there was little ink, yet wilt thou find thy moonlight composition, over which it has flowed, not easy to decipher. I heard something rattle in a little box, in the window-sill, and had the curiosity to open it; then flew out two butterflies, which thou hadst put in as chrysalises. Liesbet and I chased them into the balcony, where they satisfied their first hunger in the bean-blossoms. From under the bed, Liesbet swept out Charles the Twelfth, the Bible, and also a glove, which belongs not to the hand of a lady, in which was a French poem; this glove seems to have lain under thy pillow; I did not know thou hadst ever busied thyself with writing French poems in the old style. * * *

I have, with true pleasure, described to thee thy chamber, for it, like an optic mirror, expresses thy apart manner of being, and gives the range of thy whole character. * * *

If thou findest Muse, write soon again. CAROLINE.

[*Translated from the German, by Bettine.*]

GOETHE'S MOTHER TO BETTINE.

I CANNOT suffer thee to write me the nights through, and not sleep. This makes thee melancholy and sentimental; would I have answered, till my letter came the wind has shifted. My son has said, "What vexes one, that must one labor off;" and when he had a grief, he made a poem of it. I have already advised thee to write down the story of G nderode, and do send it to Weimar. My son would like to have it; he will preserve it; then it will trouble thee no more.

Man is buried in consecrated earth; — even thus should we

bury great and rare occurrences in a beautiful tomb of remembrance, to which each one may approach, and celebrate the memory thereof. This Wolfgang said, when he had written Werther ; write, then, the story, for love of him.

I will, with pleasure, write as much as lies in the power of my poor pen, for I owe thee many thanks ; a woman of my age, and a young and sprightly girl, who would always be with me, and asks for nothing else ! — yes, that is indeed worthy of thanks ; I have written this to Weimar. When I write to *him* about thee, he answers me directly. He says, it is a comfort to him that thou perseverest with me. Adieu ; don't stay long at the Rheingau ; the black rocks, from which the sun rebounds, and the old walls, make thee melancholy.

Thy friend,

E. C. GOETHE.

[*Translated from the German, by Bettine.*]

BETTINE TO GOETHE'S MOTHER.

DEAR FRAU RATH : — It is quite impossible for me to write of G nderode on the Rhine ; it is not that I am so sensitive, but I am on a spot not far enough removed from the occurrence for me perfectly to review it. Yesterday, I went down yonder, where she had lain ; the willows are so grown, that the place is quite covered ; and when I thought how she had run here, full of despair, and so quickly plunged the violent knife into her breast, and how long this idea had burned in her mind ; and that I, so near a friend, now wandered in the same place, along the same shore, in sweet meditation on my happiness, — all, even the slightest circumstance, seeming to me to belong to the riches of my bliss, — I do not feel equal, at such a time, to arrange all, and pursue the simple thread of our friendship's life, from which I might yet spin the whole. It distresses me that she has left this beautiful earth. She used me ill ! she fled from me in the moment when I would have imparted to her every enjoyment ! She was so timid ; a young canoness, who feared to say grace aloud ; she often told me that she trembled when her turn came to pronounce 'the benedicite ; — our communion was sweet, — it was the epoch in which I first became conscious of myself ! She

first sought me out in Offenbach ; she took me by the hand, and begged me to visit her in the town ; afterwards, we came every day together ; with her, I learned to read my first books with understanding ; she wanted to teach me history, but soon saw that I was too busy with the *present*, to be held long by the *past*. How delighted I was to visit her ! I could not miss her for a single day, but ran to her every afternoon ; when I came to the chapter-gate, I peeped through the key-hole of her door, till I was let in. Her little apartment was on the ground floor, looking into the garden ; before the window grew a silver poplar, up which I climbed to read ; at each chapter, I clambered one bough higher, and thus read down to her ; — she stood at the window, and listened, speaking to me above ; every now and then she would say, “ Bettine, don’t fall ! ” I now, for the first time, know how happy I then was ; for all, even the most trifling thing, is impressed on my mind, as the remembrance of enjoyment. She was as soft and delicate, in all her features, as a blonde. She had brown hair, but blue eyes, that were shaded by long lashes ; when she laughed, it was not loud, — it was rather a soft, subdued *crooing*, in which joy and cheerfulness distinctly spoke ; she did not walk, she *moved*, if one can understand what I mean by this ; her dress was a robe, which encompassed her with caressing folds ; this was owing to the gentleness of her movements. She was tall of stature, — her figure was too slender for the word flowing to express ; she was *timid-friendly*, and much too yielding to make herself prominent in society. She once dined with all the canonesses at the Royal Primate’s table ; she wore the black chapter dress, with long train, white collar, and cross of the order ; some one remarked, that she looked, amidst the others, like a phantom, — a spirit, about to melt into air. * * Of that which happened in the real world, we communicated to each other nothing ; the kingdom in which we met sunk down like a cloud, parting to receive us to a secret paradise ; — there all was new, surprising, but congenial to spirit and heart ; and thus the days went by.

JOHN DE LA FONTAINE. 1621—1695.

This poet is celebrated as a writer of *Fables*, *Tales*, *Comedies* and *Letters*, all of which possess great originality. He gave himself up to poetical reveries, and was very absent minded. "Meeting his son, one day, without knowing him, he observed that he was a youth of parts and spirit; and when informed that it was his own son, he replied, with unconcern, 'I am really glad of it.'" He left his wife, soon after marriage, and became gentleman to Henrietta of England; after her death, he, for twenty years, made one of the family of the learned and witty Madam de la Sablière.

[*Translated from the French.*]

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

UPON a tree there mounted guard
 A veteran cock, adroit and cunning;
 When to the roots a fox up running,
 Spoke thus, in tones of kind regard:—
 "Our quarrel, brother, is at an end;
 Henceforth, I hope to live your friend;
 For peace now reigns
 Throughout the animal domains.
 I bear the news. Come down, I pray,
 And give me the embrace fraternal;
 And please, my brother, don't delay;
 So much the tidings do concern all,
 That I must spread them far to-day.
 Now you and yours can take your walks,
 Without a fear or thought of hawks;
 And should you clash with them or others,
 In us you 'll find the best of brothers;—
 For which you may, this joyful night,
 Your merry bonfires light.
 But, first, let's seal the bliss
 With one fraternal kiss."
 "Good friend," the cock replied, "upon my word,
 A better thing I never heard;
 And doubly I rejoice
 To hear it from your voice;

And, really, there must be something in it,
For yonder come two greyhounds, which, I flatter
Myself, are couriers on this very matter ;

They come so fast, they 'll be here in a minute.
I 'll down, and all of us will seize the blessing,
With general kissing and caressing."
"Adieu," said fox ; " my errand is pressing ;
I 'll hurry on my way,
And we 'll rejoice some other day."

So off the fellow scampered, quick and light,
To gain the fox-holes of a neighboring height,
Less happy in his stratagem than flight.

The cock laughed sweetly in his sleeve ; —
'T is doubly sweet deceiver to deceive !



MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN. 1768—1817.

This remarkable woman was the daughter of Necker, a native of Geneva, though twice raised to the rank of Prime Minister of France. Her mother, the first love of Gibbon, was distinguished for her writings, as well as for the virtues of her character. Madame De Staël possessed great vigor of mind and keenness of wit ; and, as a writer, ranks among those of the highest order in the French language. So well did she read Napoleon's character, and so much was her influence feared by him, that he banished her from France, and confined her to her chateau, on Lake Geneva. She, at length, fled in disguise, and, hunted by French agents, pursued her way to Russia, where she found that freedom which other parts of Europe did not afford. Her *Germany* was consigned to the flames, by order of the police ; but, by the fortunate concealment of one copy, the work was preserved from destruction. Her other principal works are *Corinna, or Italy, Ten Years of Exile*, and *The French Revolution*. Her husband was a Swedish baron.

[From "*Corinna, or Italy*;" translated from the French.]

CORINNA IN ENGLAND.

My step-mother received me kindly ; but I readily perceived that my whole manner was surprising to her, and that she proposed to change it, if she could. Not a word was spoken during dinner, although some persons of the neighborhood had been invited. This silence was so tedious to me, that, in the midst of the repast, I endeavored to converse a little with an aged

man, who was seated by my side ; and I quoted, in conversation, some Italian verses, which were very pure and delicate, but in which the word love occurred. My step-mother, who knew a little of Italian, looked at me, blushed, and gave the signal to the women, earlier than usual, to go and prepare tea, and leave the gentlemen alone at table, during the dessert. * * *

My step-mother, at supper, said, in a low voice, to me, that it was not customary for young persons to speak ; and, especially, that they should never allow themselves to quote lines in which the word love was used. "Miss Edgermond," added she, "you must strive to forget everything which belongs to Italy ; it is a country that it would have been better you never should have known." — I passed the night in weeping, my heart oppressed with sadness. In the morning, I went to walk. There was a dreadful fog, and I could not perceive the sun, which, at least, might have recalled to me my native country. I met my father ; he came to me, and said, "My dear child, it is not here as in Italy ; women have no other avocation among us than domestic duties." * * *

Birth, marriage and death, composed the whole history of our company ; and these three events differed there less than elsewhere. Imagine what it was, to an Italian like me, to be seated around a tea-table, several hours a day, after dinner, with my step-mother's visitors, consisting of seven women, the gravest of the country. Two of them were unmarried ladies of fifty, timid as at fifteen, but much less lively than at that age. One lady said to another, "My dear, do you think the water is hot enough to turn upon the tea ?" — "My dear," replied the other, "I believe it will be too soon, for these gentlemen are not yet ready to come." — "Will they remain long at table, to-day," said a third ; "what do you think of it, my dear ?" — "I don't know," answered a fourth ; "I believe the election to Parliament is to take place next week, and, perhaps, they will remain to talk about it." — "No," rejoined a fifth, "I think they will speak of that fox-chase, which has occupied them the past week, and which is to begin again next Monday ; I think, however, that the dinner will soon be over." — "Ah ! I hardly hope it," said the sixth, sighing ; and silence began again. I had been in the

convents of Italy, but they appeared to me full of life compared with this circle.

Every fifteen minutes, a voice was heard, asking the most insipid question, and receiving the dullest answer; and the ennui, for a moment removed, returned with new weight upon these women, who might have been thought unhappy, if a habit, formed from childhood, had not taught them to support it. At length, the gentlemen arrived; and this moment, so long expected, brought no great change in the manner of these women. The men continued their conversation near the fireplace, the women remained in the extreme part of the room, distributing the cups of tea; and, when the hour of departure arrived, they went away with their husbands, ready to begin again, the next day, a life which differed from the preceding only by the date of the almanac, and by the trace of years which came at length to be imprinted upon the face of these women, as if they had truly *lived* during this time.



ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. 1792—.

This writer has been much before the world, within the last few years, in connection with the downfall of monarchy in France. But he is distinguished no less as an orator and poet, than as a statesman. His *Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, though in prose, is the perfect poetry of travel, and “traces, in strains of almost redundant beauty, the steps of an enlightened European pilgrim to the birth-place of our religion and the cradle of our race.” Besides many *Miscellaneous Poems*, he has written *The Last Canto of Childe Harold*. *The History of the Girondists*, and *The French Revolution of 1848*, are recent works of his.

[Translated from the French.]

ON LEAVING FRANCE FOR THE EAST.

DIM longings draw me on, and point my path
To Eastern sands, to Shem's deserted shore,
The cradle of the world, where God, in wrath,
Hardened the human heart of yore.

I have not yet felt, on the sea of sand,
The slumberous rockings of the desert bark;
Nor quenched my thirst, at eve, with quivering hand,
By Hebron's well, beneath the palm-trees dark;

Nor in the pilgrim's tent my mantle spread,
Nor laid me in the dust where Job hath lain,
Nor, while the canvas murmured overhead,
Dreamed Jacob's mystic dreams again.

Of the world's pages one is yet unread ; —
How the stars tremble in Chaldea's sky,
With what a sense of nothingness we tread,
How the heart beats when God appears so nigh ; —
How on the soul, beside some column lone,
The shadows of old days descend and hover, —
How the grass speaks, the earth sends out its moan,
And the breeze wails that wanders over.

I have not heard, in the tall cedar-top,
The cries of nations echo to and fro,
Nor seen from Lebanon the eagles drop
On Tyre's deep-buried palaces below ;
I have not laid my head upon the ground
Where Tadmor's temples in the dust decay,
Nor startled with my footfall's dreary sound
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

I have not, stretched where Jordan's current flows,
Heard how the loud-lamenting river weeps,
With moans and cries sublimer even than those
With which the Mournful Prophet stirred its deeps ;
Nor felt the transports which the soul inspire
In the deep grot where he, the bard of kings,
Felt, at the dead of night, a hand of fire
Seize on his harp, and sweep the strings.

I have not wandered on the plain whereon,
Beneath the olive-tree, the Saviour wept ;
Nor traced his tears the hallowed trees upon,
Which jealous angels have not all outswept ;
Nor, in the garden, watched through nights sublime,
Where, while the bloody sweat was undergone,
The echo of his sorrows and our crime
Rung in one listening ear alone.

Nor have I bent my forehead on the spot
 Where his ascending footstep pressed the clay;
 Nor worn with lips devout the rock-hewn grot
 Where, in his mother's tears embalmed, he lay;
 Nor smote my breast on that sad mountain-head,
 Where, even in death, conquering the Powers of Air,
 His arms, as to embrace our earth, he spread,
 And bowed his head, to bless it there.

For these I leave my home; for these I stake
 My little span of useless years below;
 What matters it *where* winter-winds may shake
 The trunk that yields nor fruit nor foliage now?
 Fool! says the crowd. Theirs is the foolish part!
 Not in one spot can the soul's food be found; —
 No! — to the poet *thought* is *bread*, — his *heart*
 Lives on his Maker's works around!

[From "*Memoirs of My Youth*;" translated from the French, by Eugene Plunkett.]

THE SELLING OF MILLY.

I SUMMONED one of those men who are respected in the country, — who purchase property at wholesale to sell it again at retail, — one of those intelligent coiners of earth; and I said to him, "Sell as much of Milly, for me, as will make a hundred thousand francs;" or, rather, as Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice said to the Jew, "Sell a piece of my flesh for me!"

This man, whom thou knowest, — for he comes from thy place, Mons. M., — was tender-hearted. I perceived tears in his eyes. He would have given his profit to have spared me that sorrow; but it was too late for deliberation. We went together through the grounds, under a vague pretext to examine what part of the estate could be most conveniently separated from the rest, and be divided into lots suitable to the buyers of the neighborhood. But it was then that the embarrassment became more intricate, and the anguish more heart-rending, between us. "Sir," said he to me, extending his arm, and dividing the air with a gesture,

as a surveyor divides a piece of land, "here is a lot which might easily be sold together, and which would not make too great a breach in the remainder."—"Yes," answered I, "but it is the vineyard planted by my father the year of my birth, and which he always charged us to keep, in memory of him, as the best part of the estate, irrigated with his perspiration."—"Well, then," resumed the appraiser, "here is another that would greatly tempt buyers with limited means, because it is fit for cattle."—"Yes," returned I; "but it may not be done; it's the river, the meadow and the orchard, where our mother used to make us play and bathe in childhood, and where she nursed, with so much care, those apple, apricot and cherry trees for us. Let us seek elsewhere."—"That hillock behind the house?"—"Why, that's the hill that closed in the garden, and stood opposite the window of the family parlor. Who could look at it now, without weeping?"—"That cluster of houses apart from the rest, with those slanting vines, which descend into the valley?"—"O! that's the residence of my sister's foster-father, and of the old woman who reared me with so much love. I might as well purchase two places in the cemetery for them, for they would soon be brought there by the grief with which they would see themselves driven from their home and their vineyard."—"Well, then, the main building, with the out-houses, the gardens and the space around the enclosure?"—"But I wish to die there, in my father's bed. It's impossible; it would be the suicide of all domestic feelings!"—"What have you to say against the bottom of yonder dale, which cannot be perceived from your windows?"—"Nothing more than that it contains the old grave in which were buried, before my own eyes, during my childhood, my little brother and a sister, for whom I have so bitterly mourned. Let us go elsewhere! everywhere here we would mutilate a sacred sentiment!"

We walked onward in vain; we found nothing which could be separated from the rest without carrying off, at the same time, a shred of my soul. In the evening, I returned mournfully to the house. I did not sleep.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. 1547—1616.

The circumstances of the early life of Cervantes are not known. His history may be briefly given, in the following words from Carlyle: "A certain strong man, of former time, fought stoutly at Lepanto; worked stoutly as Algerine slave; stoutly delivered himself from such working; with stout cheerfulness endured famine and nakedness and the world's ingratitude; and, sitting in jail, with only one arm left, wrote our joyfullest, and, all but one, deepest, modern book, and named it *Don Quixote*." It is a coincidence worthy of remark, that Cervantes and Shakspeare closed their earthly state of being on the same day. The works of the latter are not more celebrated, in his own country, than is *Don Quixote* in Spain.

[From "*Don Quixote*;" translated from the Spanish.]

DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURE WITH THE WIND-MILLS.

As they were thus discoursing, they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, which are in that plain; and, as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired; look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay, and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service, to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."—"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.—"Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues."—"Look, sir," answered Sancho; "those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the mill-stone go."—"It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures. They are giants; and, if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he

was very near them ; but went on, crying out aloud, "Fly not, ye cowards, and vile caitiffs, for it is a single knight who assaults you !" The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move ; upon which Don Quixote called out, "Although ye should move more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it !"

Then recommending himself devoutly to his lady, Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him ; when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance, as fast as the ass could carry him ; and when he came up to his master, he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their fall. "God save me !" quoth Sancho ; "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills ? And nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head." — "Peace, friend Sancho !" answered Don Quixote ; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now, I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me ! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword !" — "God grant it !" answered Sancho Panza ; then helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.



[*Translated from the Spanish.*]

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

A MOORISH BALLAD.

"RISE up, rise up, Xarifa ! lay the golden cushion down ;
Rise up ! come to the window, and gaze with all the town !

From gay guitar and violin the golden notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpets loudly
blowing ;

And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats
proudly in the air.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa ! lay the golden cushion down ;
Rise up ! come to the window, and gaze with all the town !

“ Arise, arise, Xarifa ! I see Andalla's face, —
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace ;
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquivir
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely, never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with
white,

I guess 't was wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa ! lay the golden cushion down ;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town !

“ What aileth thee, Xarifa ? — what makes thine eyes look
down ?

Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town ?
I've heard you say, on many a day, — and sure you said the
truth, —

Andalla rides without a peer 'mong all Grenada's youth.
Without a peer he rideth, — and yon milk-white horse doth go,
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow.
Then rise, oh, rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down ;
Unseen here through the lattice you may gaze with all the
town ! ”

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window, to gaze with all the town ;
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers
strove, —

And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove.
One bonny rose-bud she had traced, before the noise drew nigh ;
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping from her eye.

"No, no!" she sighs, — "bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion
down,
To gaze upon Andalla, with all the gazing town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing town?
Hear, hear the trumpet, how it swells, and how the people cry!
He stops at Zara's palace gate, — why sit ye still, — oh, why?"
"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth, with tears, and was
my lover!
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla, with all the gazing town!"

[*Translated from the Spanish.*]

THE EAR-RINGS.

A MOORISH BALLAD, BY LA NINA MORENA.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell;" —
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez's daughter —
"The well is deep, — far down they lie, beneath the cold blue
water;
To me did Muça give them, when he spoke his sad farewell,
And what to say, when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's
tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings
pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in
the well,
O! what will Muça think of me? — I cannot, cannot tell!

“My ear-rings! my ear-rings! — he'll say they should have been,

Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changing mind unchanging gems are not befitting well;
Thus will he think, — and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

“He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think, a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think, some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl
unloosed;

He'll think, when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in, — and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved, when he was here, to whisper of his flame, —
But, when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! ah! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça — alas! I cannot tell!

“I'll tell the truth to Muça, — and I hope he will believe, —
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That, musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they
fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the
well!”



ALESSANDRO MANZONI

Is one of the most celebrated of modern Italian writers. *I Promessi Sposi*, The Betrothed, from which the following extract is taken, is spoken of in enthusiastic terms by his countrymen.

[Translated from the Italian.]

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAGUE AT MILAN.

Two thirds of the inhabitants being, by this time, carried off, not one individual would be met with in whom something strange was not apparent. Men of the highest rank might be seen without cape or cloak, priests without cassocks, friars without cowls; in short, all kinds of dress were dispensed with, which could contract anything in fluttering about. Their persons were neglected, — their beards grown much longer, their hair long and undressed. The greater number carried perfumed pastils, or little balls of metal or wood, perforated and filled with sponges steeped in aromatic vinegar, which they applied to their noses. Some carried a small vial, containing a little quicksilver, persuaded that this possessed the virtue of absorbing and arresting every pestilential effluvia. Even friends, when they met in the streets alive, saluted each other at a distance, with silent and hasty signs. Every one, as he walked along, had enough to do to avoid the filthy and deadly stumbling-blocks with which the ground was strewn, and, in some places, even encumbered. Every one tried to keep the middle of the road, for fear of some other obstacle, some other more fatal weight, which might fall from the windows. * * *

At the entrance of one of the most spacious streets, Renzo perceived four carts standing in the middle; and as, in a corn-market, there is a constant hurrying to and fro of people, and an emptying and filling of sacks, such was the bustle here; *monatti* intruding into houses, *monatti* coming out, bearing a burden upon their shoulders, which they placed upon one or the other of the carts; some in red livery, others without that distinction, many with another still more odious, — plumes and cloaks of various colors, which these miserable wretches wore in the midst of the general mourning, as if in honor of a festival. From time to time, the mournful cry resounded from one of the windows, “Here, *monatti*!” And, with a still more wretched sound, a harsh voice rose in reply, “Coming directly.” * *

There appeared, from behind the corner of a church, a man ringing a little bell, and behind him two horses, which, stretch-

ing their necks, and pawing with their hoofs, could, with difficulty, make their way; and drawn by these, a cart full of dead bodies, and after that another, and then another, and another; and on each hand *monatti* walking by the side of the horses, hastening them on with whips, blows and curses. These corpses were, for the most part, naked, while some were miserably enveloped in tattered sheets, and were heaped up and twined together, so that, at every trifling obstacle, at every jolt, these fatal groups were seen quivering and falling into horrible confusion, heads dangling down, women's long tresses dishevelled, arms torn off and striking against the wheels, exhibiting, to the already horror-stricken view, how such a spectacle may become still more wretched and disgraceful. * * *

Coming down the steps of one of the door-ways, and advancing towards the convoy, he beheld a woman, whose appearance announced still-remaining, though somewhat advanced youthfulness; a veiled and dimmed, but not destroyed beauty, was still apparent, in spite of much suffering and a fatal languor. Her gait was weary, but not tottering; no tears fell from her eyes, though they bore tokens of having shed many; there was something peaceful and profound in her sorrow, which indicated a mind fully conscious, and sensitive enough to feel it. But it was not only her own appearance, which, in the midst of so much misery, marked her out so especially as an object of commiseration, and revived in her behalf a feeling now exhausted, extinguished in men's hearts. She carried in her arms a little child, about nine years old, now a lifeless body; but laid out and arranged, with her hair parted on her forehead, and in a white and remarkably clean dress, as if those hands had decked her out for a long-promised feast, granted as a reward. Nor was she lying there, but upheld and adjusted on one arm, with her breast reclining against her mother's, like a living creature; save that a delicate little hand, as white as wax, hung from one side with a kind of inanimate weight, and the head rested upon her mother's shoulder with an abandonment deeper than that of sleep: — her mother; for, even if their likeness to each other had not given assurance of the fact, the countenance which still depicted any feeling would have clearly revealed it.

A horrible-looking *monatto* approached the woman, and attempted to take the burden from her arms, with a kind of unusual respect, however, and with involuntary hesitation. But she, slightly drawing back, yet with the air of one who shows neither scorn nor displeasure, said, "No, don't take her from me yet; I must place her myself on this cart, here." So saying, she opened her hand, displaying a purse which she held in it, and dropped it into that which the *monatto* extended towards her. She then continued, "Promise me not to take a thread from around her, nor to let any one else attempt to do so, and to lay her in the ground thus."

The *monatto* laid his right hand on his heart, and then zealously, and almost obsequiously, — rather from the new feeling by which he was, as it were, subdued, than on account of the unlooked-for reward, — hastened to make a little room on the car for the infant dead. The lady, giving it a kiss on the forehead, laid it on the spot prepared for it, as upon a bed; arranged it there, covering it with a pure white linen cloth, and pronounced the parting words, "Farewell, Cecilia, rest in peace! This evening, too, we will join you, to rest together forever. In the mean while, pray for us; for I will pray for you and the others." Then turning again to the *monatto*, "You," said she, "when you pass this way in the evening, may come to fetch me too, and not me only."

So saying, she reëntered the house, and, after an instant, appeared at the window, holding in her arms another more dearly-loved one, still living, but with the marks of death on its countenance. She remained to contemplate these so unworthy obsequies of the first child, from the time the car started till it was out of sight, and then disappeared. And what remained for her to do, but to lay upon the bed the only one that was left her, and to stretch herself beside it, that they might die together, as the flower already full-blown upon the stem falls together with the bud still enfolded in its calyx, under the scythe which levels alike the herbage of the field!

JENS BAGGESEN. 1764—1826.

“Baggesen was born at Korsöer, and died at Hamburg. He was for a time professor in the University at Kiel; but as travelling, and a residence in foreign capitals, seem to have been more in accordance with his restless spirit than a fixed abode in his native land, a large portion of his life was passed on the continent.”

[*Translated from the Danish, by Longfellow.*]

CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
I rode a horse-back on best father's knee;
Alike were sorrows, passions and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size;
Likewise, it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings, that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
And thought, “O, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!”

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow early rise,
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say
 The prayer my pious mother taught to me;
 "O, gentle God! O, let me strive alway
 Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
 And for my sister, and for all the town;
 The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
 Who, bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
 And all the gladness, all the peace, I knew!
 Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished; —
 God! may I never lose that too!



FREDERIKA BREMER.

The following notice of this gifted and amiable lady is taken from a German periodical of 1843: —

"Born upon a Finland estate not far from Abo, Frederika Bremer was, in her earliest years, removed to Sweden, where her father was an extensive land proprietor. The simple life of the family glided calmly away, from spring to autumn in the country, and from autumn to spring in the capital city, with agreeable society in either place, — their time being taken up principally in household duties, in familiar readings, where attention was mostly directed to the German classics, and in the practice of the arts.

"A sad reality, a deep and bitter melancholy — the origin of which, in consideration of her reluctance to explain it, we can only surmise, — here drew, like a dark, gloomy cloud, over the life of the young maiden; for many a year did she struggle with it, but at length she came out victorious, free and strong. 'The illusions of youth are dissolved, the spring-time of youth is past.' But a new youth, light and freedom, have arisen in the purified soul, and with renovated strength she goes to the daily task which she has recognized as her calling. She began early, even when but a girl, to write, yet it is but lately she has allowed any of her productions to be printed. On the verge of the autumn of life, she still delights in the same cheerful society to which she has been accustomed from her earliest spring days.

"These revelations from the life of the authoress give a key to several of her female characters; a high-souled resignation, a calm and impartial contemplation of the world, a rising above the opposition of circumstances, and so forth. But that which imparts the calm and lofty bearing of her productions is the deep and warm religious tone which gushes like a spring, refreshing and purifying, from her inner life, and in all her works mirrors her soul brightly before us. The

devotion of a believing heart spreads itself through all the flowers of her fancy ; and in all her writings, the yearnings of the soul for a higher world may be detected."

Since the death of her parents, Miss Bremer has resided alternately at Stockholm, and with a female friend in the south of Sweden. It is unnecessary to add, that she is at present on a visit to our own country.

[From "*The Neighbors* ;" translated from the Swedish, by Mary Howitt.]

RECONCILIATION BETWEEN BRUNO AND MA CHÈRE MÈRE.

WITH the most indescribable anxiety, I observed both mother and son, who now stood face to face. Their looks seemed to pierce through each other. *Ma chère mère* seemed to be smitten with the wildest amazement, and stepped a little backward. Bruno stepped a step forward, and said, slowly, and as with a benumbed tongue, "You are rescued! God be praised! And for me now only remains to die, or to win forgiveness! My mother! my mother!" exclaimed he, at once, as if an angel had loosened tongue and feeling, while, with a heart-rending expression, he sank down and embraced her knees. "My mother! wilt thou not pardon? Wilt thou not bless thy son? Take the curse from my brow! Mother! I have suffered much. I have wandered about, without peace; I am destitute of peace yet; peace can never be mine, while I am thrust from thy bosom! I have suffered; I have suffered much; I have repented; I can and will atone! But, then, you must pardon, you must bless me, mother! Mother, take away the curse! Lay a blessing on my head! Mother, will you not stanch the blood that flows on your account? See, mother!"—and Bruno raised his clotted locks, through which deep and streaming wounds were visible,—“see, mother, if thou wilt not lay thy hand here in blessing, I swear, by God! that this blood-stream shall never cease till my life has welled out with it, and has sunk me to the grave, on which alone thou wilt lay thy forgiveness! There, there, first shall I find peace! O, mother! was an error in young and wild years then so unpardonable? Cannot a later life, of virtue and love, make atonement? Mother! cast me not off! Let the voice of thy son penetrate to thy heart! Bestow on me forgiveness, full forgiveness!”

Overcome by my feelings, I threw myself on my knees by Bruno, and cried, "Pardon! pardon!"

What, during this time, passed in *Ma chère mère's* heart, I know not. It seemed to be a contest of life and death. She moved not; with a fixed and immovable gaze, she looked down at the kneeling one, and convulsive twitches passed over her pale lips. But, as his voice ceased, she lifted her hand, and pressed it strongly against her heart. "My son! oh!—" said she, with a hollow voice. She sighed deeply; her countenance became yellow, her eyes closed, she reeled, and would have fallen to the ground, if Bruno had not sprung up and caught her in his arms.

He stood a moment still, his mother pressed to his bosom, and gazed on her countenance, over which death had shed his awful peace. "Is it thus," said he, in a quiet distraction, "is it thus, then, that we are reconciled, mother?—thus thou restest on the bosom of thy son, and he on thine? Thou art pale, but peaceful, and lookest kind,—kind as God's propitiation! It was not thus that I saw thee the last time; but the hour of wrath is over,—is it not so, my mother? The grave has opened itself, and we go down there reconciled, and heart to heart; one in my last hour, as we were one in my first sigh!" And he kissed her pale lips and cheeks, with passionate tenderness. * * He took his mother in his arms, and carried her into another room, where he laid her softly down upon a bed. * * * I saw that Bruno staggered, and supported himself against the wall. I went to him.

"Bruno," said I, "for your mother's sake, think of yourself. You must allow your wounds to be bound up." * * * "For your mother's sake, let me bind your wounds, or you will bleed to death!" I was proceeding, but he held my hand back, and said, with a tone whose severity strongly reminded me of his mother,— "It cannot be done! She has not yet forgiven me,—not yet blessed me! My blood shall not till then be stanchèd! I have sworn to it!"

To persuade Bruno was not to be expected; I therefore directed all my attention to *Ma chère mère*. But, for a long time, all my endeavors to restore her to consciousness were in

vain. It was a moment of unspeakable agony. I feared that, actually, mother and son would follow one another to the grave. "If I could but get her bled!" said I. — "That can be done," replied Hagar, and ran out.

Nearly in the same instant, *Ma chère mère* opened her eyes, and fixed them sharply on me. "Where is he?" demanded she, eagerly; "I have not dreamed!" — "He is here," I answered; "he is near; he is bleeding to death, while he awaits the blessing of his mother!" "Where is he?" demanded she, again. I stood near her pillow, — I stood between mother and son; and, instead of answering her question, I drew myself back, and their eyes met each other. A beam of heavenly light, of ineffable love, kindled in them, and in it melted their souls into one. She raised herself with energy, and stretched out her hand with the warmest expression of maternal feeling, while she said, — "My son, come hither; I will bless thee!"

He stood up. The tall, gigantic man staggered like a child, and sunk on his knees by the bed of his mother. She laid her hands on his bloody head, and said, with a strong voice and deep solemnity, "I take away the curse which I once laid on the head of my son. I bestow on him my full forgiveness. May the man atone for the error of the youth! Let the past be as if it never had been. I acknowledge that I owe my life to my son; and I pray God Almighty to bless thee, my son, Bruno Mansfield, as I bless thee now. Amen!" With that, she opened her arms; he clasped his round her; bosom was pressed to bosom, lip to lip; they held one another in a long and close embrace. Every breath seemed to be full of reconciliation, of love and happiness. Fifteen years of bitter pangs were, in this moment, recompensed and forgotten. I stood near them, and wept for joy and thankfulness.



DERZHAVIN. — 1816.

This author is the best known of any of the Russian poets. He is the pride of his countrymen, and they speak of him in the most enthusiastic manner. The following *Ode to God* has been translated into Japanese and Chinese, by order of the emperors of these countries, and hung up, embroidered in gold, in one of their principal temples.

[*Translated from the Russian, by Bowring.*]

ODE TO GOD.

O THOU Eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through Time's all devastating flight,
 Thou only God; — there is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Three in one!
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with thyself alone,
 Embracing all — supporting — ruling o'er —
 Being, whom we call God — and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
 The sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
 Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
 To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
 E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence. — Lord, on thee
 Eternity had its foundation; all
 Sprang forth from thee, — of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin; all life, all beauty, thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays Divine.
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! glorious, great,
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy choirs the unmeasured universe surround,
 Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death.

As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth, from thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command —
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light —
A glorious company of golden streams —
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright —
Sun-lighting systems, with their joyous beams;
But thou to these art as the moon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost.
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness. — Is a cipher brought
Against infinity? — What am I, then? — Nought.

Nought! But the effluence of thy light Divine!
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:
Yes; in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, oh God! and surely thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,

Still I am something fashioned by thy hand ;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land !

The chain of being is complete in me ;
In me is matter's last gradation lost ;
And the next step is spirit — Deity !
I can command the lightning and the dust !
A monarch and a slave ; a worm, a god !
Whence came I here, and how ? So marvellously
Constructed and conceived ? Unknown ! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy ;
For from itself alone it could not be !

Creator ! Yes, thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me*. Thou source of life and good !
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight, beyond this little sphere,
E'en to its source — to thee — its Author there !

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
Thus seek thy presence. — Being wise and good !
'Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore ;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

THE END.

